

Dec. 22, 1986

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NEW YORKER

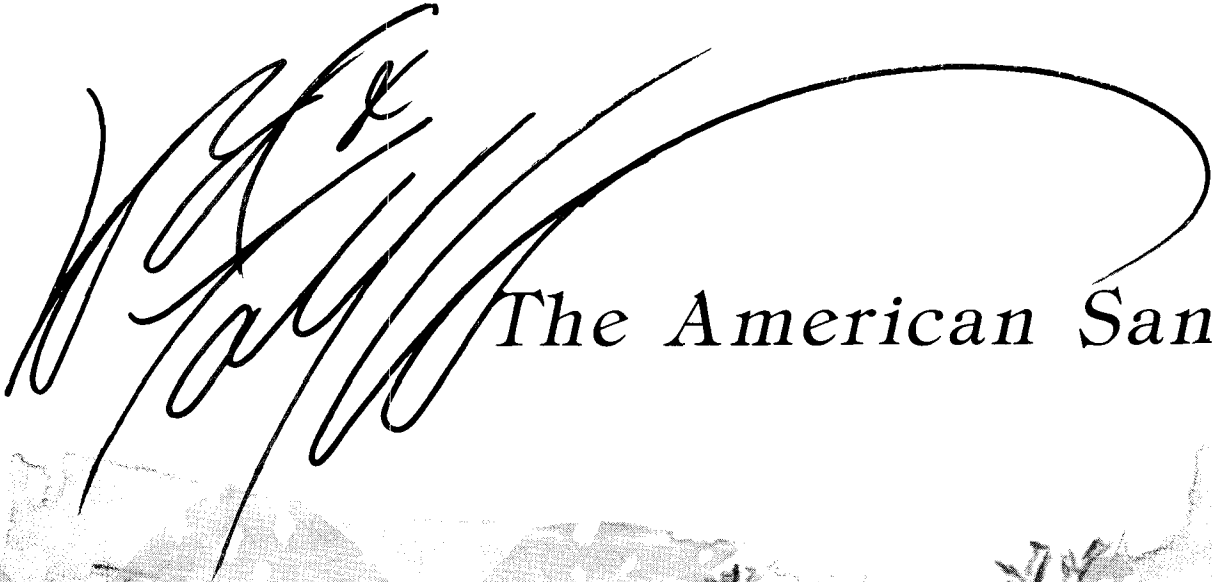




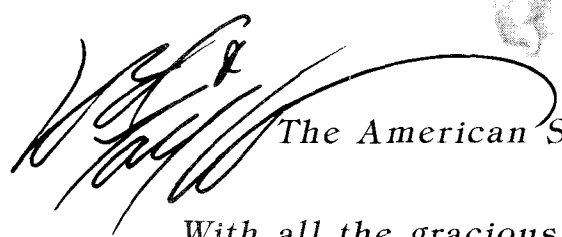
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGRY HOUSEWIVES—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

BLACK SEA FOLLIES—A music-theatre piece conceived and directed by Stanley Silverman. Paul Schmidt wrote the book, and chamber music is provided by an onstage quintet. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 20 and 27, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3 and 7; and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10.)

BODIES, REST, AND MOTION—A comedy by Roger Hedden. With Andrew McCarthy and Laurie Metcalf. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinee Tuesday, Dec. 23. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

BROADWAY BOUND—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, and Jason Alexander. The director is Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 22, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

COASTAL DISTURBANCES—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Tony Straiges and Dennis Parichy designed the distinguished setting and lighting. Carole Rothman was the able director. (12/1/86) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 23-25, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday, Dec. 22, at 8. Closes Thursday, Jan. 1.)

THE COLORED MUSEUM—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425

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Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMON PURSUIT—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

DOUBLE IMAGE THEATRE—Boyd Gaines in **THE DOUBLE BASS**, a one-character comedy by Patrick Süskind, translated from the German by Eric Overmyer and Harry Newman. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 28.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The third in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of Lucille Fletcher's 1972 play **NIGHT WATCH**.

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COVER: Iris Van Rynbach

DRAWINGS: Roz Chast, Donald Reilly, George Booth, Gahan Wilson, Lee Lorenz, Bernard Schoenbaum, Richard Cline, Charles Addams, Joseph Farris, William Steig, Burt Silverman, Ed Fisher, Edward Frascino, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Henry Martin

THE NEW YORKER

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Our 13th annual love letter to New Yorkers

Whew, what a year it was! Perhaps the finest in our long history.

In the spring, Simon & Schuster published Chef Seppi Renggli's milestone volume, *The Four Seasons Spa Cuisine*. The culinary revolution set in motion by our

 *Spa Cuisine*® continues to gain momentum.

Chef Renggli's insistence on hot and spicy flavors as the delicious substitute for salt keeps winning new converts, while our distinctive Spa entree, Skewer of Shrimp and Chicken with Bulghur, became one of our most favored dishes!

In April the 1983 Grand Cru Bordeaux wines were uncorked at our 6th Annual Bordeaux Debut Dinner, and next spring the 1984's will have their turn.

In our Grill Room, design and dinner menu changes are afoot, anticipating the ever-changing preferences of New Yorkers. With the auspicious help of Philip Johnson and John Burgee, its architecture will undergo interesting modulations while new recipes will emerge from our gifted chefs Albin and Renggli.

In 1987 the new tax legislation will surely affect all of us. Therefore, this pledge: we shall try and try again to keep earning your loyalty—

The Four Seasons will cope with changes of all sizes (up to 20%!).

To this year's felicitations we happily add a third signatory, Alex von Bidder, our immensely effective general manager.

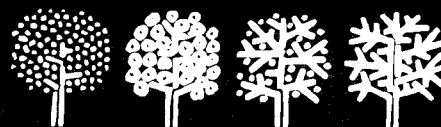
Our warmest wishes to you and yours for the Holidays and the coming year from the two-of-us and Alex, too.


Tom Margittai


Paul Kovi


Alex von Bidder

THE
FOUR
SEASONS



99 East 52nd Street, PL 4-9494

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—The comedian in a one-man show. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 20. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 22, at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday and Monday, Dec. 21-22, at 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2287. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Special performances Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8, and Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

LILY DALE—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston, Molly Ringwald is the sister, and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ME AND MY GIRL—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. With Jim Dale substituting for Mr. Lindsay, who returns Tuesday, Dec. 23. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

OH COWARD!—A good many years ago, Roderick Cook put together this singing-and-talking tribute to Coward. The revival has a certain air of painted effigy about it, but the Coward songs and patter remain dear to our hearts. (12/8/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

OLYMPUS ON MY MIND—A lark little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)



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PANTOMIME—A two-character comedy by Derek Walcott, with Charles S. Dutton and Edmond Genest. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Mondays and Thursdays—except Christmas—through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. Reopens on Friday, Dec. 19. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SHOGUN MACBETH—Shakespeare's play, set in thirteenth-century Japan, with Ernest Abuba and Freda Foh Shen. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 18, at noon; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.)

SMILE—As a metaphor for the wicked temptations of real life, a teen-age beauty contest in sunny California is far from compelling. The uninspired music is by Marvin Hamlisch and the earnest book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman. (12/8/86) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

SOCIAL SECURITY—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

STARBUST—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, Fridays, and Saturday, Dec. 27, all at 8, and Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

SWEET CHARITY—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). Ann Reinking stars. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

THE WIDOW CLAIRE—A play by Horton Foote, set in the territory the playwright has staked out for himself (see "Lily Dale," previous). Starring Matthew Broderick and Hallie Foote. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WILD HONEY—A comedy by Michael Frayn,

based on Chekhov's "Platanov." A London import; Ian McKellen is the star and Christopher Morahan the director. Preview. Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18, at 6. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—The Shaw play of 1891 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Ut Hagen, John Cullum, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26 at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24 and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.) ... **LA CAG AUX FOLLES**: A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.) ...

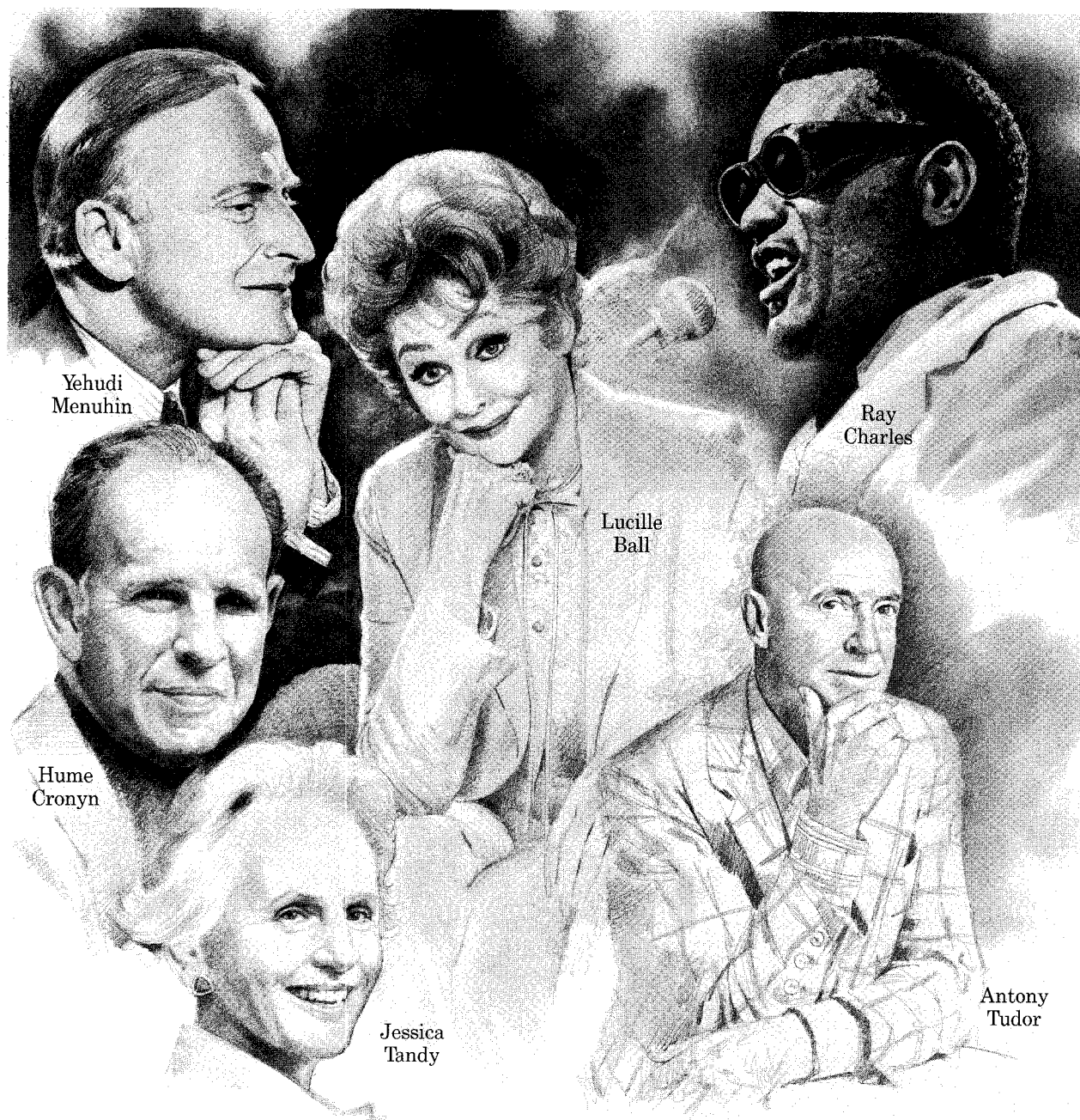
CATS: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Ol' Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 24 at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24 and Saturdays at 2.) ... **BROOD**: Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes Georg Rose, Donna Murphy, Karen Morrow, and Howard McGillin. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 11,088 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., a Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ...

42ND STREET: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoover who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star over night. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just a silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesday through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) ... **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT**: Her Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) ...

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alai

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performance Monday, Dec. 22, at 8.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23-24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 20 and 27, at 3, 7, and 10; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3 and 7; and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Final offering of the fourth annual celebration at BAM—The Rome Section, the concluding portion of "The Civil Wars," music composed by Philip Glass and text by Robert Wilson and Maita de Niscemi. Performed by five vocal soloists, an offstage chorus, a gospel octet, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Bruce Ferden conducting. Staged by Mr. Wilson. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 18, Saturday, Dec. 20, Tuesday, Dec. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, all at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 19-23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 10 and 1:30; and Thursday, Dec. 25, at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 8.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 17, Friday, Dec. 19, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 18, and Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 12:30, 4, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 25-26, at 12:30 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

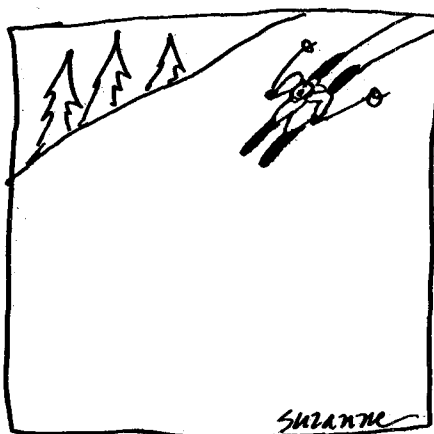
BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 6; Fridays, Dec. 19 and 26, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 20 and 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1 and 5; and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2. Season continues through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Divining," "Cry," "For Bird with Love," and "The Stack-Up." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." ... Friday evening, Dec. 19: "Concerto in F," "Bad Blood," and "Caverna Magica." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 20: "Night Creature," "Love Songs,"



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"Survivors" (with guest artists Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln), and "For Bird with Love." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." ... Sunday matinee, Dec. 21: "Blues Suite," "Portrait of Billie," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." ... Sunday evening, Dec. 21: "Concerto in F," "Bad Blood," and "Revelations." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 25: "Memoria," "Caverna Magica," and "Revelations." ... Friday evening, Dec. 26: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Suite Otis." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 27: "Divining," "Treading," "Memoria," and "Revelations." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Speeds," "Bad Blood," and "For Bird with Love." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 28.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Friday, Dec. 19, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7:30: "Noumenon," "Contact" (New York premiere), "Video Game," "Study of the Human Figure," and "Count Down." ... Thursday, Dec. 18, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Crucible," "Tensile Involvement," excerpts from "Kaleidoscope," and "Graph." ... Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8: "Cantos (of Night)," "Velocities" (premiere), "Persons and Structures," and excerpts from "Arporisms." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

DENNIS WAYNE'S DANCERS—Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: Program B. ... Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8: Program A. ... Sunday, Dec. 21, at 4:30: Program C. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

BEBE MILLER: DANCE—With guest artist Ralph Lemon. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, and Monday, Dec. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3.)

SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE—Presenting "Chryp-tych," a new evening-length work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 18-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFÉ, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-

8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers ribs, liver, Bud, and the blues. Country-blues lover **JOHN HAMMOND** strums and picks and sings on Thursday, Dec. 18, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, **PINETOP PERKINS**, the Delta-born pianist who spent twelve years in Muddy Waters' band, swings into action. Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine. Closed Christmas.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Rodgers and Hart. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesday through Saturdays (except Christmas) at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautically appointed bar, restaurant, and jazz nook. See dogs account for a very small percentage of the clientele. Two guitarists who account for a substantial part of the **PIZZARELLI** family—father **BUCKY** and son **JOHN**—perform here on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining. Closed Christmas.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSOM DEARIE** has a wee girl's voice but it is expressive and her diction is impeccable and the songs she chooses to sing ("I'm Hip," "Sweet Kentucky Ham," "Bye-Bye Country Boy," "Bruce") are perfectly suited to her. Her concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesday through Saturdays. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, Rita Gardner devotes herself to songs from the Age of Gatsby and Coolidge and at eleven on Saturdays Laurie Beechman, one of the cats in "Cats," sings contemporary pop and show tunes. Closed Christmas.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475 8592)—A large, carpeted, be-mirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER's** trio celebrates the music of Nat King Cole through Sunday, Dec. 21 with help from two of Cole's associates: guitarist **JOHN COLLINS** and trumpeter **HARR (SWEETS) EDISON**. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 23 the singing **HENDRICKS** family, headed by father **JON**, will scat and scamper with support from a quartet led by tenor saxophonist **AL COHI** and his guitar-playing son, **JOE**. Music after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228 6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables chairs, and fries. The lineup: Wednesday Dec. 17, David Johansen's alter ego, **BUSTE POINDEXTER**, and his tuxedoed accomplices, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, Dec. 18, **BRANFORD MARSALIS**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20 Canadian folksters **KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE**; Sunday, Dec. 21, Livingston Taylor and the Caroling Carollers; and Wednesday, Dec. 24 the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA**. Show Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228 6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists and some very good piano-bass teams. **JOHN O'NEAL** and **RAY DRUMMOND** work together through Saturday, Dec. 20, and on Monday, Dec. 22, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982 3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **CECIL TAYLOR**, a driving swarming, hyperreal pianist and composer leads his **UNIR** (of which he is, by literal reckoning, one-sixth) through Sunday, Dec. 21 Starting Tuesday, Dec. 23, the **VIBRATION SOCIETY**, which was the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk's name for his band and which is made up of Kirk alumni, will perform some of the dynamo's music. Shows at nine and eleven with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining. Closed Christmas.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, a prince among café singers, presides over the little principality called the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Christmas Eve and Christmas) at ten and midnight. Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Christmas) from nine-forty-five.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—One of **DIZZY GILLESPIE's** trumpets—the King Silver Flair that he used between 1972 and 1985—now belongs to the Smithsonian, but the trumpeter and former Presidential candidate remains at large, and every night except Christmas he can be found here, in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box, along with his quintet. Music from eight. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A tiny jazz outpost in swinging-singles country. Judy Niemack sings with support from guitarist Mitch Stein and bassist Dennis Irwin through Saturday, Dec. 20. Sundays and Mondays are set aside for singer-pianist—Charlie Parker-devotee **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS**, and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE's** trio. All these groups begin at about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **BILL MAYS** and **RON CARTER** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 20, and on Tuesday, Dec. 23, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will settle in. On Sundays and Mondays, the keyboard is in the hands of Esther Blue. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Dec. 17, angry young British folk-rocker **BILLY BRAGO**; Thursday, Dec. 18, **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Friday, Dec. 19, **FATS DOMINGO**; Sunday, Dec. 21, **NRBQ**; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON** and Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN**; and Thursday, Dec. 25, **JAMES WHITE** (Lydia Lunch's former sidekick) & **THE BLACKS**. Music after nine. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bangers and mash isn't on the menu here, an un-publike omission that probably won't matter to admirers of either Jonathan Schwartz or **MARK MURPHY**, both of whom are bearing down on the songs of Rodgers and Hart. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A long-time music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, Dec. 17, jazz singer **GRACE TESTANI's** quintet; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, soul singer **CISSEY HOUSTON**; Wednesday, Dec. 24, the BMF band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK's** jazz-rock outfit. Music from about ten. Dining. Closed Christmas.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Wednesday, Dec. 17, the Communards and In Pursuit; Friday, Dec. 19, **JASON & THE SCORCHERS** and Georgia Satellites; Saturday, Dec. 20, Ian Hunter; Friday, Dec. 26, the Beastie Boys and Murphy's Law; and Saturday, Dec. 27, Bad Brains. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing. Closed Christmas.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at ten-thir-

ty, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Friday, Dec. 19, Tabou Combo; Saturday, Dec. 20, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, **MIKATA**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sunday through Thursday, Dec. 21-25.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S. at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **DAVID MURRAY's** adventurous, swinging, joyful, post-avant-garde octet, which is performing here through Sunday, Dec. 21, is the perfect pre-Christmas gift for your open-minded true love. **GIL EVANS's** shimmering, electrified orchestra holds forth Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25, and on Friday, Dec. 26, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** begin a ten-night residence. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club, now a venerable ten years old. Wednesday, Dec. 17, the Ordinaires and Combo Limbo; Thursday, Dec. 18, **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and **DAVID MASSENGILL**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, the California Soul Revue, with Frankie Lee and Sonny Rhodes; Sunday, Dec. 21, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Tuesday, Dec. 23, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO**; and Wednesday, Dec. 24, **JUMP STREET**. Shows after nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The Terrace Bar features a little fireplace, in which little urban fires sometimes burn, and some estimable duos and trios. The cheerfully eclectic pianist **JAKI BYARD** will be on hand with bassist **RALPH HAMPERIAN** starting Tuesday, Dec. 23. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN's** trio, which plays everything from Scott Joplin rags to Miles Davis blues, is also present on Tuesdays, and **GAIL WYNTERS** sings with a duo on Mondays. Music from around ten. Closed Christmas.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Sinewy hard-bop tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** guides his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 21, and on Tuesday, Dec. 23, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will descend the stairs with his foursome. Mondays are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten. Closed Christmas.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machine and the EnduroRacer and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Through Sunday, Dec. 21, hard-bop altoist **LOU DONALDSON's** trio; Tuesdays, the Steve Bargonetti Trine; Wednesday, Dec. 24, tenor saxophonist Percy France's group; and starting Thursday, Dec. 25, tenorist **HOUSTON PERSON's** band, with blues belter **ETTA JONES**. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A big, labyrinthine, elaborately done-up downstairs jazz club, whose bandstand will be vacant until Tuesday, Dec. 23, when a quartet co-piloted by alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD** and organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** moves in. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), a big, sumptuous bar and restaurant, the bedazzling **KENNY BARRON** is in charge of the concert grand every night but Monday, when **HUGH LAWSON** fills in. Music from nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright,

spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. The fleet and formidable guitarist **TAL FARLOW** works with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** through Saturday, Dec. 20, and on Monday, Dec. 22, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will set sail. On Sundays, Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI**, a duo for over a decade, play quietly fervent, highly melodic, room-stilling jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MAX MORATH—Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 832-2240. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 8; Friday, Dec. 19, at 7 and 10; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8.

CYNDI LAUPER—With Eddie Money. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

NIGHTNOISE and THE CLAN—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 362-3366.)

VICTOR BORGE—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, at 2 and 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed on other days during the holidays, and some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HANK BLAUSTEIN—Drawings and watercolors by an artist who has been a contributor to this magazine. Through Jan. 3. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

MAUREEN CONNOR—Boat-shaped sculptures (free-standing and mounted on shelves) and preparatory drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

NANCY GRAVES / WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910)—Gouaches and pastels. Through Jan. 3. / Paintings, drawings, and prints, all of which are in black-and-white. Through Jan. 10. (Knoodler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BRIAN YOSHIMI ISOBE / MARION LERNER LEVINE—Abstractions on paper. / Still-lives in watercolors. Through Jan. 7. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

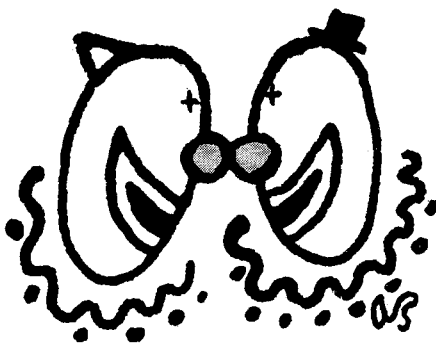
JULIO LARRAZ—Pastels and watercolors. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Haime, 1000 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Paintings from the past two years. Through Dec. 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Paintings and drawings from the early forties. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT WHITE—Bronze and terra-cotta figures dating from 1959 to the present. Through Jan. 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 23, for nine days.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Boxes and assemblages by contemporary artists Donald Lipski, Aimee Rankin, Lynne Clibanoff, Lucas Samaras, and others who have followed in the footsteps of Joseph Cornell. Through Jan. 10. (Closes after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Collages by eighteen artists, Betye Saar, Joseph Glasco, and Romare Bearden among them. Through Dec. 31.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six jaunty Miró sculptures, all in bronze, along with paintings and drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Modigliani, and others. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23.... **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Layered Image," paintings, constructions, and photographs by Christopher Hewat, Roberto Juarez, Barbara Kruger, Bruce Kurland, Justen Ladda, and Suzan Pitt. Through



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 14. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOHN ALEXANDER / OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—Paintings, Watercolors and drawings in a show that complements a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BENNY ANDREWS / MARCH AVERY—Affecting portraits of the artist's parents and of his fellow-painter Alice Neel are among the works, many of them collaged with bits of clothing. / Summery watercolors in the spirit of the artist's father, Milton. Through Dec. 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Drawings and etchings that date from the twenties to the forties and that have not been on exhibition before now. Through Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.)

WARREN BRANDT / JIM WEIDLE—Representational still-lives, landscapes, and nudes. / Watercolor landscapes that are full of detail. Through Dec. 31. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE CONSTANT (1892-1978)—Watercolors of landscapes, still-lives, and figures. Through Jan. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Lithographs from the sixties and seventies. Through Jan. 23. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Color prints made with a copying machine. Through Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oils and monotypes by Mr. Kulicke, and jewelry by him in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

DAVID LUND—Paintings of rugged landscapes in Maine and the Italian Alps. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LOREN MADSEN—A sculpture installation made up of two thousand five-inch-square copper plates that are suspended from the ceiling by silk cords. Through Jan. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—A sizable group of characteristic paintings, such as a crystal goblet brimming over with cumulus clouds. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Recent paintings of still-lives and Icelandic landscapes. Through Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE NEEL (1900-84)—A selection of this artist's landscapes and uncompromising portraits. Through Jan. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

TONY SIANI—Biblical episodes painted in a narrative form, somewhat like a comic strip, by a primitive artist with a direct approach. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

ERIC SLOANE (1905-85)—Oils. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

RICHARD TUTTLE / JEFF GOMPERTZ—Painted sculptures. / New paintings. Through Jan. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract Expressionist prints by Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Barnett Newman, and others. Through Dec. 31. . . . **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: An ironic tableau of a luxurious swimming pool at Christmastime, by Adolph Rosenblatt, is among the items in this Yuletide show. Others are a small Picasso aquatint and Lux Zeiner's sixteenth-century painting of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Through Jan. 3. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Jan. 31. . . . **LAMAGNA**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints—selected for their "appeal to the psychic self," say the curators—by John Buck, Barry X Ball, Louise Bourgeois, Charles Luce, Matt Mullican, Elaine Reichel, John Cage, and Lesley

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Dill. Through Jan. 24. (Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary German works—photographic installations by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Günther Förg, and architectural sculptures by Reinhard Mucha. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that either use text as images or combine text with images. Saul Steinberg, Laurie Anderson, Jonathan Borofsky, Crash, and Judy Pfaff are among the forty-two artists represented. Through Jan. 10. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

MARINA ABRAMOVIC AND ULAY—Large-scale photographs, mostly of shadows cast by gracefully posed people, plus a video showing a wrinkled hand doing a Chinese therapeutic exercise in which three lacquered walnuts are rolled around in the palm, Queeg-like. Through Jan. 3. (Marcus, 578 Broadway. Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 23, for nine days.)

ELEANOR ANTIN—An installation evoking, in theatre-set form, a theatre, a backstage dressing room, and a train, in each of which there's a film showing Miss Antin as Eleanora Antinova, former Ballets Russes principal down on her luck. Through Jan. 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 10 Saturdays.)

ALICE AYCOCK—Recent motorized sculptures, plus large drawings. One sculpture, entitled "The Dice Game—for Diverse Visions," is a sort of glorified roulette wheel spinning in front of a mirror. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD—This sculptor has moved on to larger and larger pieces of found sheet metal in her shorthand depiction of life-size horses, one of which seems to be a brood mare carrying a crunched-up tricycle in her womb. Through Jan. 24. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.)

PAUL CARANICAS / DAN SINCLAIR—Recent paintings of Second World War artillery bunkers, depicted as integral parts of the landscape. / Small abstract sculptures. Through Dec. 30. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE—Eighty-eight self-portraits done in monotypes and expressing the artist's hopes, fears, and libido. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

PAPO COLO—Recent paintings and sculptures. (Esman, 70 Greene St.) . . . **A** ten-year retrospective. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.) Both shows through Dec. 31.

JIRI GEORGE DOKOUPIL—Large more or less religious paintings derived from ancient illuminations, plus a series of relatively small bronzes spelling out, in mock adulation, such potent names as Exxon, PaineWebber, and Guggenheim. Also, a couple of big paintings that spell MOMA and Citibank. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ELLEN DRISCOLL—Imaginative sculptures contrived of wood with copper and lead sheathing. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

DAVID GEISER—Abstract paintings. Through Sat-

urday, Dec. 27. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Recent paintings chronicling a move from a summer house in Long Island to one in France, and works with classical subjects—Perseus vs. Medusa, for instance. Through Jan. 10. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

HOLLY HUGHES—Large canvases teeming with abstract images in strong colors. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

SUSAN LAUFER / ARCANGELO—Large mixed-medium works on paper. / Abstract oil-stick-and-charcoal works on paper, suggesting Italian landscapes. Through Jan. 24. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.)

BERTRAND LAVIER—An electric heater perched on a filing cabinet and a refrigerator perched on a safe are typical of this artist's sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

MARKUS LÜPERTZ—Bronzes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD—Landscapes in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. The gallery is showing, through Tuesday, Dec. 23, additional works—also by contemporary artists—whose sale will benefit The Kitchen, which spent its formative years at this address.)

MOLLY MASON / HARRIET MISHKIN—Freestanding abstract stainless-steel sculptures. / Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964)—A small show of watercolors, pencil drawings, and etchings by this lord of the bottles. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Haller, a new gallery at 415 West Broadway.)

CLAES OLDENBURG, COOSJE VAN BRUGGEN, AND FRANK O. GEHRY—Documents from a performance these three presented in Venice, Italy, in 1985, when they showed an oversize version of a Swiss Army knife. A copy of that knife sculpture is on view at the Guggenheim. Through Jan. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. Both galleries close after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.)

GERHARD RICHTER—Paintings and sculptures from the sixties and seventies, including two bronze heads, of Mr. Richter and Blinky Palermo, from the 1971 tableau "Sculpture for a Room by Palermo." Through Jan. 17. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 24, for eight days.)

JOYCE ROBINS—Small painted-ceramic sculptures that resemble thick pieces of rope twisted and knotted together. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

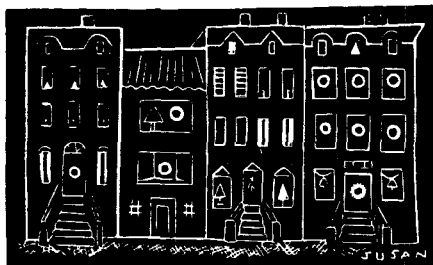
JONATHAN SILVER—Sculptures from the past ten years. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

BOAZ VAADIA / DON CELENDER—Large figures made entirely of slabs of bluestone stacked together. / The results of a new survey by this artist-sociologist are mounted on a wall and reveal the art preferences of some famous people; Governor Cuomo's response was "any painting of Monet's from the Giverny period." Through Jan. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 20, for nine days.)

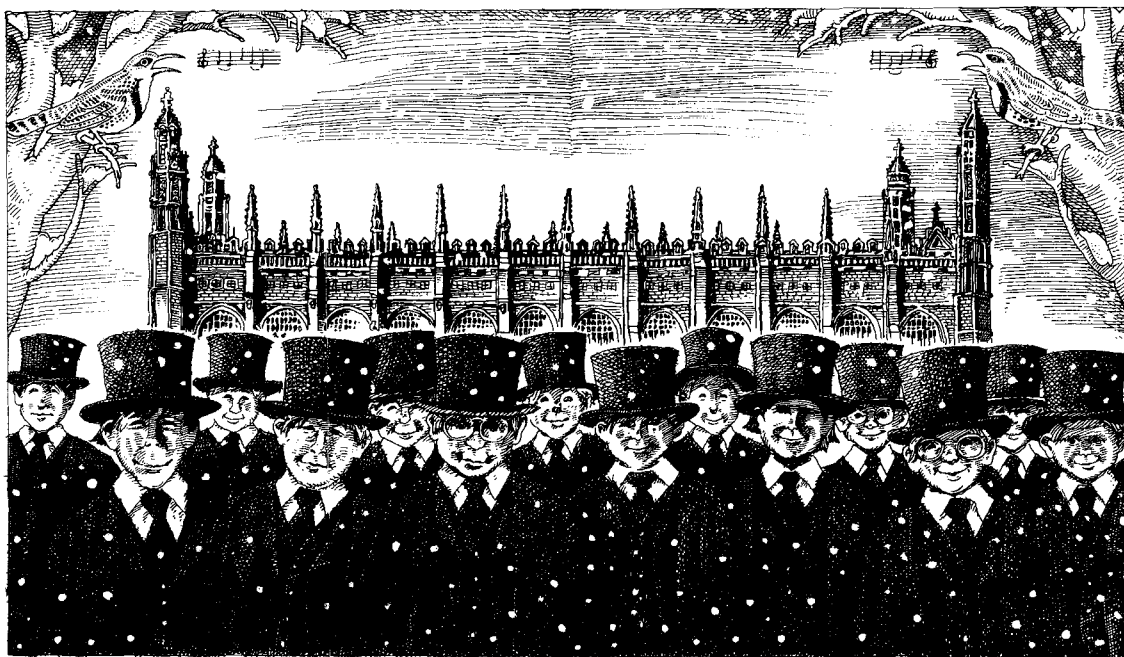
GROUP SHOWS—At the COOPER, 155 Wooster St.: Sculptures, mostly, by gallery regulars Robert Gober, Jackie Winsor, and others. Through Jan. 15. (Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 23, for nine days.) . . . **EINSTEIN**, 591 Broadway: Self-portraits done in a range of mediums by gallery regulars and their friends, Thomas Cornell, Sylvia Sleigh, Altoon Sultan, and Janet Fish among them. Through Jan. 17. (Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 23, for two weeks.) . . . **STEINBAUM**, 132 Greene St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists who happen to be over seventy—Herbert Ferber, Elizabeth Layton, Isabel Bishop, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Two or more drawings each by fourteen artists, notably Troy Brauntuch, Jan Hashey, and William T. Wiley. Through Jan. 10. (Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 24, for a week.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOE DAVIS—Paintings of East Village cityscapes, nearly all seen at sundown, with the



JOIN THE KING'S COLLEGE CHOIR AS THEY CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS IN SONG.



"A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols" is the traditional Christmas Eve service performed by the King's College Choir in Cambridge, England. It will be broadcast live from the college chapel by American Public Radio. This is the third year that this classic festival has been sponsored by Honeywell and brought to you with Best Wishes for Joyful Holidays and a Peaceful New Year.

Together, we can find the answers.

Honeywell

Broadcast live at 10:00 a.m. EST on December 24th. Check your local listings for times and stations.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

glowing sky silhouetting the grimy realities. Through Jan. 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

GENERAL IDEA—From their Ziggurat series: one painting from 1968, several from 1986. Through Jan. 11. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Closes after Sunday, Dec. 21, for two weeks.)

KRISTIN JONES AND ANDREW GINZEL—An engrossing installation involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

SHERIE LEVINE / HAIM STEINBACH—Pale stripes painted on wooden chair seats (no backs, no legs, just the seats). / Assemblages of store-bought serving trays and vases. Through Jan. 4. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Closes after Sunday, Dec. 21, for two weeks.)

ED MCGOWIN—Airbrushed paintings with unusually ornamental frames made by the artist. For instance, a *tondo* of a nude holding a telephone is encircled by a wide metal band on which telephone sets are shown in deep relief. Through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ARNOLD MESCHES—Paintings in which glowing chandeliers are seen against a background of rich fabrics, plus sketches of ornate furniture against a contrasting field. Through Jan. 4. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 24, for a week.)

MAURA SHEEHAN—The upstairs floor of the Facchetti Gallery has been transformed into a sheet of glass mosaic made from bits and pieces of broken automobile windshields. On the downstairs floor are three circular glass mosaics of faces of the Gorgons. Through Jan. 4. (Facchetti, 211 E. 3rd St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closes after Sunday, Dec. 21, for two weeks.)

KEN SOFER / MICHAEL ABRAMS—Abstract paintings. / An installation incorporating relief sculptures. Through Jan. 4. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Among other photographs, the artist has made new prints in a 30 x 40 format of works she did long ago—"The Flatiron Building," "Saints for Sale," and "The Hoboken Railroad Yards." Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

GARY BROTMAYER / HELEN LEVITT—The artist alters the characters in old portraits by, for instance, collaging to them pieces of hair or adding bottle caps as helmets. Several of the works have side panels attached that provide a sort of context—text or drawings—for the character. / Photographs of New York from the past forty years. Through Jan. 24. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

ALFRED EISENSTADT / DAVID SEYMOUR (CHIM) (1911-56)—A retrospective. / Work from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—Photographs of rural landscapes in France and in the American South, his first work in color. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN EYE JAHODA—Photographs altered, collaged, and hand-colored, mostly showing female figures. Through Jan. 18. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 12:30 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. Closes after Friday, Dec. 19, for two weeks.)

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ—Portraits of pop stars Klaus Maria Brandauer, Cyndi Lauper, Emilio Estevez, Sandrine Bonnaire, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NICHOLAS NIXON / GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82)—Recent photographs of his family and of

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elderly people. / Photographs of seascapes and trees. Through Jan. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

JOSEPH NECHVATAL—Color photographs. Through Jan. 4. (Greathouse, 337 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Closes after Sunday, Dec. 21, for two weeks.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—Photographs from the first half of this century. Through Jan. 24. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

JAMES VAN DERZEE (1886-1983)—Vintage prints of life in Harlem. Through Jan. 10. (Photofind, 138 Spring St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the LEDEL, 168 Mercer St.: Photographs of New York by women photographers, among them Berenice Abbott, Esther Bubley, Helen Levitt, Judith Turner, and Sylvia Plachy. Through Jan. 31. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.) ... **LIEBERMAN & SAUL**, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.: Still-life photographs by contemporary artists Judy Fiskin, Frank Majore, James Welling, and others. Through Jan. 15. (Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 24, for two weeks.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: In honor of the tenth anniversary of the Galerie Zabriskie in Paris, a selection of vintage prints by French artists (Brassaï, Atget, Brancusi among them) who have been exhibited in both the New York and Paris galleries. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. ... A large display of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. ... "Dance" is the theme for the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. ... A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. ... An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Jan. 6. ... A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. ... Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived

by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." Through Feb. 16. ... A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Through Feb. 16. (A complementary show of works on paper is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. ... A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. ... Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. ... An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 19. ... A retrospective show of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Christmas. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays—except Dec. 24, when the doors will shut at 5:45—10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

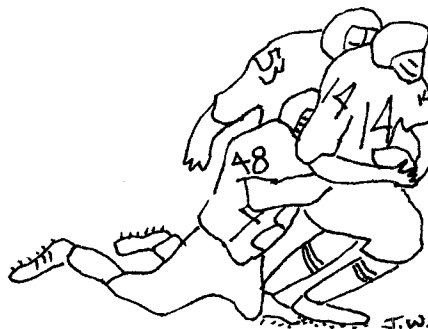
AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for the museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays—except Dec. 24, when the closing hour will be 3—through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan, Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BUTLER LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—A show of illustrated books by the French novelist, poet, and critic Michel Butor, and his collaborators, who have included Alexander Calder, André Villers, and Victor Vasarely. Through Feb. 20. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and Dec. 26, from 9 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main show, "Berlin 1900-1933: Architecture and Design," includes mass-produced objects (fans, kettles, porcelains), plus drawings and some familiar chairs, by Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Behrens, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A display that chronicles the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays,



Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian, and others; illuminated manuscripts; books; literary and music manuscripts; and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10:30 to 1.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of anti-nuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a Newport yacht race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10 to noon.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other New Yorker covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Sundays, Christmas, and Friday, Dec. 26. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Friday, Dec. 26, from 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Delia Doherty (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Dance-noise (performance), Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30 and 11.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Benefit performances: Johanna Boyce and the Calf Women, Ronnie Gilbert, Ethyl Eichelberger, and others, Friday, Dec. 19, at 9; John Kelley, Meredith Monk, and others, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 9.

NOTE—"New York Post Wave," a work by Marilyn Danitz in collaboration with Borah Bergman. (3 of a Kind, 514 W. 24th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 9. For information about tickets, call 228-8705.) . . . ¶ "In a Glass Box," written by Eve Packer and performed by the Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble. With environmental sculptures by Rosemary Cove. (Ingber Gallery, 415 West Broadway. 226-2221. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8. Through Jan. 3.)

MUSIC

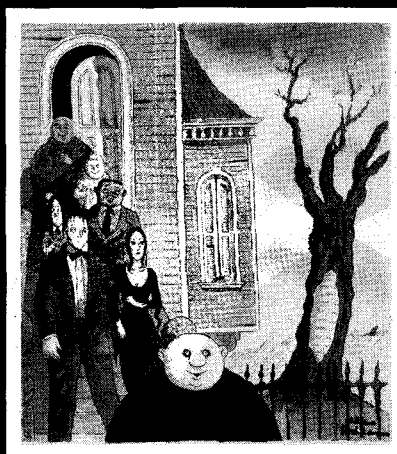
(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

WAVERLY CONSORT—The seventh annual presentation of "The Christmas Story," a pageant based on medieval manuscripts and music. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday,

THE ART OF THE NEW YORKER A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

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"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

November 18th through January 31st
The New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 18-20, at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, call 666-1260.)

"THE CHRISTMAS REVELS"—A program, staged annually by John Langstaff, of music, dance, mime, and theatre, this year emphasizing music of the French Renaissance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 7. At the Thursday evening and Saturday matinee performances there will be sign-language interpretation for deaf patrons.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing. With Peter, Paul & Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30.)

"CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS"—An oratorio by Al Carmine. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. 662-2133. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—A program called "Christmas in Anglia." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing, with Walter Hilse, piano and organ. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

MANHATTAN MARIMBA QUARTET—With Jocelyn Stewart, harpsichord. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

CATHEDRAL CHORISTERS—Paul Halley directing a program of carols for children's voices. With Jonathan Dimmock, organ. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 4.)

NEW YORK TRUMPET ENSEMBLE—In a program that includes the premiere of "Carols for Brass," by Richard Price. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller directing, with guest artists Colleen Dewhurst and countertenor Larry Lipnik. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE—A vocal quartet, with piano and guitar accompaniment. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND AND POMERIUM MUSICES—A joint concert. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 6 and 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL: Directed (seriatim) by nineteen choral conductors. With Crail Conner, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukund Marathe, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30.) ... **ST. THOMAS CHOIR**: Gerre Hancock directing, with Judith Nelson, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Jeffrey Thomas, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 7:30. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7013.) ... **MUSICA SACRA**: Richard Westenburg directing, with Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Gretchen Greenfield, mezzo-soprano; Frank Lopardo, tenor; and William Stone, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.) ... **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Suzanne Waleson, mezzo-soprano; Michael Best, tenor; and Jeffrey Horvath, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 6:30. At the Sunday performances, Antoinette Hardin will replace Miss Waleson.) ... **CHOIRS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE**: Paul Halley directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Monday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.) ... **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**: Lyndon Woodside directing, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Brenda Berge, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; and James Courtney, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens,

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Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; conducted by Christof Perick. ... **Thursday evening, Dec. 18**: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Brent Ellis, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. ... **Friday evening, Dec. 19**: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. ... **Saturday matinee, Dec. 20**: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; Christof Perick. ... **Saturday evening, Dec. 20**: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. ... **Monday evening, Dec. 22**: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. ... **Tuesday evening, Dec. 23**: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. ... **Wednesday evening, Dec. 24**: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. ... **Thursday evening, Dec. 25**: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. ... **Friday evening, Dec. 26**: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (A non-subscription performance.) ... **Saturday matinee, Dec. 27**: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. ... **Saturday evening, Dec. 27**: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Edward Sooter, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Macurdy; Richard Wotach. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

MANNES OPERA WORKSHOP—Presenting music from "La Bohème," "Carmen," "Arabella," and other operas, conducted by Marshall Williamson and Valery Ryvkin and staged by Janet Bookspan. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting, with Andrei Gavrilov, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting Mahler's Second Symphony, with Edith Wiens, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Jorge Mester conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Mary Alderdice, harpsichord continuo. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the complete Bach Brandenburg

Concertos. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the American premiere of Fanny Mendelssohn's "Oratorium nach Bildern der Bibel," plus Schubert's Mass No. 5, with Nan Nall, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Michael Crouse, tenor; and William Metcalf, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

DONALD WEILERSTEIN AND VIVIAN HORNIK WEILERSTEIN—Violin and piano, in a program honoring Ernest Bloch. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—Robert Johnson conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

PANAYIS LYRAS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

STEPHANIE CHASE—Violin. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

SHARON ROBINSON—Cello. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM JAPAN—Koichiro Harada, violin, and others, in a program of contemporary works. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 5.)

VINCENZO TARAMELLI—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

EMPIRE BRASS—John Mauceri conducting the quintet, with assisting artists from the New York Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

EILEEN DAVIS—Mezzo-soprano, with Thomas Grubb, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

SETA KARAKASHIAN—Piano, with Maro Partamian, mezzo-soprano, and Tigran Makarian, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—A program that includes the premieres of three works. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

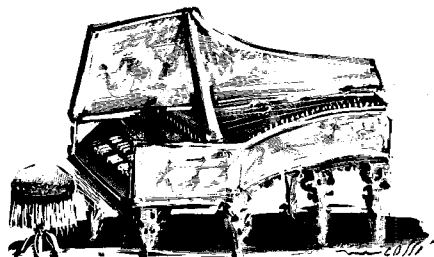
BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Dec. 18, at 7:30; Indiana Pacers, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 7:30; San Antonio Spurs, Monday, Dec. 22, at 7:30; Chicago Bulls, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 1; and Milwaukee Bucks, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7:30. ... At BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Nets vs. Utah Jazz, Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30, and Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7:30.

FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Green Bay Packers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 12:30.)

HOCKEY—At BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35; Washington Capitals, Friday, Dec. 19, at 7:35; and Rangers, Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:35. ... At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35; Hartford Whalers, Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7:35; and Devils, Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7:35. ... At NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 7:05; and Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8:05.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Jan. 7. ... At MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; starting Friday, Dec. 26.



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When Camry gained the reputation of most trouble-free new car,* domestic or import, sold in the U.S., it didn't quit while it was ahead... a whole new dimension was added, and it's called the Camry Wagon. Ideal design, both aerodynamically functional and sleekly contemporary. A highly efficient new 16-valve engine for responsive passing and effortless cruising. Front-wheel drive and power-assisted front disc brakes provide a comfortable sense of command in diverse weather conditions.

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*Based on problems encountered in the first 90 days of ownership. — J.D. Power & Associates 1985 New Car Initial Quality Survey.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or plaster, by an artist from Edinburgh. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

ARISTODIMOS KALDIS (1899-1979) / WALTER MURCH (1907-76)—Expressionist landscapes. / Works on paper (still-lives). Through Oct. 29. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62) / ARMAN—A selection of works on paper which spans his career. Through Oct. 31. / Bronze sculptures of classical Greek and Roman deities which were cast, cut into vertical strips, reassembled, and recast. Through Nov. 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

IDA KOHLMAYER—Painted-wood sculptures whose motifs are extracted from the artist's recent abstract canvases, also on view. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LEE KRASNER (1908-84)—Collages. Through Nov. 1. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / LOUISE NEVELSON—Recent paintings. / Large painted-wood wall reliefs, some extending over more than three feet. Through Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) ... Recent collages by Nevelson are on view at the Bernard gallery, 33 E. 74th St. Through Nov. 8.

JAN MATULKA (1890-1972)—Cubist and Precisionist drawings, plus prints. Through Oct. 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRY ORLYK—Plein-air landscapes of New York farm country. Through Oct. 25. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

NAM JUNE PAIK—Video sculptures and other recent works. Through Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY PEARSON—Geometric paintings derived from the chessboard pattern. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

PETER POSKAS—Landscapes. Through Nov. 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ARNULF RAINER—Three exhibitions. A retrospective. Through Oct. 25. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.) ... Eight recent paintings on board and fifty photographs overpainted with crayon, India ink, and oil. Through Oct. 25. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays 1 to 5.) ... Etchings. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Closed Tuesdays.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER (1895-1978)—Paintings from the forties and fifties. Through Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY / MARK COHEN—Kinetic steel sculptures, including an eight-foot hanging piece composed of eight triangles forming two large squares, a memorial to Josef Albers. / High-contrast photographs of day-to-day life in Italy, Mexico, and the United States. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 29. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEAN SCULLY—Stripe paintings from the past year. Through Oct. 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Painted-plaster sculptures, including a portrait of Jacob Javits; reliefs in homage to the Cubists; drawings; and photographs. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID TRUE—A new set of paintings, each with a thin wash poured on its surface. Through Nov. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES TURRELL—Drawings related to his Roden Crater project, in Arizona. Through Oct. 25. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—Five recent paintings, each measuring more than ten feet and referring, in a combination of images and written passages, to such topics as the arms race and toxic waste. Through Oct. 23. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

VIENNESE DESIGN AND THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE—Nearly two hundred objects (furniture, books and posters, decorative arts, and paintings and prints) in a show that complements

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

the "Vienna 1900" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper by British artists, including Constable and Gwen John. Through Nov. 15. ... **GALLERY INTERNATIONAL 52**, 150 E. 52nd St.: Graffiti art by, among others, Daze, Crash, and Toxic. Through Nov. 8. (Open Mondays.) ... **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Flashy sculptural pieces with special lighting effects by Jon Kessler, plus works by Michael Byron and Lydia Dona. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. ... **WASHBURN**, in a new location at 41 E. 57th St.: Museums and private collectors have lent paintings that they acquired originally from this gallery, now beginning its fifteenth season. Works by Ammi Phillips, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Nov. 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Formica sculptures from the sixties. Through Oct. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

ED BAYNARD—Representative paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

JAMES BROWN—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

TOM BUTTER—Large abstract sculptures made from colored fibre glass and wood. Through Oct. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN / JOSEPH NECHVATAL—Small, rousing oil-on-paper abstractions painted in Cologne around 1970. Also, a couple of small 1986 sculptures of crushed toy automobiles. / Paintings executed in a series of steps that involved a laser, a computer, and a robot; technically, they are perfect. Through Oct. 25. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

GENE DAVIS (1920-85)—A group of his stripe paintings from the sixties. Through Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Thickly painted figure and landscape compositions. Through Nov. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

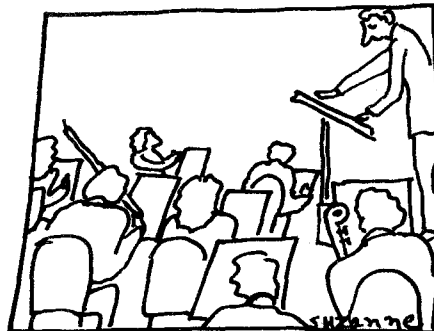
PETER FISCHLI AND DAVID WEISS—Sculptures and photographs, the joint efforts of two Swiss artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

VINCENT GALLO—Still-lives painted on found-metal objects. On some, the artist used acid to scratch and scar the surface. Through Oct. 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

MARCO GASTINI—Abstract landscapes, two of which have large pieces of glass, lead, and wood jutting out from the canvas edge. Through Oct. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

GENERAL IDEA—The signature of three artists from Toronto whose large satiric paintings depict contemporary versions of medieval heraldic shields. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

SHIRLEY GORELICK—Paintings from the sixties.



Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

IRA JOEL HABER—Drawings of industrial areas. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

NANCY HAYNES—Abstract relief paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

JENNY HOLZER—Messages are spelled out on digital electronic signs and engraved in granite benches. Through Nov. 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

RICHARD HULL—Paintings of architectural forms that are full of unexpected twists and recesses and tricks of perspective, plus occasional greatly simplified figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

DONALD JUDD—Sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

DIANE KAISER—Installations of fired-clay sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

GLORIA KISCH / BILL SULLIVAN—Freestanding abstract steel sculptures. / Small landscape paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.) ... Einstein, 591 Broadway, has a complementary show of Mr. Sullivan's work. Through Oct. 25.

MARK KOSTABI—Mannequinlike figures and strong colors characterize this young artist's paintings, several of which are very large analyses of Hopper's works. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

SOL LEWITT—Colored-ink drawings cover the walls of the Drawing Center's new exhibition space. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

A. R. PENCK—Portrait drawings done in East Germany in the late fifties and early sixties, when the artist used the name Ralf Winkler. Through Nov. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

NANCY B. PIERSON—Portrait paintings and drawings of men, with such superimposed amendments as flying disks or hanging objects providing psychological commentary. Through Oct. 25. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

ROBERT STANLEY—Chiaroscuro studies of single male and female figures from the knees up, painted loosely but with an almost photographic effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

PHYLLIS WEINER / HARRIET GANS—Paintings mapping out a field of irregular shapes and lines. / Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

MIA WESTERLUND-ROOSEN—Concrete forms covered in a veneer of lead, copper, and, occasionally, wax, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings of female nudes by Paul Georges, Graham Nickson, Grace Hartigan, Judy Rifka, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

DENNIS ADAMS—Scale models for bus shelters, plus wall reliefs. Actual bus shelters that the artist has built (and continues to maintain) are on Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street and on Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

WARD DAVENNY—Charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ERIC ERNST—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 26. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 12:30 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER—Representative paintings, dating from 1976 to 1979. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

TOM KOKEN—Thirty-seven paintings by an artist who has a wide range of interests, including ice and fire—which are sometimes combined, as in an igloo with a warm, radiant interior. Through Oct. 19. (Sragow,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

TED ROSENTHAL—Satirical sculptures wrought from found metal and sheet metal that has been sliced up like paper. Through Oct. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

DAVID SAWIN—Small-scale abstract landscapes. Through Oct. 24. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Opens at noon.)

ANNE TURYN—Color photographs connected in one way or another with historic events as reported in *Times* headlines, which are superimposed on the prints. Through Oct. 19. (Art City, 439 E. 9th St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ATTITUDE ART**, 184 Franklin St.: Works by contemporary artists using tar as their medium. Nancy Holt, Richard Hambleton, and Alan Scarritt are among those represented. Through Nov. 16. (Opens at noon.) ... **BROMM**, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St.: Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, and Donald Judd are among the names, unusual for the East Village, dropped in this season-opening show of sculptures and paintings. Ten artists in all. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) ... **CHRISTMINSTER**, 336 E. 5th St.: Collages by Dike Blair, small oils using red dots by Paul McMahon, and a single painting by Frank Moore. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) ... **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: Handmade books, photographs, and other works that incorporate a text. Through Oct. 25. (Opens at noon.) ... **GOOD**, 39 Great Jones St.: Abstract paintings by William Bazotes, George Negroponte, and David Row. Through Saturday, Oct. 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY

RAYMOND DEPARDON—Photographs of patients at the San Clemente psychiatric hospital, near Venice; also, other prints. Through Nov. 8. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of the Bethesda Terrace in Central Park before its restoration began. Through Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

DENNY MOERS—Hand-finished silver prints of architectural forms and of icons from ancient Near East frescoes and wall reliefs. Through Nov. 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MYERS / VALERY PLOTNIKOV—Palladium prints of remnants of Japanese relocation camps (from a flyswatter to a barracks). / Portraits of Russian artists, dancers, and others, by a photographer who lives in Moscow. Through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

ROSALIND SOLOMON—Photographs taken in Nepal, Peru, India, Guatemala, and lower Manhattan. Through Nov. 4. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

JERRY N. UELSMANN—A self-portrait of the artist posing as William Wegman's dog-model, Man Ray, and other works by a photographer who uses up to eight enlargers and extensive masking to make a single print. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MAYA CULTURE—Two shows, one at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St., documenting the pioneer days of Maya archeology (1880-1900), with photographs of ruins in the Yucatán, Belize, and Guatemala by Teobert Maler and Alfred P. Maudslay (through Dec. 24; opens daily, except Mondays, at noon); the other at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S., with photographs by Justin Kerr, taken over the past twenty years, covering three thousand years of Maya art (through Monday, Oct. 13; open daily, 3 to 7).

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine

period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. ... ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Both shows through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. ... ¶ "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 26. A complementary exhibit is at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works in color by Mary Frey, David Tavener Hanson, and Philip Lorca diCorcia. Starts Thursday, Oct. 9. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. ... ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several on display. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Oct. 13, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs, costume sketches and costumes, set models, posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. ... ¶ The museum, in concert with Consumers Union, has centered an exhibit on fifty products and services that have been developed over the past fifty years (that's how long the union has been testing products), and voilà—the selection looks like life as we know it: television sets, paperbacks, running shoes, air-conditioners. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Monday, Oct. 13. Hours: Mondays, except Oct. 13, Wednes-

days, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sunday, Oct. 12, from 11 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still another Statue of Liberty tribute, this one a partial re-creation of an 1883 exhibition of predominantly French paintings which was mounted at the National Academy by William Merritt Chase—the objective then was to raise funds for the statue's pedestal. The artists represented are Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Tissot, and others whose works were fresh to the public in the original show. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen artists from Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, more than three-quarters of which were the artist's personal property, among them prints, drawings, and books. Starts Saturday, Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Tom Murrin in "Alien Comic—The Making of a Performance Artist," Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—A four-day series of films by independent filmmakers and video artists: Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: Yamakawa Naoto, Skip Sweeney, and David Daniels. . . . Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: Steve Fagin, and Ken Kobland and the Wooster Group. . . . Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: Bill Viola, at 10: Lothar Baumgarten. . . . Sunday, Oct. 12, at 6:30: Gary Hill, Jeanne Finley, Power Boothe, and others; at 9:30: Rachel Reichman. . . . Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30: "Two Moon July," an hour-long video directed by Tom Bowes, and featuring artists who have performed and shown works at the Kitchen.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mark Dendy & Co. (dance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 10-12, at 9; Hugh Levick (music and video), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 10-12, at 10:30.

ARTISTS' FILMS—The first two of seven programs of films that are by or about artists. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7: Emile De Antonio's "Painter's Painting," 1972 (116 minutes); John Chamberlain's "The Secret Life of Hernandez Cortez," 1968 (60 minutes); and others. . . . Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7: Agnes Martin's "Gabriel," 1977, (90 minutes); Robert Smithson's "Spiral Jetty," 1970 (32 minutes); and others. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7 "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer,

BEAUTY FOLLOW-UP

HAIR CARE

WHY YOUR FAVORITE SHAMPOO WILL WORK BETTER IF YOU STOP USING IT FOR 14 DAYS.

Readers say "yes!" to shampoo vacation.

When you found out that limp, dull, blah hair is usually due to shampoo build-up and not your hair's fault, my, were you relieved! Many of you took the "14 Day Vacation" from your regular shampoo with the shampoo that gets rid of build-up. You were delighted with the results. Here's what you're telling us:

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After 14 days, no more limp, dull, blah...

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Sheryl Z.
Worcester, Massachusetts

A single wash reduces residue by 70% to 90%. "Test results indicate a single wash with Neutrogena® Shampoo was adequate to remove in excess of 90% of the residue. Even with conditioners, which are far more substantive to the hair, a single wash with Neutrogena removes 70% of the residue."

Shampoo Residue Study. Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report.)

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Marlene D.
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Fine to full, dull to shiny, hard to soft...

"...I can't believe I'm writing a fan letter to a shampoo! I've had 'stupid' hair all my life—baby-fine, semi-oily, flyaway and blah. I love Neutrogena. It works..."

Sylvia V.
San Carlos, California

"My hair hasn't had shine in years, and your shampoo has returned that long-gone shine. My hair is long and thick, and I couldn't be more pleased."

Sharon K.
Durham, North Carolina

"I blamed hard water on the poor way my hair looked. Now I know it was my shampoos... My hair has never been so squeaky clean and shiny..."

Mrs. Edward O.
Springfield, New Jersey

Still on vacation...

"...can't believe it took so many years, so many bottles of brand Xs to find (you). I am in love with Neutrogena Shampoo and will never use another brand again."

Fay R.
Paris, Texas

Last word: If you want to revitalize your hair, try Neutrogena® Shampoo for 14 days as a freshening "vacation." Then your favorite shampoo will keep on being your favorite. And for cleaner conditioning, try Neutrogena Clear Conditioner.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Johanna Meier, Timothy Jenkins, and Donald McIntyre; conducted by James Levine. . . .
 ♪ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . .
 ♪ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . .
 ♪ Monday, Oct. 13, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Johanna Meier, Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Donald McIntyre, and Siegfried Vogel; James Levine. . . .
 ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi. . . .
 ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . .
 ♪ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . .
 ♪ Friday, Oct. 17, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Johanna Meier, Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Siegfried Vogel; James Levine. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," with Priscilla Baskerville, Marietta Simpson, Thomas Young, and Ben Holt; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . .
 ♪ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . .
 ♪ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Karen Huffstodt, Mark Thomsen, and William Stone; Neil Varon. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Norma," with Edith Davis, Mimi Lerner, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . .
 ♪ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 1: "Don Quichotte," with Susanne Marsee, Harry Dworchak, and Jan Opalach; Mario Bernardi. . . .
 ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," with Priscilla Baskerville, Marietta Simpson, Thomas Young, and Ben Holt; Christopher Keene. . . .
 ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . .
 ♪ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Werther," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Sergiu Comissiona. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Leigh Munro, Harry Theyard, and Robert Orth; Imre Pallo. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Leech, Kurt Link, and William Stone; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—David Abell conducting performances of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," staged by Marc Jacobs. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8. . . . St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Luciano Berio conducting a Berio-Haydn program on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday,

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Oct. 11, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano, and Aldo Bennici, viola). . . .
 ♪ Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano). (Avery Fisher Hall.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Sixteen Ehrling conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8. Free tickets are available at the box office.)

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Sidney Harth conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH" FESTIVAL—At the Central Presbyterian Church—Wednesday, Oct. 8: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Charles Bressler, tenor; William Sharp, baritone; and others. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11: The Boston Museum Trio in a concert of early French and Italian music. . . .
 ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 15: Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in four Bach cantatas. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18: The Western Wind performing a cappella Elizabethan music. (Park Ave. at 64th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

FRANZ LISZT CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL—At Alice Tully Hall, the last three in a series of all-Liszt piano recitals—Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: Idil Biret. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: Joseph Villa. . . .
 ♪ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: François-René Duchable.

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of four concerts, this one with Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

ALEXIS WEISSENBERG—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

NEW SOUNDS—The second in a series of five concerts, this one with electric cellist Tom McVeety, guitarist Don Ar Bras, and pianist Richard Pierce Milner. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2.)

ALEC CHIEN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

SCHUBERT SOCIETY—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

JOSÉ CARRERAS—Tenor, in a concert of Spanish music performed with an orchestra conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 5.)

VIENNA 1900: A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—Soprano Benita Valente, bass-baritone John Ostendorf, and pianists Marc Neikrug, Omus Hirshbein, Ursula Oppens, and Zaidee Parkinson. The seventh in a series of eight concerts. (Roy and

Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

RANDALL HODGKINSON—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

PETER ORTH—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

I SOLISTI ITALIANI—A twelve-member ensemble that performs without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

BOSTON CAMERATA—Presenting Italian Renaissance music, with Paul O'Dette as guest conductor and lute soloist, and with the Boston Shawm and Sacbut Ensemble; the first of three appearances here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

ANTON KUERTI—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts, this one with Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASEBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: In a best-of-seven series—the first two games will be in Houston, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8:20; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games will be at Shea Stadium, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 12:10; Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8:20; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 3:05; if required, another two will be in Houston, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 3:05, and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:20. All times listed are Eastern Daylight. . . .
AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: The Boston Red Sox and the California Angels begin their contest in Boston and follow a similar game rotation. . . .
WORLD SERIES: Starts Saturday, Oct. 18, in the home park of the National League Champion.

FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 4.)

HOCKEY—RANGERS at Madison Square Garden: Vs. Devils, Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:35. . . .
 ♪ Washington Capitals, Monday, Oct. 13, at 7:35. . . .
 ♪ Devils at Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:35. . . .
 ♪ Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:05. . . .
 ♪ Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:05. . . .
 ♪ Islanders at Nassau Coliseum: Vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:05. . . .
 ♪ Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 5:05.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Frizette, Monday, Oct. 13. . . .
MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13. The Young America, Saturday, Oct. 11, and the Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 18.

TROTTERING—At Roosevelt Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

ET ALIA

NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW—Furniture, decorative objects, silver, folk art, paintings, sculptures, books, and the like will be displayed by a hundred and ten international dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Oct. 8, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, from noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 12, from noon to 6.)

AUCTION—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Oct. 13, from 10 to 5. —Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: Early-twentieth-century Viennese works of art.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Thursday, Oct. 9 and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 9.



HEY, DAD.
HOW COME YOU
JUST WEAR YOUR
ANDS' END PARKA
IN THE WEEKEND?

BECAUSE
BUSINESSMEN
HAVE TO DRESS
THIS WAY, SON.



MONDAY

YOU MEAN YOU
HAVE TO DRESS
A CERTAIN WAY
JUST TO GET TO
THE OFFICE?



TUESDAY

IT'S TRADITION,
BILLY. EVERYONE
DRESSES LIKE THIS
FOR BUSINESS.

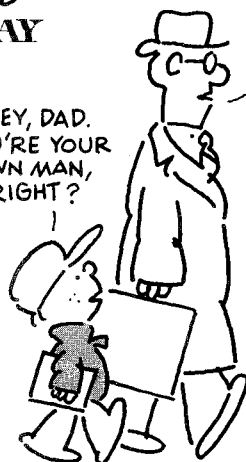
Y'MEAN YOUR
BOSS SAYS YOU
HAVE TO WEAR
THAT COAT AND
THAT DUMB HAT?



WEDNESDAY

OF COURSE NOT!
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN,
BILL. IT'S...WELL...
IT'S...ER...JUST
EXPECTED OF ME!

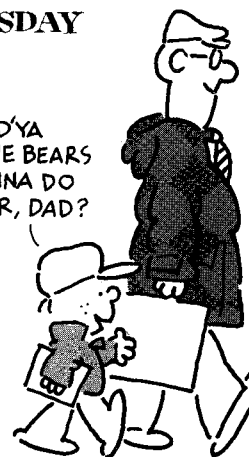
HEY, DAD.
YOU'RE YOUR
OWN MAN,
RIGHT?



THURSDAY

RIGHT.

HOW D'YA
THINK THE BEARS
ARE GONNA DO
THIS YEAR, DAD?



FRIDAY

Like many independent-minded parents, Billy's Dad has discovered that our Great Scot parka is just as appropriate for wear to the office as it is for wear in the high mountains, or the chilly football stadium.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Oct. 12: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†).

Oct. 13-14: Theatre closed.

Oct. 15-16: "Empty Quarter" (1985; directed by Raymond Depardon; in French), with Françoise Prenant; and "Les Années Declic" (1983; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

Oct. 17-18: "Empty Quarter;" and "Reporters" (1981; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

MOVELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Back to School" (†). From Oct. 10: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Oct. 9: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.

From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Stand By Me" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Oct. 9: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

From Oct. 10: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Oct. 9: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

From Oct. 10: "True Stories" (David Byrne).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Oct. 9: "Aliens" (†).

From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).

Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. (No performances on Tuesday, Oct. 14.)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Oct. 16: "Mona Lisa" (†).

From Oct. 17: "Blue Velvet" (†).

CINEMA 1 AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

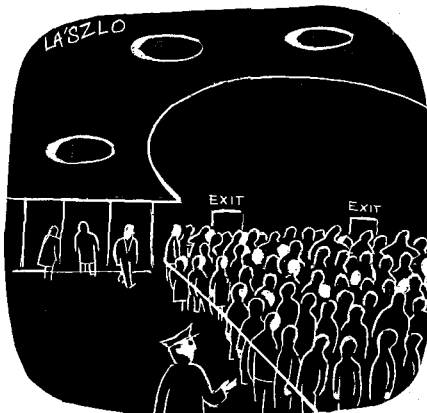
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: To be announced. From Oct. 17: "Ratboy" (Sondra Locke), with Locke.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft. From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Stand By Me" (†). From Oct. 10: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Twist and Shout" (Bille August; in Danish).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Oct. 9: "Armed Response" (Fred Olen Ray), with David Carradine and Lee Van Cleef.

From Oct. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 9: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "A Composer's Notes: Philip Glass and the Making of an Opera" (1985; directed by Michael Blackwood).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright. Oct. 10-12: "Way Out West" (1937; James Horne), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 13-15: "Saps at Sea" (†); and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 16-18: "Sons of the Desert" (†); and two Laurel and Hardy shorts.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

Theatre 2: "Private Practices: The Story of a Sex Surrogate" (Kirby Dick), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 9: "The Fly" (1986 †).

From Oct. 10: "America" (Robert Downey) with Zack Norman.

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean Louis Trintignant. From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).

Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duval and Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Oct. 10: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "My American Cousin" (†). From Oct. 10: "That's Life!"

Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 10: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. (No performance on Wednesday, Oct. 8.)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Oct. 16: "Partisans of Vilna" (Jos Walezky), a documentary.

From Oct. 17: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Stand By Me" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Oct. 16: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

From Oct. 17: "Dancing in the Dark" (Leo Marr).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (752-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Summer" (Er Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivier. From Oct. 10: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Men..." (†) From Oct. 10: "Summer."

Theatre 3: "Men..." (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (87-4040)

Theatre 1: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Mich Blanc, and Miou-Miou.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (72-6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (87-3600)

Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 2: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.

Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.
 Theatre 5: Through Oct. 9: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft. From Oct. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 6: Through Oct. 9: "Where the River Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning. From Oct. 10: To be announced.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
 Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Oct. 10: "Blue Velvet" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett; and "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Heartburn" (†). From Oct. 10: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith); and "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
 Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 10: "Top Gun" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Ruthless People" (†) and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: "The Fly" (1986 †).
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Manhunter" (directed by Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).
 Theatre 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
 Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
 Theatre 5: Through Oct. 9: "Code Name: Wild Geese" (Anthony M. Dawson). From Oct. 10: "Manhunter."
 Theatre 6: Through Oct. 9: "Short Circuit" (†). From Oct. 10: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†).
 Oct. 10-16: "Top Gun" (†).
 From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyo (Pat) Morita. Oct. 10-16: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 17: "Top Gun" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Heartburn" (†). From Oct. 17: "Ruthless People" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through Oct. 9: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 10: "The Karate Kid: Part II."

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
 Theatre 1: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna. From Oct. 10: To be announced.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
 (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances Wednesday, Oct. 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 14.)

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Oct. 10: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)

Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
 Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Women's Prison Massacre." From Oct. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Armed Response" (Fred Olen Ray), with David Caradine and Lee Van Cleef. From Oct. 10: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through Oct. 9: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; directed by Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film); and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
 Oct. 10-11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.
 Oct. 12-14: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp; and "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life of Malcolm Lowry" (1977; Donald Brittain with John Kramer).
 Oct. 15-16: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
 Oct. 17-18: "Eraserhead" (†); and "The Honey-moon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco.

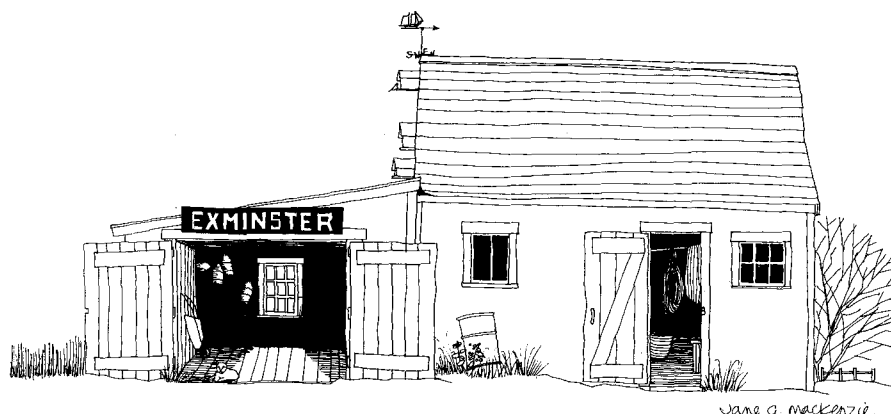
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 Oct. 8: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
 Oct. 9-11: "Arsène Lupin" (1932; Jack Conway), with John and Lionel Barrymore; and "Bulldog Drummond" (1929; Richard Jones), with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett.
 Oct. 12-13: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (†) and "Murder by Decree" (†).
 Oct. 14-15: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.
 Oct. 16-18: "Murder, My Sweet" (†); and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
 Oct. 8: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1985; Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page, John Heard, Carlin Glynn, and Rebecca DeMornay; and "1918" (1985; Ken Harrison).
 Oct. 9: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.
 Oct. 10-11: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
 Oct. 12: "Les Compères" (1984; Francis Véber; in French) and "La Chèvre" (1981; Francis Véber; in French), both films with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
 Oct. 13: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†); and "Under the

Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean; and "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella.
 Oct. 14: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Alice in the Cities" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.
 Oct. 15: "Insignificance" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Bussey and Tony Curtis; and "Eureka" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gene Hackman, Theresa Russell, Rutger Hauer, and Mickey Rourke.
 Oct. 16: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Drive, He Said" (†).
 Oct. 17-18: "The Brother from Another Planet" (1984; John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
 Through Oct. 9: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
 Oct. 10-11: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
 Oct. 12: "Alfredo Alfredo" (†); and "The Railroad Man" (1956; Pietro Germi; in Italian), with Germi.
 Oct. 13: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Strange Illusion" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Salley Eilers; and "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker.
 Oct. 14: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1948), a Hans Richter Surrealist film; "Un Chant d'Amour" (1951; in French); and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French).
 Oct. 15-16: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
 Oct. 17-18: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (1985; George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson and Tina Turner.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 Oct. 8: "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
 Oct. 9: "Seconds" (1966; John Frankenheimer), with Rock Hudson, Salome Jens, and John Randolph; and "All Fall Down" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, Karl Malden, Angela Lansbury, and Brandon DeWilde.
 Oct. 10-11: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
 Oct. 12-13: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.
 Oct. 14: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and



- Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.
- Oct. 15: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Le Gai Savoir" (†).
- Oct. 16: "Glorifying the American Girl" (†); and "The Hollywood Revue" (1929; Charles Reisner), with Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny.
- Oct. 17-18: "Ministry of Fear" (†); and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Tango of Our Childhood" (1985; directed by Albert Mkrthchian; in Armenian, with English subtitles). Mr. Mkrthchian will be present....
 Oct. 10 at 6: "Come and See" (1985; Elem Klimov; in Russian, with English subtitles). Mr. Klimov will be present....
 Oct. 11 at 2: "Farewell" (1982; Elem Klimov; in Russian, with English subtitles). Mr. Klimov will be present....
 Oct. 11 at 5 and Oct. 12 at 2: "The Revolt of the Daughters-in-Law" (1985; Melis Abzalov; in Uzbek; with English subtitles), with Dilorom Egamberdieva....
 Oct. 12 at 5: "The Unmarked Load" (1985; Vladimir Popkov; in Ukrainian, with English subtitles).

...
 Oct. 13 at 2: "Come and See."
 Oct. 13 at 5: "Descendant of the Snow Leopard" (1984; Tolomush Okeev; in Kirghiz, with English subtitles)....
 Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Trial on the Road" (1985; Alexei German; in Russian, with English subtitles)....
 Oct. 14 at 6: "The Bullfight" (1982; Olev Neuland; in Estonian, with English subtitles)....
 Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Descendant of the Snow Leopard."
 Oct. 16 at 6: "Trial on the Road."
 Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Bullfight."
 Oct. 17 at 6 and Oct. 18 at 2: "Sheherazade's 1002nd Night" (1984; Takhir Sabirov; in Tadjik, with English subtitles)....
 Oct. 18 at 5: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985; Sergei Paradjanov and Dodo Abashidze; in Georgian, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Oct. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Ninos Desaparecidos" (1985; Estela Bravo) and "Bombay Our City" (1985; Anand Patwardhan), both documentaries....
 Oct. 10 at 3: "The Italian" (1915; Reginald Barker; a silent film), with George Beeban, produced by Thomas H. Ince....
 Oct. 10 at 6:30: "The Coward" (1915; Reginald Barker; a silent film), with Charles Ray, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 11 at 2:30: "The Cup of Life" (1915; Raymond B. West; a silent film), with Bessie Barriscale, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 11 at 5:30: "The Last of the Line" (1914; Jay Hunt; a silent film) and "The Wrath of the Gods" (1914; Reginald Barker; a silent film), both films produced by Ince, with Sessue Hayakawa....
 Oct. 12 at 2:30: "The Coward."
 Oct. 12 at 5:30: "The Italian."

...
 Oct. 13 at 2:30: "The Iced Bullet" (1917; Reginald Barker; a silent film), with William Desmond and Robert McKim, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 13 at 5:30: "The Clodhopper" (1917; Victor Schertzinger; a silent film), with Charles Ray and Margery Wilson, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "The Taking of Luke McVane" (1915; William S. Hart; a silent film), with Hart, produced by Ince; and "Hell's Hinges" (1916; Charles Swickard and William S. Hart; a silent film), with Hart and Clara Williams, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 16 at 3 and 6:30: "Moments of Play" (1986; Jorgen Leth), a documentary....
 Oct. 17 at 3: "Flare-Up Sal" (1918; R. William Neill; a silent film), with Dorothy Dalton and William Conklin, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 17 at 6:30: "Dangerous Hours" (1920; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Barbara Castleton and Lloyd Hughes, produced by Ince....
 Oct. 18 at 2:30: "The Clodhopper."
 Oct. 18 at 5:30: "The Iced Bullet."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of the films of James Benning—Through Oct. 12: A program of five short films from 1972-74 showing Wednesday through Friday at noon and Sunday at 1; and a program of four short films from 1974-76 showing Wednesday through Friday at 3, Saturday at 3:30, and Sunday at 4....
 Starting Oct. 14: "11 x 14" (1976) will be shown Tuesday at 2 and Wednesday through Saturday at noon; and "One Way Boogie Woogie" (1977) will be shown Tuesday at 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 3. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALFREDO ALFREDO (1973)—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk in this Pietro Germi comedy. But the comic tone is a bit used; everything Germi does here he has done before, and better (especially in "Divorce—Italian Style"). Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Since this character's comedy is all based on the one gag of her insatiability, she becomes as wearying to us as to the exhausted Alfredo. After the first third, the picture sags under a load of uninspired, forced gaiety. With Carla Gravina. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 12.)

ALIENS—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin....
 Oct. 9.)

BACK TO SCHOOL—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Theatres....
 Oct. 9.)

THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT (1972)—The

prodigal young (twenty-six years old at the time) Rainer Werner Fassbinder's elegant, sensitive film about lesbians. Fassbinder worked with a troupe of actors who almost became his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Public Theatre; through Oct. 12.)

BIZARRE, BIZARRE (1937)—Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy, set in Edwardian England, about the English mania for detective fiction. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's innamorata (he gathers a bouquet for her by stealing the boutonnières of men who have been clobbered in the Limehouse alleys), Louis Jouvet, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. A memorable, deadpan dinner conversation about a duck à l'orange is the source of the American title. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 13.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The charged erotic atmosphere makes the film something of a trance-out, but Lynch's humor keeps breaking through, too. His fantasies may come from his unconscious, but he recognizes them for what they are, and he's tickled by them. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. Lynch skimps on commercial-movie basics and fouls up on them, too. But his use of irrational material works the way it's supposed to: at some not fully conscious level we read his images. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. The cinematography is by

Frederick Elmes; the production designer is Patricia Norris; the sound design is by Alan Splet; the score is by Angelo Badalamenti. (9/22/86) (Baronet, and Waverly....
 Oct. 10....
 D. W. Griffith; starting Oct. 17.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Olympia Quad.)

DRIVE, HE SAID (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director. This film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Thalia; Oct. 16.)

ERASERHEAD (1977)—David Lynch, who was the writer, the director, and the set designer, and was also responsible for the wonderfully grubby special effects, seems to have reinvented the experimental-film movement; watching this darily irrational movie, with its interest in dream logic, you almost feel that you're seeing a European avant-garde gothic of the twenties or early thirties. Time seems completely still while the hero, Henry (John Nance), whose hair stands on end, as if permanently shocked, in an Afro pompadour that's squared off—it suggests an eraser on the head of a pencil—moves through streets reminiscent of the ones Peter Lorre sidled through in "M." Henry appears to come out

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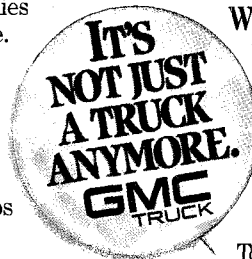


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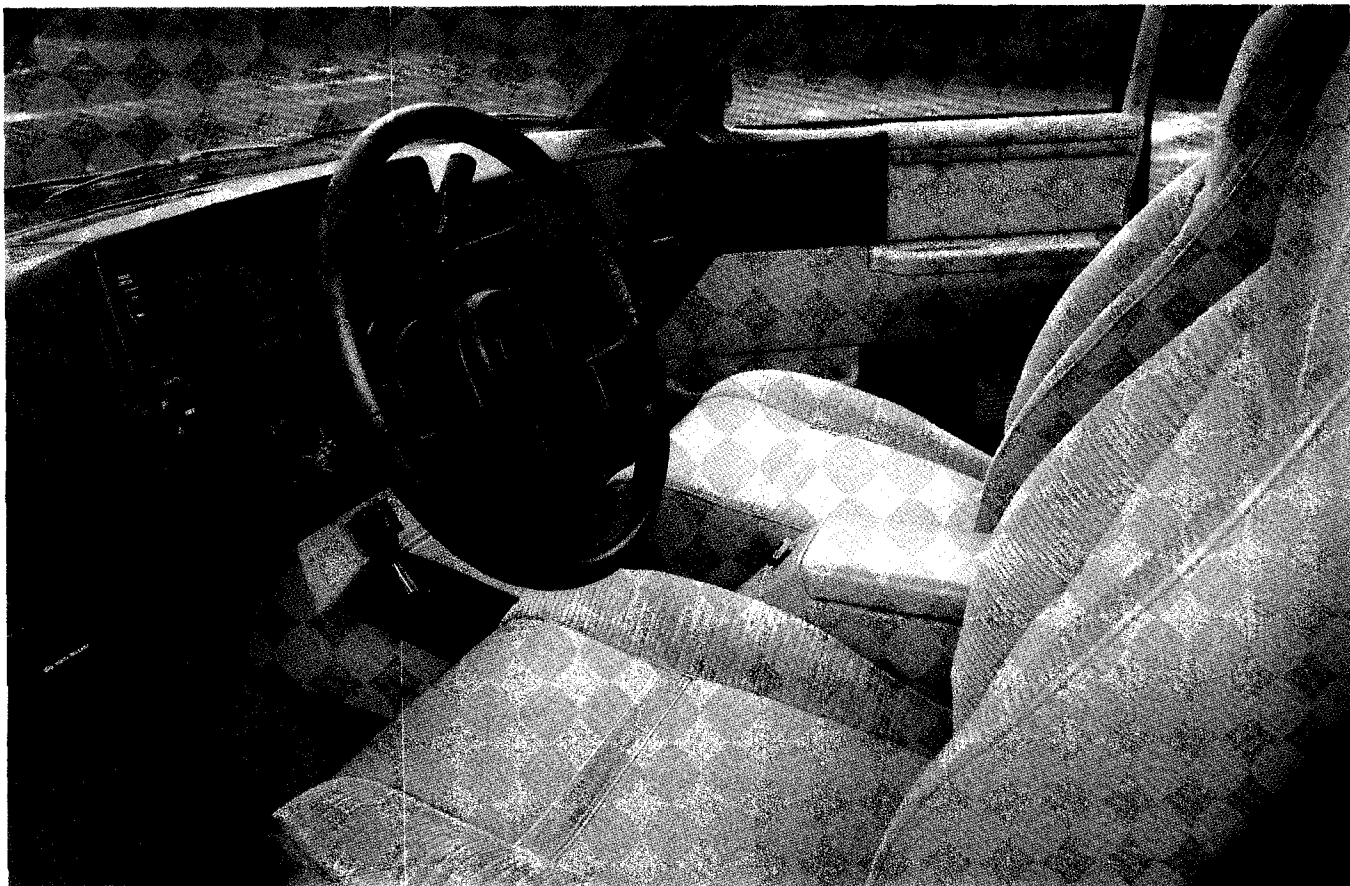
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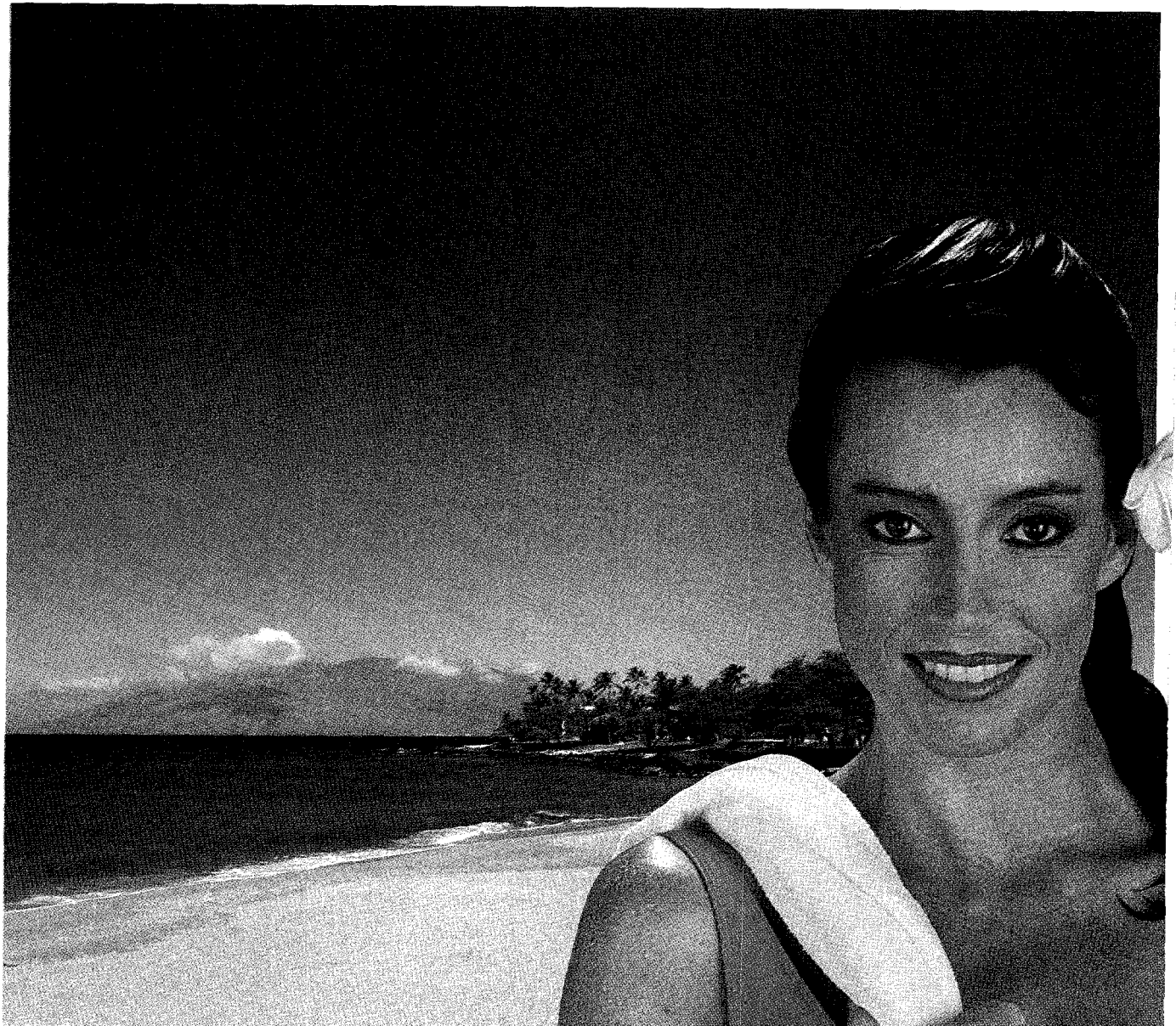
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the viewer's subconscious; he experiences a man's worst fears of courtship and marriage and fatherhood (to a whimpering monster). The slow, strange rhythm is very unsettling and takes some getting used to, but it's an altogether amazing, sensuous film. The cast includes Judith Roberts, Charlotte Stewart, Laurel Near, and Jack Fisk as the deus ex machina. (Cinema Village; Oct. 17-18.)

THE FLY—Jeff Goldblum is the brilliant loner scientist Seth Brundle who turns into Brundlefly, in David Cronenberg's remake of the 1958 horror film. Cronenberg gives the B-picture material new weight, and for what this version is it's very well done. In the opening half, Brundle and the science reporter, played by Geena Davis, become lovers, and their scenes have a romantic-comedy edge. But Cronenberg narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. Cronenberg wants to drive you to revulsion; that's his aim. And if the movie has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. So, despite Goldblum's terrific performance and despite the graceful teamwork between him and Geena Davis, moviegoers may not feel that they're having such a great time. Shot in Toronto, with John Getz as the science-magazine editor and Cronenberg as the gynecologist. Based on a short story by George Langelaan; the script, by Charles Edward Pogue, was reshaped by Cronenberg. (10/6/86) (Criterion Theatres... 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 9.)

LE GAI SAVOIR (1968)—"Weekend" (made earlier the same year) was the culmination of Godard's great, innovative, rampaging career, and after it he seemed to be back at Square One, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. "Le Gai Savoir" was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study; there's not much to look at, and since the soundtrack is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15.)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL (1929)—The rise of a young girl (Mary Eaton) from the sheet-music department of a big store, through the dilemmas of small-town vaudeville, to her ultimate glorification in the Ziegfeld Follies, where, finally, we get glimpses of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Cantor, as well as Ziegfeld himself (who also supervised the production), and such celebrities as Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, Johnny Weissmuller, Otto Kahn, and Adolph Zukor. The moviegoer who wants to see how musical numbers were staged in Ziegfeld's day pays heavily for a few minutes of pleasure. With Edward Crandall; directed by Millard Webb. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

HEARTBURN—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 9... Embassy; through Oct. 16.)

MEN...—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed

together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MINISTRY OF FEAR (1944)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cut-throat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17-18.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin... Metro Cinema; through Oct. 9... D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 16.)

MURDER BY DECREE (1979)—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. Directed by Bob Clark, this handsome Anglo-Canadian production features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. Christopher Plummer makes a good-looking but totally unconvincing Holmes. And, as the role is written, Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, Donald Sutherland, David Hemmings, and Susan Clark. (Regency; Oct. 12-13.)

MURDER, MY SWEET (1945)—Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Rafi Harode. (Regency; Oct. 16-18.)

MY AMERICAN COUSIN—Set in the summer of 1959 on a ranch in British Columbia, this first feature by the writer-director Sandy Wilson is a fictionalized account of her experiences at twelve, when she developed a crush on her flashy, mixed-up boy cousin, who was seventeen. In the movie, he arrives from L.A. in a red Cadillac convertible, and he's a dreamboat—a tanned, golden-haired ringer for James Dean. The lively, restless Sandy, who wishes she were sixteen, is very well played by Margaret Langrick—there's nothing actressy about her. The picture has humor and it's perceptive; it's even fair to the helplessly stuffy adults (though it crudely caricatures the boy's rich-American parents). There's nothing much wrong with it, except that it's levelheaded in a terribly conventional way. It's too mild, it's poky, and it's a little dull. The fine cinematographer Richard Leiterman gives the paradisiacal terrain its due. With John Wildman as the tormented



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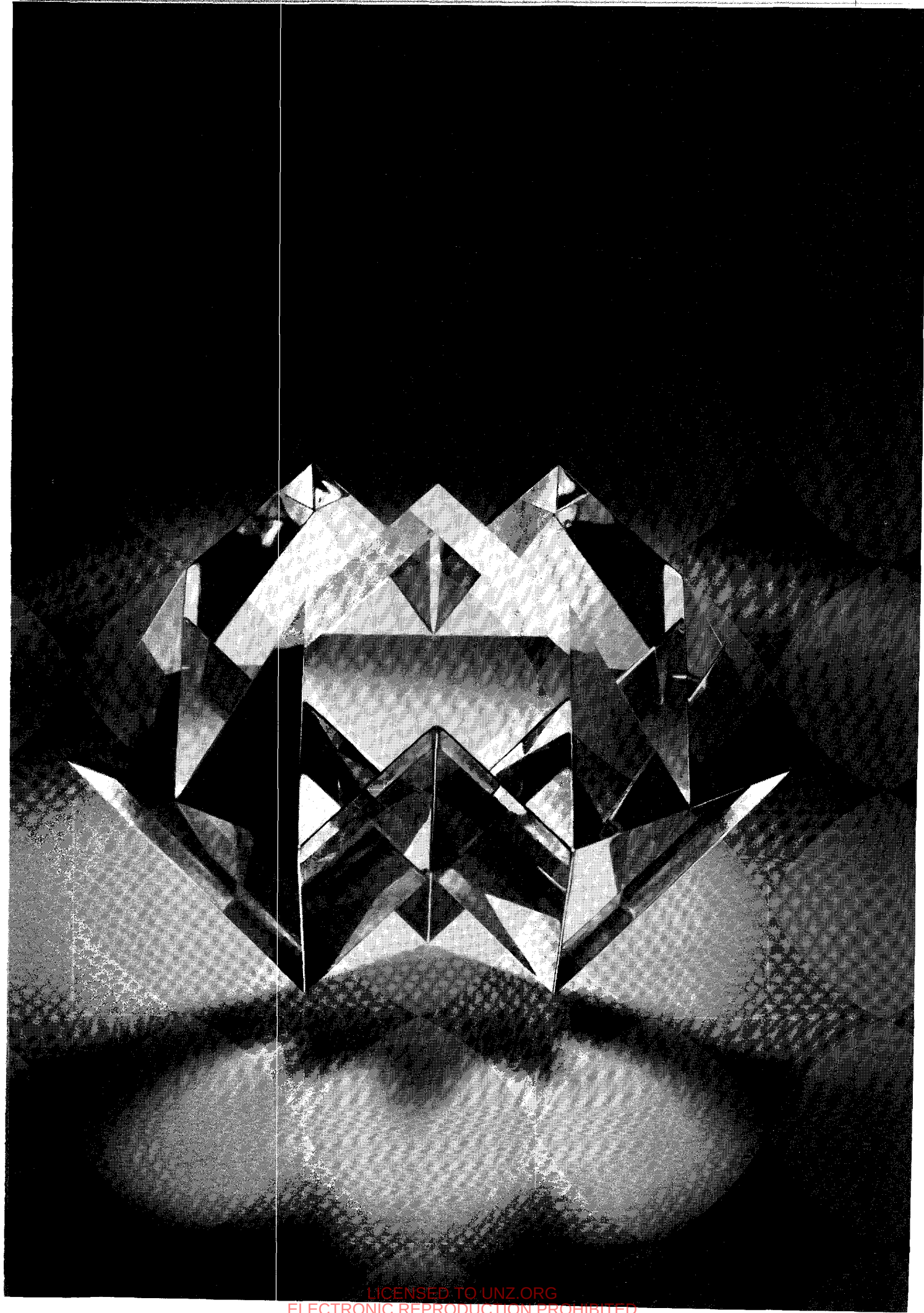
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young Adonis, and Richard Donat and Jane Mortifee as the girl's parents. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warneke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

NOTHING IN COMMON—Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworried housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. (9/8/86) (23rd St. West Triplex.... ♣ Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Oct. 9.... ♣ Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 16.)

THE ROAD WARRIOR (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max," is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit. The rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 17-18.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

RUTHLESS PEOPLE—A cheesy low farce, with

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Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's nanny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Olympia Quad.... ♣ Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 9.... ♣ Embassy; starting Oct. 10.)

SAPS AT SEA (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (Film Forum; Oct. 13-15.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION (1976)—The plot starts from two pieces of common knowledge—that Sherlock Holmes used cocaine, and that Sigmund Freud took the drug for a period. The fictional Holmes "lived" at the same time as the historical Freud; they're both myths by now, and by crossing these mythologies the film, adapted by Nicholas Meyer from his 1974 best-seller, gives us a luxuriant straight-faced parody, in which the two great detectives—Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud—pool their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty—a prissy, complaining old pedagogue. The others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Samantha Eggar, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Directed by Herbert Ross, this is a highly civilized light entertainment. (Regency; Oct. 12-13.)

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends

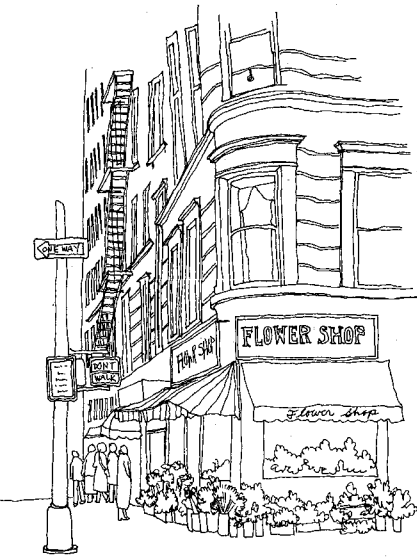
explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. He gave the script the structure (and title) of an exploitation picture for the soft-core market, but his own exuberance and the soft lighting that the cinematographer Ernest Dickerson uses for the sex scenes transcend that structure and give the movie a lyrical, lilting feeling. Lee doesn't appear to know how to develop the story, and he fumbles toward the end. But by then the picture has built up so much good will that you don't feel too let down. With Tommy Redmond Hicks as the conventional narrow-minded middle-class romantic Jamie, John Canada Terrell as the vain and pretentious Greer, and Spike Lee himself as the jive artist Mars. The jazz score is by his musician father, Bill Lee. (The picture was completed on a final budget of \$175,000, of which all except about \$60,000 was deferred.) (10/6/86) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, Metro Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

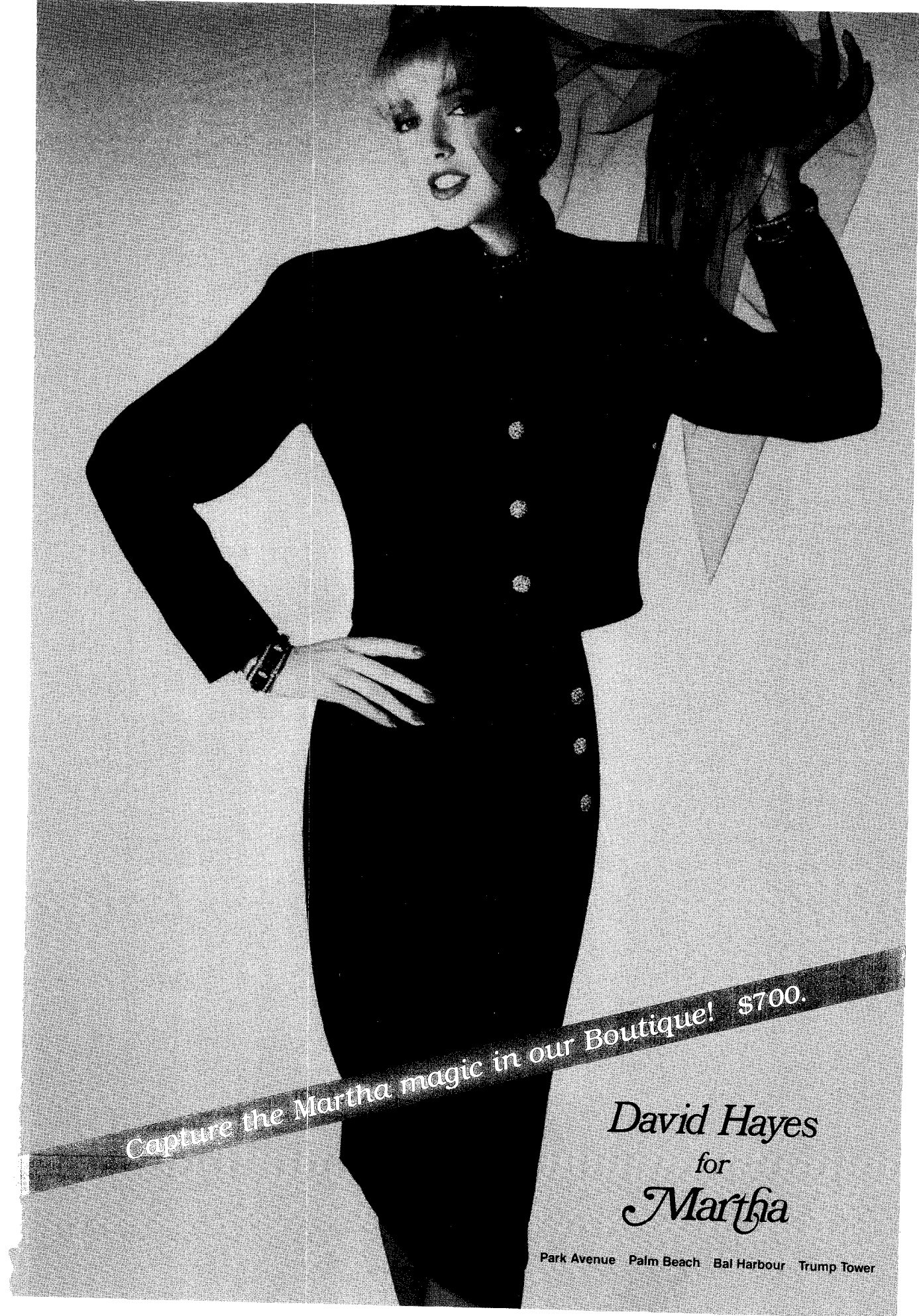
SHORT CIRCUIT—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a smirking new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. Directed by John Badham. With Fisher Stevens, Austin Pendleton, and Brian McNamara. (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 9.)

SONS OF THE DESERT (1933)—Laurel and Hardy at their peak. The title refers to a lodge rather like the Masons, and there is a great convention sequence. With Charley Chase. (Film Forum; Oct. 16-18.)

STAND BY ME—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Bay Cinema, Waverly, and New Carnegie.... ♣ Loews New York Twin; through Oct. 9.)

TOP GUN—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the elite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy 1; Oct. 10-16.... ♣ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 10.... ♣ Embassy; starting Oct. 17.)





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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGRY HOUSEWIVES—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading actors in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle evening to. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory. **IN THIS FALLEN CITY**: Bryan Williams' mystery, set in East Harlem, is not as gripping as it should be in spite of excellent performances by Michael Higgins and Danton Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . **THE EARLY GIRL**: By Caroline Kava; in previews. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

CONFESSIONS OF A NIGHTINGALE—Ray Stricklyn as Tennessee Williams in a one-man play adapted by Charlotte Chandler and Mr. Stricklyn from Miss Chandler's book "The Ultimate Seduction." (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DOUBLE IMAGE THEATRE—Presenting two plays in repertory. **THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW**, by John Patrick Shanley. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 1-4 (previews); Sunday, Oct. 5 (opening); and Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **THE RETURN OF PINOCCHIO**, by Richard Nelson. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 7-10. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Noël Coward's 1951 comedy, "Relative Values," is the first in the season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Oct. 5, no performances until Tuesday, Oct. 14, when the show will reopen at the Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Samuel Beckett, 4112 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Oct. 5, no performances until Tuesday, Oct. 14, when the show will reopen at the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable

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Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—This second production of the Royal Shakespeare Company's portmanteau version of the Dickens novel is as joyous an occasion as the first, which reached us back in 1981. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (9/1/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting **THE VAGABOND KING**, by Rudolf Friml. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

ME AND MY GIRL—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, worth going to for the superb performance by Robert

Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Maquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A very welcome return engagement, after several years' absence, of the troupe of performers who, disguised as objects that might well have fallen to earth from outer space, behave in a touchingly human fashion as they slink mysteriously about the stage. They astonish audiences into laughter as if like the creatures in "Alice in Wonderland" make us happy by means beyond our comprehension. Characteristically, the name of the show stands for anything you would like it to stand for. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

OLYMPUS ON MY MIND—A lark little music based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sierale, and words (book and lyrics) by Bar Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Night except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PERFECT PARTY—A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightfully mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wilde

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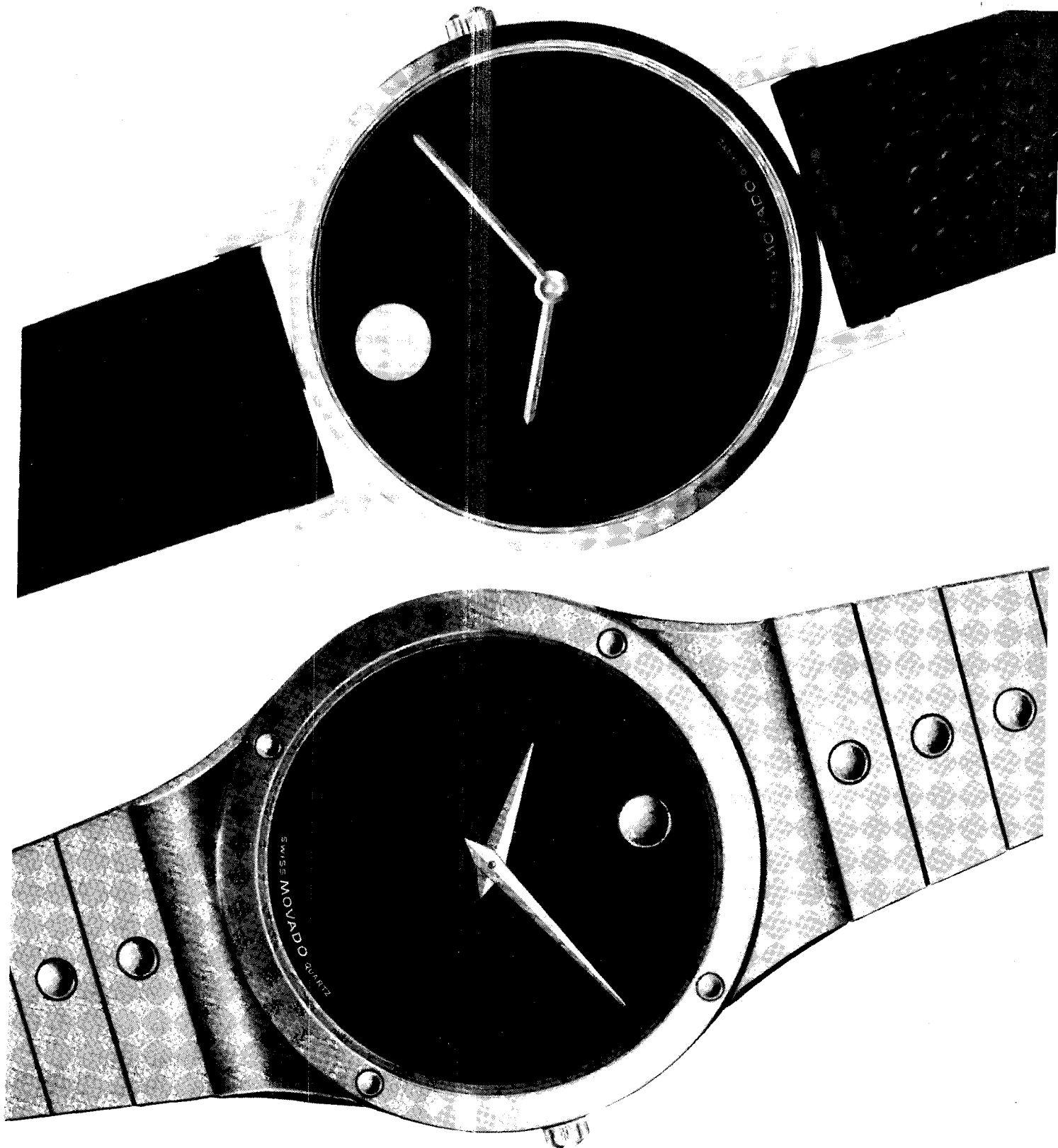
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillingier directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

SOCIAL SECURITY—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET CHARITY—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TODAY, I AM A FOUNTAIN PEN—A play by Israel Horowitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, except Oct. 3, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Oct. 4, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Thursdays, Oct. 2 and 9, at 8:15.)

WOZA AFRICA!—The final production in a festival of plays by South Africans is **BORN IN THE R.S.A.**, written by the director, Barney Simon, and the seven members of the cast. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Thursday at 1, and Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Stefan Gierasch, Uta Hagen, and Amanda Plummer. Stephen Porter is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially Thursday, Oct. 9. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS FESTIVAL—The entries of three young dramatists, still in their teens, make this annual festival a very cheerful occasion. Their names are Carolyn Jones, Eve Goldfarb, and Evan Smith. Anne Pitoniak, Greg Germann, Kelly Wolf, and Tom Mardisrosian, well out of their teens, are among the splendid actors. Art Wolff, Mary B. Robinson, and Ron Lagomarsino were the directors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Oct. 3, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays, except Oct. 4, at 3, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A



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group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,000 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 10. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8, at 8.) ... **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations written for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Friday and Sunday at 7. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.) ... **SONG & DANCE:** Imported from England, this uneasy linking of song (first act)

and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and John Meehan. Betty Buckley will replace Miss Peters on Monday, Oct. 6. (Royal, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—The annual convocation of Brooklyn of established avant-gardists Opens on Tuesday, Oct. 7 (and will run through Tuesday, Dec. 30), with six performances by the **MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY** of the American premiere of "Roaratorio," created in collaboration with John Cage. "Inlets 2," an earlier Cunningham-Cage venture, completes the bill. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-711 636-4100. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 8-11, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2.)

DANCE

JAZZ TAP ENSEMBLE—A company of three tap dancers and three musicians. With guest artist Gregory Hines. (Joyce Theatre, 171 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 1-3, at 8; Saturday Oct. 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:30.)

FELD BALLET—Opening performances of a three week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 26—Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7: "Harbinger," "Echo" (New York premiere), "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." ... **Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8** "The Grand Canon," "Echo," "Theatre," and "Straw Hearts." ... **Friday, Oct. 10, at 8** "Harbinger," "Echo," "Adieu," and "Straw Hearts." ... **Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:** "The Grand Canon," "Medium: Rare," "Theatre," and "Skara Brae" (premiere). (Joyce Theatre 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

SACHIYO ITO AND COMPANY—A program of classical and contemporary Japanese dance (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Friday, Oct. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFE, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A yellow-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Chicago saxophonist **A. C. REED** stirs up things on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, and on Saturday, Oct. 11. **ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD**, the stepson of the great Robert Johnson and a trailblazing Delta-style guitarist, pays a visit. Other blues persons can be heard every night except Sunday. Music from about nine.

ALCONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is singing the songs of Harold Arlen in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesday through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow bar and restaurant that features nautical impedimenta and jazz musicians of every stripe. Saxophonist Mike Morgenstern heads up a trio on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, pianist **JOHN HICKS'** tri will be on board. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing "Peel Me a Grape," "Pro Musica Antiqua," and "Lovin' in the Present Tense."

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a breeze. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '86 are onstage through Sunday, Oct. 5, and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, **CARMEN MCRAE** steps forward. Shows from about nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS**, most of whose punk-jazz is written by movie star, downtown-culture idol, and alto saxophonist **JOHN LURIE**; Saturday, Oct. 4, Fairport Convention and Dan Ar Bras; Monday, Oct. 6, Carl Anderson; Tuesday, Oct. 7, the Brazilian vocal and percussion team of **FLORA PURIM & AIRTO**; and Saturday, Oct. 11, **BONNIE KOLOC** and John Hiatt. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **ROGER KELLAWAY**, a dashing, versatile pianist who sometimes uses his elbow to splat the upper register, works with bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Oct. 4. On Monday, Oct. 6, **JOANNE BRACEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** begin a stint. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. The jazz-and-pop-singing **BROWNS—OSCAR, JR.**, and his daughter, Maggie—are sharing the spotlight through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Oscar Brown III, who plays bass in the accompanying duo, also contributes vocals.) Singer **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** takes over the mike on Tuesday, Oct. 7. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has returned to the Café Carlyle, where he is singing Porter, Coward, Arlen, and Sondheim, with expert musical support from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** and with firm moral support from his myriad admirers, only about eighty of whom are allowed in the room at one time. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. ... Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Music from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and his helpmeet, pianist-vocalist **ELIANE ELIAS**, lead their group, which features guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**, through Sunday, Oct. 5. On Tuesday, Oct. 7,

pianist, laid-back singer, and composer **MOSE ALLISON**—he wrote "Your Mind Is on Vacation" and "No Matter" ("No matter how you spend your time, Gonna be more ridiculous than sublime")—begins a six-night visit. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Music Tuesdays through Sundays at eight, and Mondays at nine. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A cozy supper club in Turtle Bay. The current residents are singer-comedienne Maxine Lapiduss, who performs at eight every night except Sundays, and Phoebe Légère, who goes to work at nine-thirty on those same evenings. Work for Ms. Légère includes singing, playing the accordion, and playing the piano, and doesn't exclude acrobatic feats involving the latter instrument. She's double-jointed, and can prove it.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The pianists: through Saturday, Oct. 4, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** (with a bassist on Oct. 3-4); Sunday, Oct. 5, **ANDY LAVERNE**; Monday, Oct. 6, Peter Malinverni; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 7, **LARRY VUCKOVICH**. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with backing from pianist Richard Sussman and bassist **BOOTS MALESON** (who gives way to Frank Wagner starting Wednesday, Oct. 8). Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHAISSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **ROLAND HANNA** is soloing through Saturday, Oct. 4, and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, **HILTON RUIZ** will settle in, with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** at his side. Sundays and Mondays are in the hands of Esther Blue. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps*. Wednesday, Oct. 1, singer and wisenheimer **KINKY FRIEDMAN**; Thursday, Oct. 2, the untraditional bluegrass band **NEW GRASS REVIVAL**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the Carter Brothers band; Tuesday, Oct. 7, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, the **RADIATORS** (with the **BEN VAUGHN**

COMBO on Oct. 10-11). Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office tower frontage, and in the spiffy back room which is where everybody else is, you can see and hear **MEL TORMÉ**. Shows at eight-forty-five and eleven Wednesday through Saturday Oct. 1-4, with an extra show at six on Wednesday and Thursday. Keely Smith stars singing on Tuesday, Oct. 7. Her sets are nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closes Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant with signed photographs of some swingin' non-musicians on the walls (**Reggie Jacks** smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his current edition of the **JAZZ MESSENGERS** are here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, and on the following Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, Ruthian pianist **MC COY TYNER** arrives with a combo. Music from about ten until two.

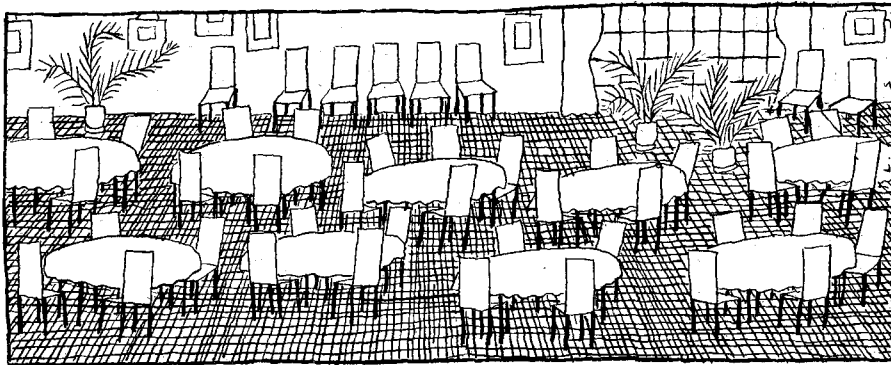
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fan-thirties ballroom where the youth of the eighties contemplate a video screen and list to past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, Oct. 3, **ROBI GORDON**; Saturday, Oct. 4, Dr. & the Med and the Lyres; Friday, Oct. 10, Third Wave and Saturday, Oct. 11, 10,000 Maniacs a 54/40. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, Caribbean music, and American music. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2, Sugar Minott; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, **LOREMIL MACHADO**; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 7-9, Argentinian saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI**; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, the samba band **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closes Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: through Sunday, Oct. 5, the room will resemble the Five Spot (a defunct East Village hangout for the avant-garde) it was in July, 1961, when Eric Dolphy a Booker Little led a celebrated quintet. The music was recorded, and it is now being lived by **MAL WALDRON**, **RICHARD DAVIS**, and **BLACKWELL** (the quintet's original rhythm section), along with **DONALD HARRISON** and **TERRY BLANCHARD** (two fierce young improvisers who are taking the parts of Dolphy and Little). On Tuesday, Oct. 7, **ART BLAKEY & THE J. MESSENGERS** move in. And on Mondays, the **EVANS ORCHESTRA** raises the roof. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple blues and rock club. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, former New York Dolls vocalist David Johansen puts on thrift-shop tuxedo, combs his hair into wavy, long-ago style, and pretends to be lounge singer named **BUSTER POINDEXTER**. With his band, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE**, backing him up, he sings songs by Professor Longhair a Bo Diddley, sips a Martini, does a Lo Armstrong imitation, conducts a sing-along a campfire number called "The Stink Rich," and tells a long, weird story about Liberace (omitting certain details, as "omertà of show business" requires him to do). Some of the other performers: Wednesday, Oct. 1, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Thursday, Oct. 2, **Bennie & the Lads**; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, **OTIS RUSH**. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on Oct. 1 the Fania All-Stars Six, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y NUEVA COMPAÑIA**, and tenor saxophonist **CH FREEMAN**, the guest jazz soloist, will all loose. ... In the Terrace Bar, **FRED HEP** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** are playing piano-duets through Sunday, Oct. 5. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 7, **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALES**



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team up. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with her trio, on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Pianist **STEVE KUHN's** trio (his excellent sidekicks are **RON CARTER** and **AL FOSTER**) is present through Sunday, Oct. 5, and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, trumpeter and bebop preservationist **RED RODNEY** and Dick Oatts descend the stairs with their quartet. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and good live music. Tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and his band back up blues singer **ETTA JONES** Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 2-5; Joe Chev's group comes in on Tuesday, Oct. 7; and the Eddie Bonnemère trio takes over on Wednesday, Oct. 8. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from about nine. Dining.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Pianist **KENNY BARRON's** quintet performs through Sunday, Oct. 5, and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** brings in his quintet. Mondays are reserved for trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at ten. Dining. . . . Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), an elegant, high-ceilinged room with a grand piano in it, **RANDY WESTON** works with a bassist through Sunday, Oct. 5. **ROLAND HANNA** enters swinging on Tuesday, Oct. 7, and **HUGH LAWSON** handles the Monday-night shift. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A ground-floor town-house restaurant, bar, and jazz nook. Pianist-singer **NINA SHELTON** and bassist Todd Coolman collaborate through Saturday, Oct. 4, and on Monday, Oct. 6, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** and bassist **HARVE SWARTZ** set sail. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LOU REED—With the Smithereens. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

GENESIS—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 1-3, at 8.

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPF SHOW—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.

RAPHAEL—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

DAVID LEE ROTH—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

MOODY BLUES—With the Fixx. (Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 7 and 11, and Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7.)

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

BRITISH INVASION TOUR 1986—With Gerry & the Pacemakers, Freddie & the Dreamers, the Searchers, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

CRAIG HARRIS—With Pheeroan Aklaft, Don Byron, Baikida Carroll, and Anthony Cox. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

A-HA—With A=440. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages. Through Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

TONY BERLANT—Three-dimensional cut-tin constructions. Through Oct. 18. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

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CYRIL DAVID—Drawings of everyday subjects—cars, people, buildings, sheep—done with extraordinary precision and a 2-H pencil. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER (1890-1965)—A two-gallery exhibit of works the artist called "galaxies," which are generally either paintings in sections or paintings combined with sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St., and McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

MASAMI KODAMA—Abstract sculptures in polished black marble, white marble, and granite. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973) / **ADOLF DEHN** (1895-1968)—Forty lithographs and a few paintings and drawings. / Landscapes, mostly in watercolor. Through Oct. 25. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Sixty paintings, plus works on paper and sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Kourou, 23 E. 73rd St.)

THE SOYERS—Figure studies in charcoal and watercolor by Raphael and Moses, plus an oil by Isaac—a portrait of his son. Through Oct. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St.: "Color on Paper" is the descriptive title of works by Pollock, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTE**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary paintings—Expressionist and geometric abstraction—by Europeans, including John Armleder and Sandro Chia, and by the American Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MARTIN DISLER—Semi-abstract figurative paintings by a Swiss artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

RAINER FETTING—Portraits, cityscapes, and landscapes, plus sculptures, one of which is a life-size bronze of a man in a bathtub. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ALAN JOHNSTON—Stark runic markings painted on linen canvas flecked with charcoal, plus small primitive-looking sculptures in bronze or plaster, by an artist from Edinburgh. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62)—A selection of works on paper which spans his career. Through Oct. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

IDA KOHLMAYER—Painted-wood sculptures whose

motifs are extracted from the artist's recent abstract canvases, also on view. Through Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Three-dimensional painted works combining canvas, paper, wood, and a Masonite. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / LOUISE NEVELSON—Recent paintings. / Large painted-wood wall reliefs, some extending out more than three feet. Through Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HARRY ORLYK—Plain-air landscapes of New York farm country. Through Oct. 25. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

NAM JUNE PAIK—Video sculptures and other recent works. Through Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY PEARSON—Geometric paintings derive from the chessboard pattern. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

PETER POSKAS—Landscapes. Through Nov. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ARNULF RAINER—Three exhibitions. A retrospective. Through Oct. 25. (Galerie Maegle Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . Eight recent paintings on board and fifty photographs overpainted with crayon, India ink, and oil. Through Oct. 25. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tue days and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesday 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . Etchings. Through Oct. 18. (Roede 545 Broadway. Closed Tuesdays.)

DAN RIZZIE / AVNER MORIAH—Painted-wood cardboard cutouts collaged onto abstract backgrounds, plus large monotypes that resemble designs for wrought-iron works. Paintings of combat in the Near East by former Israeli soldier. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 29. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEAN SCULLY—Stripe paintings from the past year. Through Oct. 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Painted-plaster sculptures, including a portrait of Jacob Javits; reliefs; homage to the Cubists; drawings; and photographs. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83) / **MICHAEL DE LIS**—Abstract ink drawings and two welded steel sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Foot-high bronze portraits of T. S. Eliot, Sarah Caldwell, and other public figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 7 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

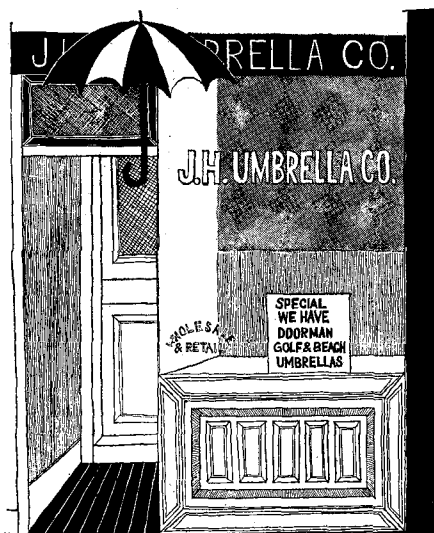
WILLIAM T. WILEY—Five recent paintings, each measuring more than ten feet and referring in a combination of images and written passages, to such topics as the arms race and toxic waste. Through Oct. 23. (Frumkin, 1 W. 57th St.)

ROGER WINTER / JOHN BUTTON (1929-82)—A view of Central Park, and other landscapes. / Paintings, gouaches, and one large oil, all completed just before his death. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

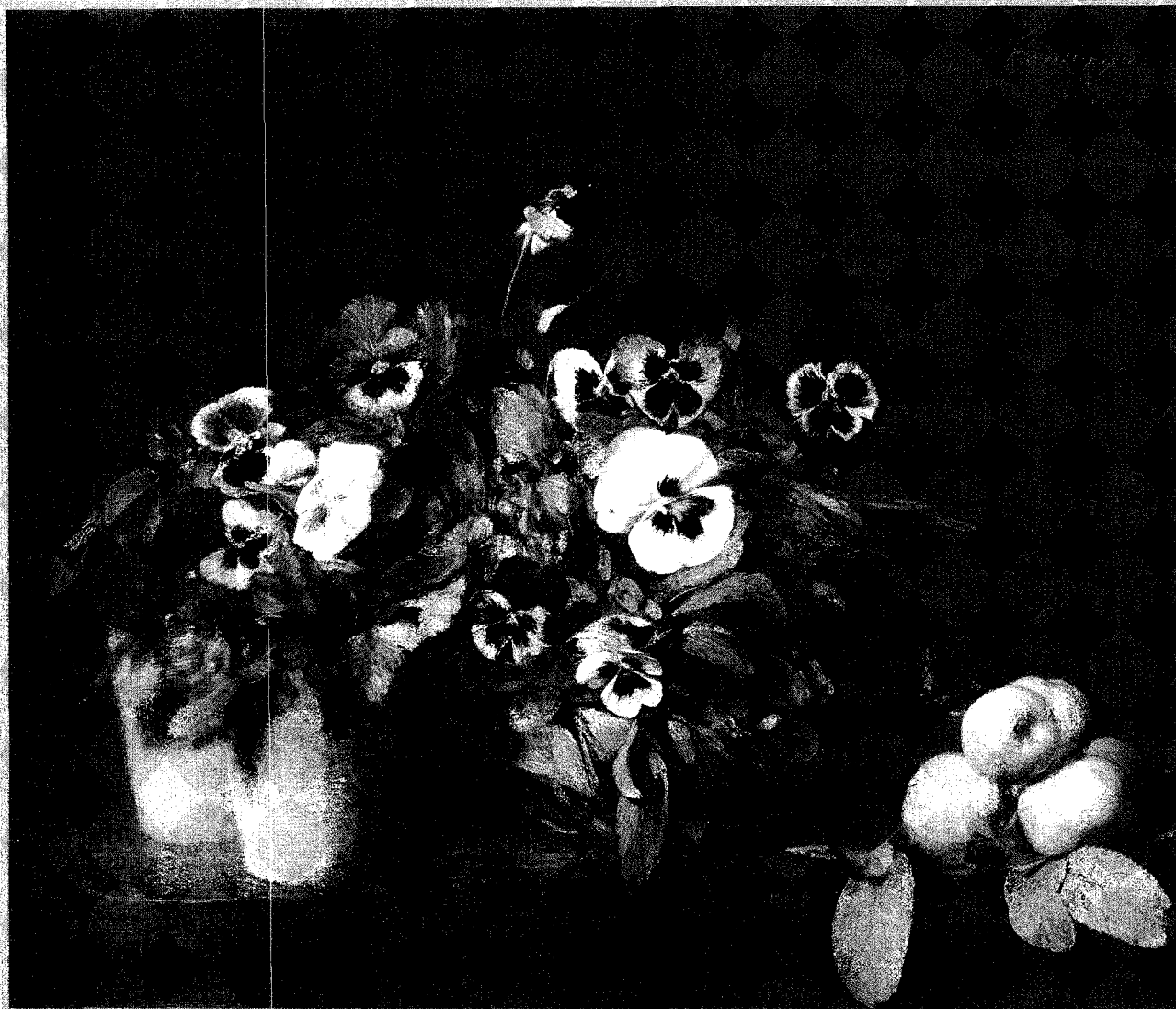
VIENNESE DESIGN AND THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE—Nearly two hundred objects (furniture, books and posters, decorative arts, and paintings and prints) in a show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper by British artists, including Constable and Gwen John. Through Nov. 15. . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Flashy sculptural pieces with special lighting effects by Jon Kessler, plus works by Michael Byron and Lydia Dor. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **WASHBURN**, a new location at 41 E. 57th St.: Museums and private collectors have lent paintings that they acquired originally from the gallery, now beginning its fifteenth season. Works by Ammi Phillips, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Nov. 1.

SCULPTURE—Recent pieces by R. M. Fisch-



FANTIN-LATOUR: Still Life with Pansies, courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.



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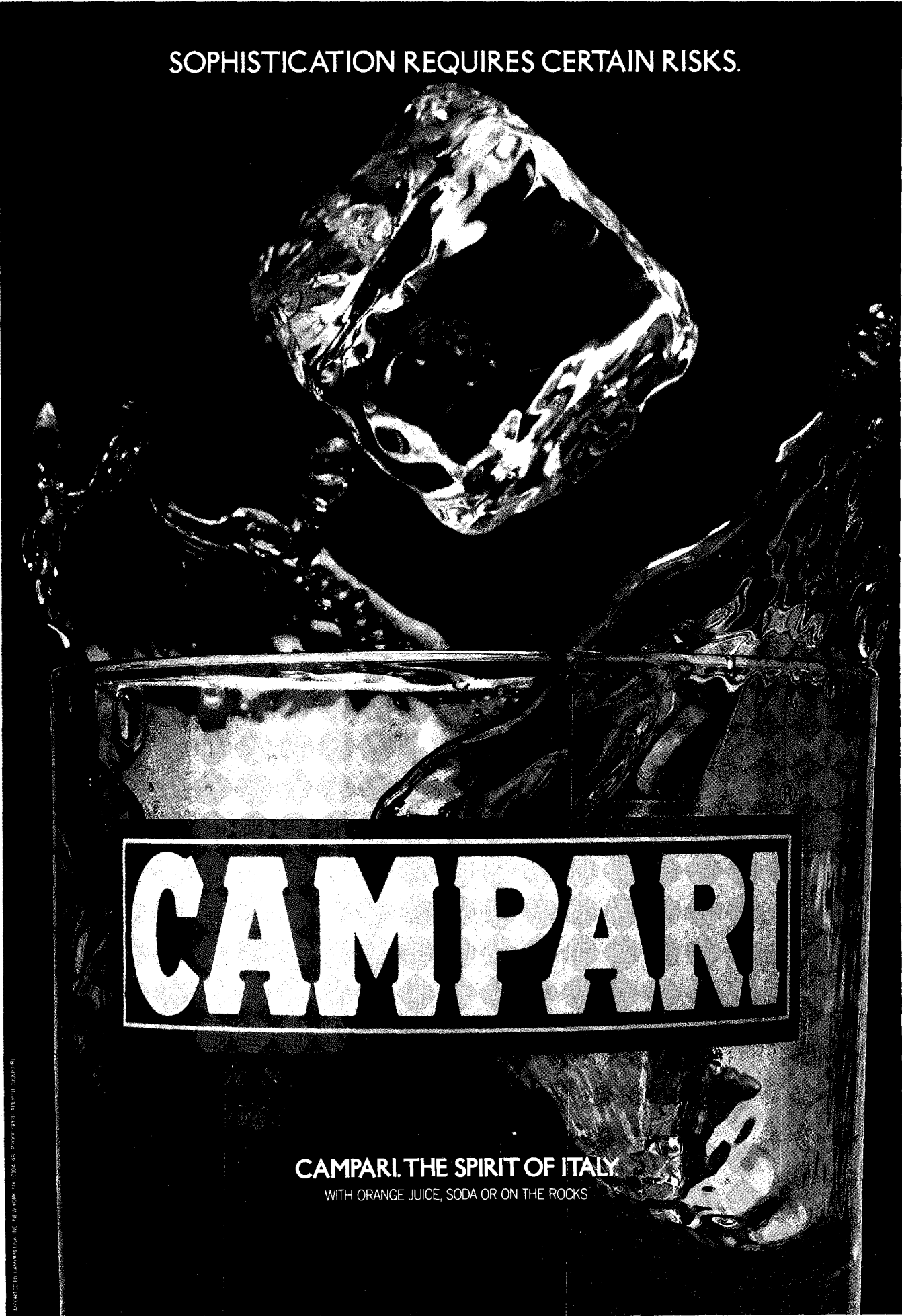
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Steve Keister, and Bill Woodrow. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

BAYNARD—Representative paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

NDALL BUSTER—A maze negotiable by visitors is contained in a ten-foot cube painted an institutional green and pierced with numerous peepholes. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

ERNER BÜTTNER / WALTER ROBINSON—A series of paintings entitled "Half an Hour of Modern Art." / Paint applied to canvas with the aid of centrifugal force, which splatters the medium more or less evenly over the surface. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

ENDELL CASTLE—Beautifully finished pieces of cabinetmaking, a cross between sculpture and furniture. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

HN CHAMBERLAIN / JOSEPH NECHYATAT—Small, rousing oil-on-paper abstractions painted in Cologne around 1970. Also, a couple of small 1986 sculptures of crushed toy automobiles. / Paintings executed in a series of steps that involved a laser, a computer, and a robot; technically, they are perfect. Through Oct. 25. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

ENE DAVIS (1920-85)—A group of his stripe paintings from the sixties. Through Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

FAEL FERRER—Small paintings, including landscapes of Mexico, studio nudes, and portraits. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

TER FISCHLI AND DAVID WEISS—Sculptures and photographs, the joint efforts of two Swiss artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

JNIE FOX—Energetic abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

NERAL IDEA—The signature of three artists from Toronto whose large satiric paintings depict contemporary versions of medieval heraldic shields. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

IRLEY GORELICK—Paintings from the sixties. Through Oct. 18. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JOEL HABER—Drawings of industrial areas. Through Oct. 18. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

INCY HAYNES—Abstract relief paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

CHARD HULL—Paintings of architectural forms that are full of unexpected twists and recesses and tricks of perspective, plus occasional greatly simplified figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

ANE KAISER—Installations of fired-clay sculptures. Through Oct. 18. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

ARK KOSTABI—Mannequinlike figures and strong colors characterize this young artist's paintings, several of which are very large analyses

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of Hopper's works. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

RIKURO OKAMOTO / Y. J. CHO—A huge, restless boulder, made of plastic resin, inches its way back and forth on the O. K. Harris gallery floor, thanks to a motor hidden inside. / Photo-Realist studies of grimy downtown architectural details. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

NANCY B. PIERSON—Portrait paintings and drawings of men, with such superimposed amendments as flying disks or hanging objects providing psychological commentary. Through Oct. 25. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

ROBERT STANLEY—Chiaroscuro studies of single male and female figures from the knees up, painted loosely but with an almost photographic effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

BILL SULLIVAN—Skyline views of New York Harbor, among other landscapes. Through Oct. 25. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

PHYLLIS WEINER / HARRIET GANS—Paintings mapping out a field of irregular shapes and lines. / Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

MIA WESTERLUND-ROSEN—Concrete forms covered in a veneer of lead, copper, and, occasionally, wax, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DILAURENTI**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings of female nudes by Paul Georges, Graham Nickson, Grace Hartigan, Judy Rifka, and others. Through Oct. 18. . . .

ERPE, 568 Broadway: Works by nine painters, among them Joan Snyder, Antoni Tàpies, and Gandy Brodie. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

DENNIS ADAMS—Scale models for bus shelters, plus wall reliefs. Actual bus shelters that the artist has built (and continues to maintain) are on Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street and on Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

WARD DAVENNY—Charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Oct. 18. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SAM DOYLE (1906-85)—Remarkably affecting paintings done on scraps of roofing tin, mostly, by an untutored black man who lived on St. Helena Island, off South Carolina, and who portrayed relatives, friends, and legendary people and events in an utterly guileless and straightforward manner. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ERIC ERNST—Paintings and drawings. Through

Oct. 26. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 12:30 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER—Representative paintings, dating from 1976 to 1979. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

TOM KOKEN—Thirty-seven paintings by an artist who has a wide range of interests, including ice and fire, which are sometimes combined, as in an igloo with a warm, radiant interior seen through its entrance. Through Oct. 19. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

TED ROSENTHAL—Satirical sculptures wrought from found metal and sheet metal that has been sliced up like paper. Through Oct. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

ANNE TURYN—Color photographs connected in one way or another with historic events as reported in *Times* headlines, which are superimposed on the prints. Through Oct. 19. (Art City, 439 E. 9th St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM**, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St.: Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, and Donald Judd are among the names, unusual for the East Village, dropped in this season-opening show of sculptures and paintings. Ten artists in all. Through Oct. 12. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . .

CHRISTMINSTER, 336 E. 5th St.: Collages by Dike Blair, small oils using red dots by Paul McMahon, and a single painting by Frank Moore. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: Handmade books, photographs, and other works that incorporate a text. Through Oct. 25. (Opens at noon.) . . .

GOOD, 39 Great Jones St.: Abstract paintings by William Baziotis, George Negro Ponte, and David Row. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . .

P.P.O.W., 337 E. 8th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by ten gallery artists, among them Paul Benney and Francesc Torres. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RAYMOND DEPARDON—Photographs of patients at the San Clemente psychiatric hospital, near Venice; also, other prints. Through Nov. 8. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JOAN MYERS / VALERY PLOTNIKOV—Palladium prints of the remnants of Japanese relocation camps (from a flyswatter to a barracks). / Portraits of Russian artists, dancers, and others, by a photographer who lives in Moscow. Through Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

JERRY N. UELSMANN—A self-portrait of the artist posing as William Wegman's dog-model, Man Ray, and other works by a photographer who



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

uses up to eight enlargers and extensive masking to make a single print. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

BRUCE WEBER—Photographs from a two-month visit in Rio de Janeiro. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—“Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design,” an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 26. A complementary exhibit is at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Starts Friday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Of the four hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures bought by the museum during the past six years, fifty-four, among them works by Carroll Dunham, Eric Fischl, Bill Jensen, and Terry Winters, are on display through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several works on display. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Twenty-five prints of autumnal scenes from Hiroshige's “One Hundred Famous Views of Edo.” Through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—“Art of Japan,” an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Starts Thursday, Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—“Hollywood: Legend and Reality,” a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs, costume sketches and costumes, set models, posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The museum, in concert with the Consumers Union, has centered an exhibit on

fifty products and services that have been developed over the past fifty years (if because that's how long the union has been testing products), and voilà—the select looks like life as we know it: television set paperbacks, running shoes, air-conditioned. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Monday. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodn Ripp, and Hannelore Baron, have looked Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday, Oct. 5. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit more than a hundred Mary Granville Dela paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil and a pencil study, “The Card Players,” by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **NOTE:** The library is displaying, on short-term loan, the earliest illustrated Book of Gospels, known as the Rossa Gospels, after the cathedral in Italy where it is thought to have been since the seventh century. Through Sunday, Oct. 5.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., 89th St.—Still another Statue of Liberty tribute, this one a partial re-creation of 1883 exhibition of predominantly French paintings which was mounted at the National Academy by William Merritt Chase—the objective then was to raise funds for the statue pedestal. The artists represented are Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Tissot, and others whose works were fresh to the public in the original show. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen artists from Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalism and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, a combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-46—“The Party Club,” produced by, and with Paul McMahon and Nancy Chunn, plus Michael Smith, the Microscopic Quintet, and others. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2, at 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 475-288—Charles Dennis (performance), Frid through Sunday, Oct. 3-5, at 9. . . . ¶ Hu Levick (music and video), Fridays through Sundays, Oct. 3-5 and 10-12, all at 10:30.

NOTE—Ethyl Eichelberger will present a performance work at St. Mark's In-the-Bowery Second Ave. at 10th Street, Monday, Oct. 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at “Madame Butterfly,” with Renata Scott, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Luciano Nucci; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: “Aida,” with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . ♪ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . .

♪ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Johanna Meier, Brigitte Fassbaender, Timothy Jenkins, Donald McIntyre, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . ♪ Monday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Johanna Meier, Brigitte Fassbaender, Timothy Jenkins, Donald McIntyre, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . ♪ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Fredrica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . ♪ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Richard J. Clark; Nello Santi. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Nicole Philibosian, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Stone; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . ♪ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Rachel Rosales, Mark Thomsen, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Scott Bergeson. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "Don Quichotte," with Susanne Marsee, Harry Dworchak, and Jan Opalach; Mario Bernardi. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Margaret Cusack, Kristian Johansson, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . ♪ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1: "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," with Priscilla Baskerville, Marietta Simpson, Thomas Young, and Ben Holt; Christopher Keene. . . ♪ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Werther," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Sergiu Comissiona. . . ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," with Priscilla Baskerville, Marietta Simpson, Thomas Young, and Ben Holt; Christopher Keene. . . ♪ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . ♪ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Karen Huffstodt, Mark Thomsen, and William Stone; Neil Varon. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Norma," with Edith Davis, Mimi Lerner, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowerly at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—David Abell conducting the first two of four performances of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," staged by Marc Jacobs. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Strau program on Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin). . . ♪ Luciano Berio conducting a Berio-Haydn program on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Katia and Marielle Labèque, duopiano, and Aldo Bennici, viola).

SLOVAK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Bohdan Warch conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rufus Laredo, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

PRISM—Robert Black conducting a program of music by Louise Talma honoring her eightie birthday. With Sahar Arzruni, piano; And Emiliano, cello; Paul Sperry, tenor; and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Merkin Concert Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

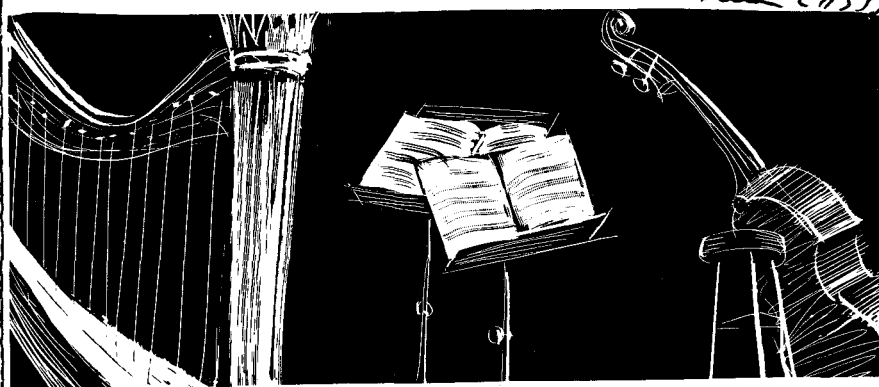
SISTINE CHAPEL CHOIR—Msgr. Domenico Bertolucci directing a chorus of forty-five men and boys. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH" FESTIVAL—Central Presbyterian Church, the first two of a series of four programs—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg conducting the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in performance of Bach's "St. John Passion" with Charles Bressler, tenor; William Shal baritone; and others. . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: The Boston Museum Trio in a concert of early French and Italian music. (Park Ave. at 64th St. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—A program that includes works by Dona Wheelock, Gary Philo, and Daron Hage. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door the night of the concert.)

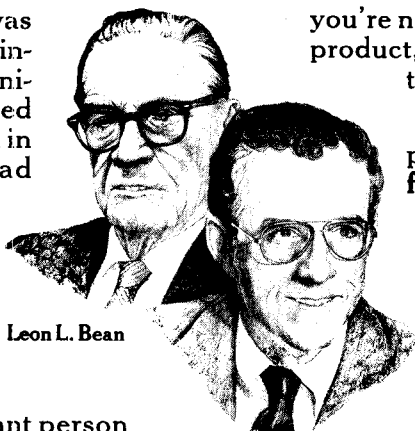
MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The first in a series of recitals will be performed by the Bach Ensemble with Stanley Ritchie, violin. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

SI-YO MUSIC SOCIETY—The first in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

VIENNA 1900: A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—The LaSalle Quartet; James Levine and Stefan Litwin, piano; and Dawn Upshaw, soprano, in the sixth in a series of eight concerts. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

DONNA ROLL AND BRADY MILLICAN—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

WASHINGTON MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Presenting a program of contemporary Canadian music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

FRANZ LISZT CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL—At Alice Tully Hall, the first three of four all-Liszt piano recitals—Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: Tamás Vásáry. ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: Idil Biret. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: Joseph Villa.

ARDEN TRIO—A Beethoven—Paul Schwartz—Saint-Saëns program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8, at 8.)

BOWERY ENSEMBLE—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with William Trigg, percussion; Robert Black, double bass; and William Schimmel, accordion. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 945-2696.)

D'ANNA FORTUNATO—Mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

PETER COREY—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

COMPOSERS IN RED SNEAKERS—A program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of four concerts, this one with Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

ALEXIS WEISSBERG—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

NOTE—Timothy Eddy, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Oct. 6, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30. ... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4-5, at 1:35. ... **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Tuesday, Oct. 7, in Boston. ... **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Wednesday, Oct. 8, in Houston. The first two games will be played there, and the third and fourth and, if necessary, fifth games at Shea Stadium.

FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 4.)

HOCKEY—ISLANDERS at Nassau Coliseum: Vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:05 (exhibition game). ... DEVILS at Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:35 (exhibition game). ... ¶ Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:35. ... RANGERS at Madison Square Garden: Vs. Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:35 (exhibition game). ... ¶ Devils, Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:35.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 4. ... MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—Ann Arensberg reading from her own work. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW—Furniture, silver, folk art, paintings, sculptures, books, and the like will be displayed by a hundred and ten international dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Oct. 8, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, from noon to 9; and Sunday Oct. 12, from noon to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 4, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks. ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 2.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration date for the Nov. 4 elections will be Thursday Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Oct. 18 in the home park of the National League Champion.

BASKETBALL—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 1 vs. Chicago. ... ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 31 vs. the Knicks.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 4-9.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Oct. 22-Dec. 31.

RUNNING—The New York City Marathon, Nov. 2.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (362-6000) The Metropolitan Opera season continue through April 18. ... ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Oct. 19. ... AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continue through May 30. ... ¶ Krystian Zimerman piano, Oct. 19. ... ¶ Moscow State Symphony, Oct. 20. ... ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 22. ... ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 26. ... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 29. ... ¶ Orchestre National de Lyons, Oct. 31. ... ¶ Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, and Piero Cappuccelli, baritone, Nov. 5. ... ¶ Nathan Milstein violin, Nov. 9. ... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911) Anton Kuerti, piano, Oct. 18. ... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 19-21 Oct. 31, and Nov. 2. ... ¶ Jerome Rose, piano Oct. 22. ... ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, Oct. 26. ... ¶ The English Concert, Nov. 2. ... ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, Nov. 8. ... ¶ Pete Wiley, cello, Nov. 9. ... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Oct. 21-22. ... ¶ Cleveland Quartet and Emanuel Ax, piano, Nov. 1. ... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): I Solisti Italiani, Oct. 16. ... ¶ Tokyo String Quartet, Oct. 17. ... ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Oct. 18. ... ¶ Beau: Arts Trio, Oct. 24-25. ... ¶ Les Arts Florissants, Oct. 26. ... ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's Oct. 31. ... ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, Nov. 6. ... ¶ Menahem Pressler, piano and the Emerson String Quartet, Nov. 8. ... TOWN HALL (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi Oct. 21.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Rowan Atkinson at the Atkinson." A British comedian in a show written by Dick Curtis, Ben Elton, and Mr. Atkinson. ... ¶ "Raggedy Ann," a musical with Ivy Austin in the title role. The book is by William Gibson and the score and lyrics by Joe Raposo. ... ¶ Dean Jones in "Into the Light," a musical with a book by Jeff Tamborino, score by Lee Holdridge and lyrics by John Forster.

DANCE—"Flamenco Puro," at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, Oct. 16-Nov. 30. ... ¶ The Joffrey Ballet, at City Center, Oct. 16-Nov. 16.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day will be observed Monday, Oct. 13. ... ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 26. ... ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 4.

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There are a lot of differences between a shirt made from polyester blends and a shirt made of pure cotton, but the most obvious difference is appearance. A polyester blend shirt never again looks as good as it does the day you buy it. Whereas an Eagle pure cotton shirt looks better and better with each wearing.

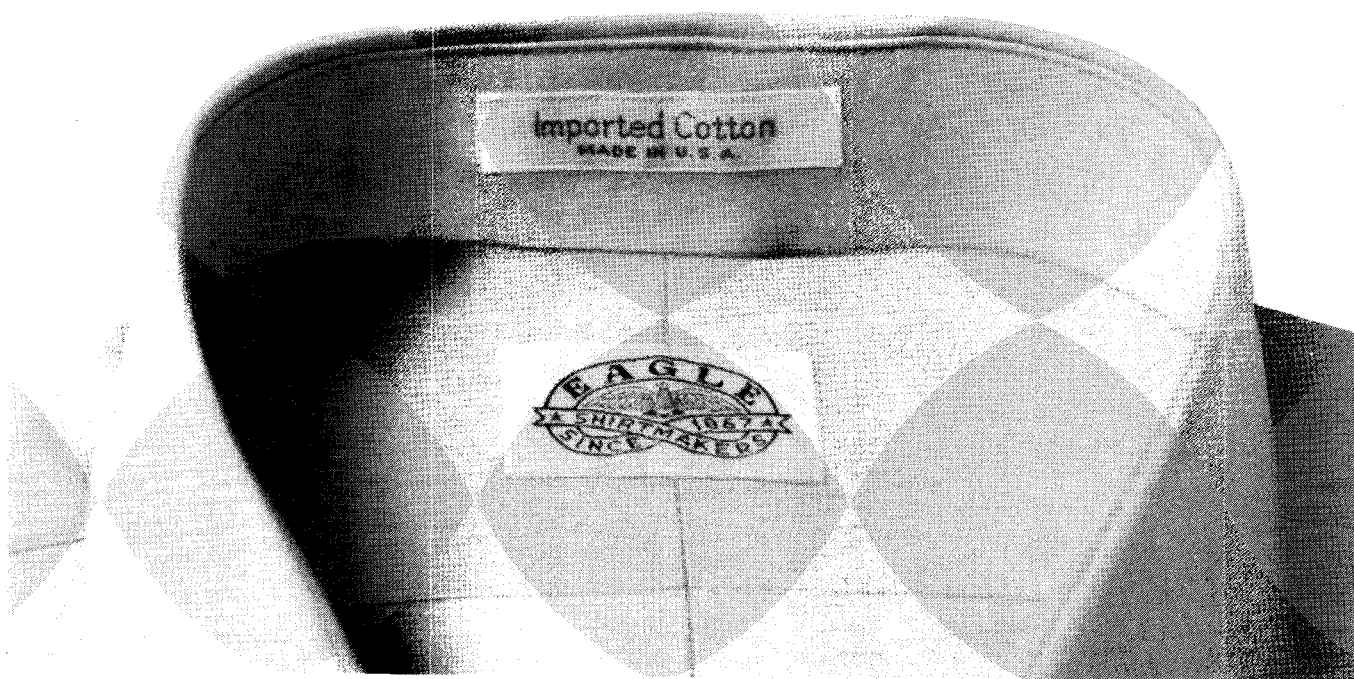
The reason is simple: the very first laundering strips a polyester shirt of much of the resins that gave it whatever shape it had in the first place. So the body and the shape go down hill everytime it's washed. An all-cotton Eagle on the other hand gets better with each laundering. In fact, an Eagle is just coming into its own after you've worn it for a year or two.

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The ironic thing is that some people charge just as much for their polyester blend shirts as we charge for an all-cotton Eagle.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Next Summer" (directed by Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale. From Oct. 3: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Oct. 2: "Aliens" (†).

Oct. 3-9: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano. "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Oct. 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

From Oct. 3: "Stand By Me" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Oct. 8: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Oct. 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Back to School" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Oct. 2: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).

Oct. 3-9: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

From Oct. 10: "True Stories" (David Byrne), with John Goodman.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Oct. 2: "Aliens" (†).

Oct. 3-9: To be announced.

From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through the afternoon of Oct. 2: "Heartburn" (†).

From Oct. 3: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend."

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Mona Lisa" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 8: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

Theatre 2: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Stand By Me" (†).

Theatre 2: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Twist and Shout" (Bille August; in Danish).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Oct. 2: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

From Oct. 3: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Oct. 2: "Last Resort" (Zane Buzby), with Charles Grodin.

From Oct. 3: "Armed Response."

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Aliens" (†).

From Oct. 3: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 2: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Oct. 3-9: To be announced.

From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; directed by Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell. From Oct. 8: "A Composer's Notes: Philip Glass and the Making of an Opera" (1985; Michael Blackwood).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Alien" (†). From Oct. 10: "Way Out West" (†); and two Laurel and Hardy shorts.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee)

Theatre 2: "Private Practices: The Story of a Sex Surrogate" (Kirby Dick), a documentary.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith). From Oct. 3: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 9: "The Fly" (1986 †).

From Oct. 10: "America."

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend."

Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 2: "My American Cousin" (†). From Oct. 3: "Static."

Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "Heartburn" (†). From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Oct. 1: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Crimson Pirate" (1952; Robert Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster.

Oct. 2: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. (No performances on Wednesday, Oct. 8.)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Stand By Me" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Oct. 2: "Heartburn" (†).

From Oct. 3: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière. From Oct. 10: "Men..." (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Men..." (†). From Oct. 10: "Summer."

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Men..." (†). From Oct. 10: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Oct. 3: "Menage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: "Nothing in Common" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

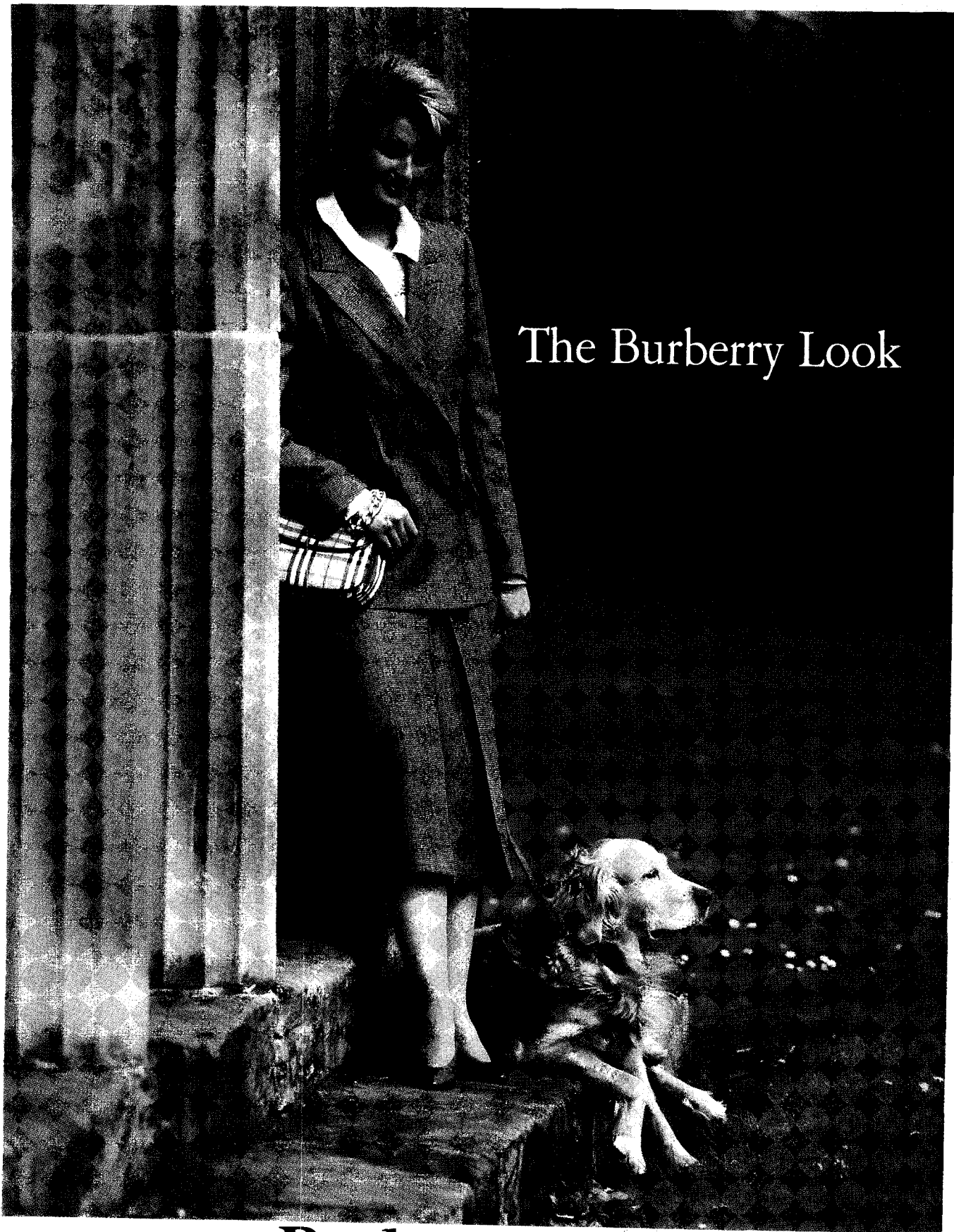
Theatre 2: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 3: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).

Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Theatre 5: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

Theatre 6: Through Oct. 7: "Where the River



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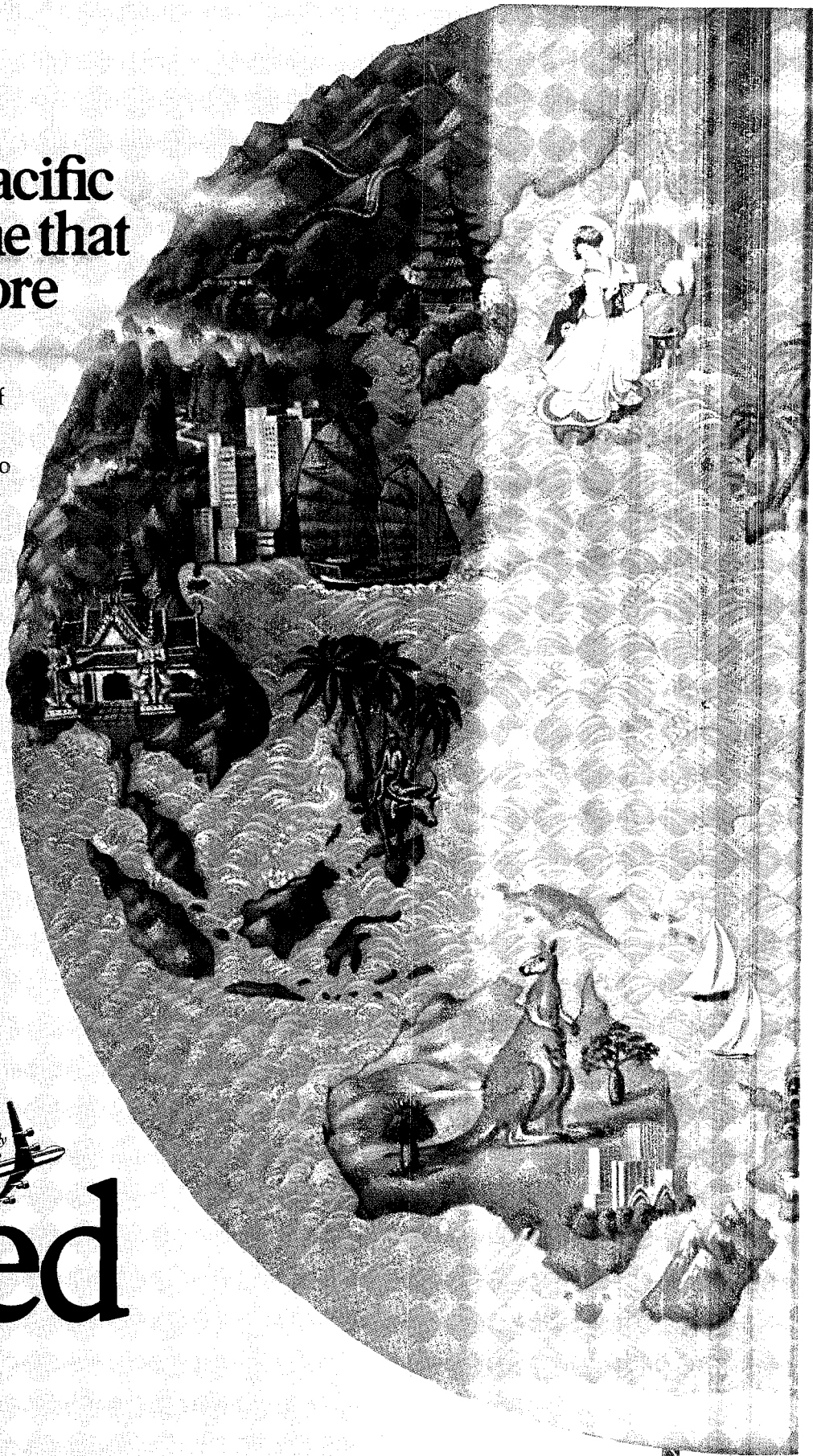
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United



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning. From Oct. 8: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Vasectomy, a Delicate Matter" (Robert Burge), with Paul Sorvino. From Oct. 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett; and "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "Last Resort" (Zane Buzby), with Charles Grodin. From Oct. 3: "Heartburn" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 10: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 2: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †). From Oct. 3: "Ruthless People" (†) and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (1986 †).
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (directed by Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 9: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Oct. 10: "Deadly Friend" (†).
Theatre 6: "Short Circuit" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 9: "Ruthless People" (†).
From Oct. 10: "Top Gun" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).
Theatre 4: "Nothing in Common" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Vasectomy, a Delicate Matter" (Robert Burge), with Paul Sorvino. From Oct. 3: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.
Theatre 2: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinees only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances Thursday, Oct. 2, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6-7.)

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Oct. 10: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Oct. 10: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Women's Prison Massacre."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "Last Resort" (Zane Buzby), with Charles Grodin. From Oct. 3: "Armed Response."

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 2: "Eboli" (1980; directed by Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
Oct. 3-4: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "Dear Inspector" (1978; Philippe de Broca; in

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French), with Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret.

Oct. 5-7: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†); and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

Oct. 8-9: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†); and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Oct. 10-11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 1: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King), with Warner Oland as Chan; "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Moto; and "Sleepers West" (1941; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Michael Shayne.

Oct. 2-4: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Oct. 5-6: "Father Brown" (†); and "Murder Most Foul" (1965; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Oct. 7-8: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

Oct. 9-11: "Arsène Lupin" (†); and "Bulldog Drummond" (1929; Richard Jones), with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 1: "The Home and the World" ("Ghare-Baire," 1984; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Victor Banerjee, Swatilekha Chatterjee, and Soumitra Chatterjee; and "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Soumitra Chatterjee.

Oct. 2: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "The Fortune" (1975; Mike Nichols), with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing.

Oct. 3-4: "Fool for Love" (1985; Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Oct. 5: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The White Line"

(1950; in Italian), with Gina Lollobrigida and Raf Vallone.

Oct. 6: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra and Cyril Ritchard.

Oct. 7: "Plenty" (†) and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

Oct. 8: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1985; Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page, John Heard, Carlin Glynn, and Rebecca DeMornay; and "1918" (1985; Ken Harrison).

Oct. 9: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†).

Oct. 10-11: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Danton" (†).

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Oct. 1: "Easy Money" (1983; James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield; and "Caddyshack" (1980; Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe.

Oct. 2: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

Oct. 3-4: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais, in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Oct. 5: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "The King's Jester" (1941; Mario Bonnard; in Italian), with Michel Simon.

Oct. 6-9: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casares.

Oct. 10-11: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

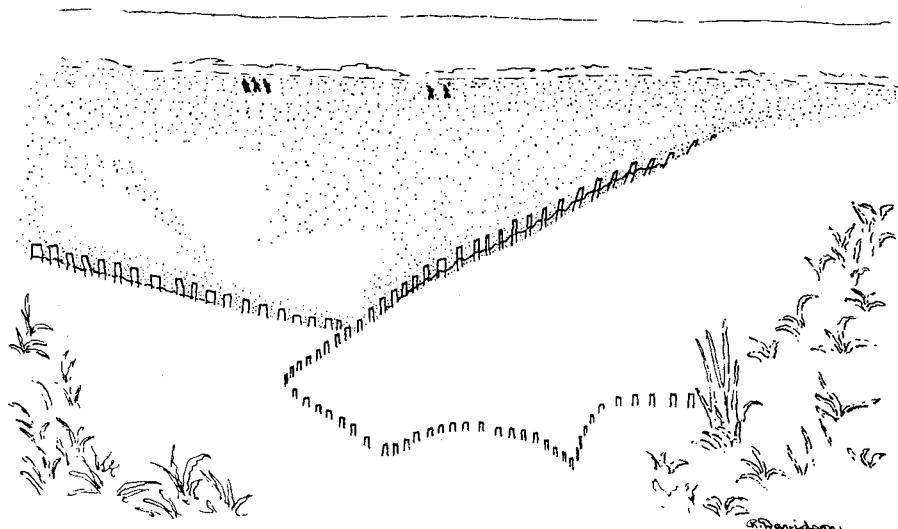
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 1: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

Oct. 2: "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935; Clyde Bruckman) and "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), both films with W. C. Fields.

Oct. 3-4: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Oct. 5: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fel-



- lini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
- Oct. 6: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (†).
- Oct. 7: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955; Otto Preminger), with Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker, and Kim Novak; and "The Detective" (1968 †).
- Oct. 8: "I Confess" (†); and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
- Oct. 9: "Seconds" (†) and "All Fall Down" (†).
- Oct. 10-11: "Easy Rider" (†); and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 2 at 2:30 and 6: "His Girl Friday" (1940; directed by Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . Oct. 3 at 2:30 and 6, Oct. 4 at 2 and 5, and Oct. 6 at 2:30 and 6: Three different programs of animated films by the Quay Brothers. . . .

Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Tango of Our Childhood" (1985; Albert Mkrtychian; in Armenian, with English subtitles). Mr. Mkrtychian will be present. . . . Oct. 10 at 6: "Come and See" (1985; Elem Klimov; in Russian, with English subtitles). Mr. Klimov will be present. . . . Oct. 11 at 2: "Farewell" (1982; Elem Klimov; in Russian, with English subtitles). Mr. Klimov will be present. . . . Oct. 11 at 5: "The Revolt of the Daughters-in-Law" (1985; Melis Abzalov; in Uzbek; with English subtitles), with Dilorom Egamberdieva, who will be present.

THEATRE 2: Oct. 3 at 3 and 6:30: Two programs of silent films directed by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Oct. 4 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two programs of silent films for which Thomas H. Ince served as producer. . . . Oct. 5 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two programs of silent films directed by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Oct. 6 at 3 and 6:30: Two programs of silent films for which Thomas H. Ince served as producer. . . . Oct. 7 at 3: "The Last of the Line" (1914; Jay Hunt; a silent film) and "The Wrath of the Gods" (1914; Reginald Barker), both films produced by Thomas H. Ince, with Sessue Hayakawa. . . . Oct. 7 at 6:30: "The Cup of Life" (1915; Raymond B. West; a silent film), with Bessie Barriscale, produced by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Oct. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Ninos Desaparecidos" (1985; Estela Bravo) and "Bombay Our City" (1985; Anand Patwardhan), both documentaries. . . . Oct. 10 at 3: "The Italian" (1915; Reginald Barker; a silent

film), with George Beeban, produced by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Oct. 10 at 6:30: "The Coward" (1915; Reginald Barker; a silent film), with Charles Ray, produced by Thomas H. Ince. . . . Oct. 11 at 2:30: "The Cup of Life." . . . Oct. 11 at 5:30: "The Last of the Line" and "The Wrath of the Gods."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Oct. 7, a retrospective of the films of James Benning: a program of five short films from 1972-74 will be shown Tuesday at 2, Wednesday through Friday at noon, and Sunday at 1; and a program of four short films from 1974-76 will be shown Tuesday at 6:30, Wednesday through Friday at 3, and Saturday at 3:30.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL**: Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Menage" (Bertrand Blier; France). . . . Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier; United States; in English and French). . . . Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; France). . . . Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Menage." . . . Oct. 3 at 6:15: "No End" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; Poland). . . . Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox; Great Britain). . . . Oct. 4 at 12:30: "True Stories" (David Byrne; United States). . . . Oct. 4 at 3:30: "Thérèse." . . . Oct. 4 at 6: "Sid and Nancy." . . . Oct. 4 at 9: "True Stories." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**: Oct. 5 at 8:30: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola; United States). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALIEN (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. Directed by Ridley Scott. (Film Forum; through Oct. 9.)

ALIENS—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Scott's 1979 "Alien" (see above) is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 2.)

ALL FALL DOWN (1962)—This ambitious and elaborately staged John Frankenheimer film is set deep in that strange area of nostalgic Americana where the familiar is the Freudian grotesque. The film turns out to be a portrait of the writer as an adolescent (Brandon deWilde plays the part) who grows up—"matures"—when he learns that the older brother he idolizes (Warren Beatty) is an empty wreck. Does *anybody* really grow up the way this boy grows up? He learns the truth, squares his shoulders, and walks out into the bright sunlight, as Alex North's music rises and swells in victory. With Eva Marie Saint, Angela Lansbury, and Karl Malden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9.)

ARSENÉ LUPIN (1932)—John Barrymore, as a suave gentleman thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the lighthearted thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is. This was the Barrymore brothers' first film together and John gets to show a little of his humor but Lionel was already making a profession out of crankiness. The movie is mildly amusing in spots, but it isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. With Karen Morley, John Miljan, and Tully Marshall. (Regency; Oct. 9-11.)

BACK TO SCHOOL—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a

jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT (1972)—The prodigal young (twenty-six years old at the time) Rainer Werner Fassbinder's elegant, sensitive film about lesbians. Fassbinder worked with a troupe of actors who almost became his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Public Theatre.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. Lynch skimps on commercial-movie basics and fouls up on them, too. But his use of irrational material works the way it's supposed to: at some not fully conscious level we read his images. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Douir, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Baronet. . . . Bay Cinema; through Oct. 2. . . . Waverly; starting Oct. 3.)

DANTON (1983)—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he

helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 10-11.)

THE DETECTIVE (1968)—Frank Sinatra as a New York City police detective. He doesn't give much hint of his sometime ability as an actor in this brutal thriller that's meant to be cool and tough and gamy. Homosexuality, police corruption, and race relations are exploited in the moralistic "outsoken" style of the screenwriter, Abby Mann, while the director, Gordon Douglas, keeps pounding away. With Lee Remick, Jacqueline Bisset, Jack Klugman, and Robert Duvall. From a novel by Roderrick Thorp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pillaxed; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 3.)

EASY RIDER (1969)—A ballad about an east-bound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. A middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Hopper; his first film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-11.)

FATHER BROWN (1954; also known as "The Detective")—Father Brown, the detective priest of G. K. Chesterton's stories, is perhaps too facile a role for Alec Guinness, and he shows a previously unsuspected tendency

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Your design for our Restaurant gave it style and elegance and a view that makes you feel like personally thanking every architect who ever dreamed of a building that would touch the sky.

Thank you, Othmar Ammann,
for your George Washington
Bridge, "the only seat of
grace in a disordered city."

Thank you,
Raymond Hood, for your
vision of light and air—
Rockefeller Center.

Thank you,
Richard Shreve,
William Lamb
& Arthur
Harmon. Your
Empire State
Building
reached
unequalled
heights.

Thank you, Hugh Stubbins, for
Citicorp's bold slash.

Thank you, William Van Alen.
We've watched your
Chrysler Building
glitter in the sun
for 10 years.

Thanks again, Othmar,
for the Triborough.

Thank you, John and
Washington Roebling, for
the lacy magnificence of
your Brooklyn
Bridge.

Thank you, City
Commissioners
of 1811, for your
brilliant grid
plan for the city.

Thank you, Frédéric Auguste
Bartholdi. Your Lady was a
knockout 100 years ago. But
you should see her now!

Thank you,
Minoru Yamasaki,
World Trade Center
architect. Your
ingenuity put us
on top.

Thank you, Charles McKim,
William Mead &
Stanford White, for
Washington Square Arch.

Thank you,
Cass Gilbert, for
your Gothic "Cathedral
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

toward endearing, owlsh coyness. But the film is an amusing series of chases, well directed by Robert Hamer ("Kind Hearts and Coronets"). Peter Finch is the connoisseur-thief who steals beautiful things simply to round out his collection of objets d'art; when he makes off with the cross once owned by St. Augustine, Father Brown goes after him. With Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger. (Regency; Oct. 5-6.)

THE FLY—With Jeff Goldblum, directed by David Cronenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Theatres. . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 9.)

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (1981)—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art." There are some lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Charlotte Mitchell, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

HEARTBURN—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Embassy. . . ¶ Plaza; through the afternoon of Oct. 2. . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount; through Oct. 2. . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 3.)

I CONFESS (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift), caught in a trap; either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

THE KING OF MARVIN GARDENS (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio. Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Ellen Burstyn, Julia Anne Robinson, and Charles Lavine. (Thalia; Oct. 9.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, and Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell. (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 2.)

MEN . . . —When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with

the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema.)

MY AMERICAN COUSIN—Set in the summer of 1959 on a ranch in British Columbia, this first feature by the writer-director Sandy Wilson is a fictionalized account of her experiences at twelve, when she developed a crush on her flashy, mixed-up boy cousin, who was seventeen. In the movie, he arrives from L.A. in a red Cadillac convertible, and he's a dreamboat. The lively, restless Sandy, who wishes she were sixteen, is very well played by Margaret Langrick—there's nothing actressy about her. The picture has humor and it's perceptive; it's even fair to the helplessly stuffy adults. There's nothing much wrong with it, except that it's levelheaded in a terribly conventional way. It's too mild, it's poky, and it's a little dull. The fine cinematographer Richard Leiteman gives the paradisiacal terrain its due. With John Wildman as the tormented young Adonis, and Richard Donat and Jane Mortimer as the girl's parents. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

THE MYSTERY OF KASPAR HAUSER (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—In this nightmare film, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonly cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits, but he balks at what he is taught. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him,

then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Cinema Village; Oct. 5-7.)

NOTHING IN COMMON—Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworldly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. (9/8/86) (23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy.... ♣ Gemini; through Oct. 7.... ♣ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 9.)

PLENTY (1985)—After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. As Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. Fred Schepisi directed; David Hare adapted his sick-soul-of-England play. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

WITLESS PEOPLE—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (23rd St. West Triplex.... ♣ Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 9.... ♣ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 3.)

SECONDS (1966)—John Frankenheimer's macabre sci-fi thriller about a diabolical conspiratorial organization that arranges for people to be "reborn" via plastic surgery. There are some good ideas tucked away inside the scrambled unpleasantness; the best of them concerns a banker (John Randolph) who is vaguely dissatisfied with his life and arranges a Faustian bargain for a second chance (he comes back as Rock Hudson) but doesn't have any conception of a new life. Unfortunately, Hudson seems dull to us as well as to himself. With Salome Jens, Jeff

Corey, Murray Hamilton, Wesley Addy, and Will Geer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9.)

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT—Directed by Spike Lee. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, Metro Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.... ♣ Cinema Studio; through Oct. 2.)

SHORT CIRCUIT—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five from being slaughtered by the government meenies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. Directed by John Badham. With Fisher Stevens, Austin Pendleton, and Brian McNamara. (Criterion Theatres.)

STAND BY ME—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoes on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and New Carnegie.... ♣ 34th St. East; through Oct. 2.... ♣ Bay Cinema; starting Oct. 3.)

TOP GUN—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the elite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 10.)

WAY OUT WEST (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Film Forum; starting Oct. 10.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie, by Dusan Makavejev, that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic. A Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue. (Cinema Village; Oct. 8-9.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:
One evening recently, National Public Radio carried a report about a couple in Evans, Colorado, who have been getting rained on by corn. On days of average corn precipitation, about twenty-five fresh, juicy kernels descend on the house and yard. No one seems to regard this as a serious corn-rain problem, but it has become a definite *corn-rain situation*. Two houses close by—but no others for miles around—have also had corn rain. There was one occasion when a few pinto beans fell in Evans. The rest of the time—for four years, in fact—it's been straight corn. The nearest cornfield is five miles away, the nearest elevated silo just as far in the opposite direction. The couple in Evans decided to talk to reporters about their corn rain because they wanted some meteorologists or other experts to come out to Colorado and clear up this mystery.

Which is a mystery to me. In New York City, of course, we get rained on by not quite right but not quite unexpected substances all the time. When it rains edible matter in my neighborhood, it usually rains arroz con pollo. (Not all rain is palatable: a few minutes ago, a fist-size water bug that seemed to have fallen from the sky—or maybe from the shelf above my desk—landed on the machine I am typing on. I grabbed a towel to try to capture him, and together we wrote 564777787777uuuu786'9K80.) I assume that if corn ever falls on me it will still be in the can. Once when I got caught in some arroz con pollo, I looked up and saw a woman scraping a dinner plate out her window. I shouted that I could live without arroz-con-pollo rain. She shouted back words to the effect that she could live without my opinions, and I'm sure she could.

My wife has been rained on by mixed Chinese vegetables. In some parts of town, it probably rains homemade croutons or sun-dried tomatoes or baby-squash blossoms.

Corn rain in Colorado seems to me less hazardous than, say, intercontinental-missile-that-has-been-test-fired - and - veered - fifteen - hundred - miles-off-target rain. (When I say this, I am not using corn or misguided intercontinental missiles metaphorically. The Soviets fired an unarmed test missile from a submarine a couple of weeks ago, and it veered fifteen hundred miles off target and landed on China.) People who have been blessed with the freedom to live in a place like Evans, Colorado, should count on and be grateful for corn rain. I frankly wonder why the citizens in nearby communities haven't been the ones to get in touch with meteorologists, demanding to know the reason they aren't receiving their fair share of corn rain. On the other hand, suppose a meteorologist or some other corn-rain expert out there comes up with an explanation. Then what? A book contract? A potential miniseries? A sudden boom in the corn-rain-explaining industry? Corn-rain futures? Designer corn-rain gear?

I know I lack imagination, but I prefer the unamplified power of a simple mystery: fresh corn falls on Colo-

rado, arroz con pollo falls on me, an intercontinental missile falls on China. Amazing. Outrageous. Inexplicable.

ANOTHER letter, this one from a rural friend:

The other day, I discovered in the back of a desk drawer some unused pre-stamped United States Postal Service envelopes. My immediate elation over this small trove was tempered when I realized that each envelope's embossed red-and-white stamp—a conceptualized Uncle Sam motif—was marked "15c," seven cents short for first-class mail. That's the price one pays for not cleaning out desk drawers often enough in this era of rapidly inflating postal rates. Still, the stamped envelopes were worth something, so I used them to send off a few bill payments, first stopping by our humble post office to put on extra postage.

The postmistress looked through her stamp folders and came up with the proper five-cent and two-cent combinations. As I affixed the moistened stamps to the first envelope, I noticed that the five-center, a beatific vision of Pearl Buck, complemented the intense, almost pained visage of Igor Stravinsky on the two-center. It struck me that, side by side, they were a formidable pair against the stark white of the envelope, and I wondered if their paths had ever crossed in the nonphilatelic world—if their random conjunction on my envelope hinted at a meeting in, say, some posh salon, where they had been irresistibly drawn to each other across a crowded room. Those two were made for each other.

I mentioned my musing to the postmistress (who wasn't busy at the moment), and asked her what other aleatory matchmaking could be done with seven cents' worth of stamps. She showed me her folders, and together we found only one other seven-cent



Le-Tan

possibility: Dorothea Dix (one cent) and Walter Lippmann (six cents)—a kind of American Gothic duo. However, if one wanted to splurge for the sake of postal romance it was possible to ally Dolley Madison (fifteen cents) with George Washington (eighteen cents), Frances Perkins (fifteen cents) with Fiorello LaGuardia (fourteen cents), Edith Wharton (fifteen cents) with Herman Melville (twenty cents), and Babe Zaharias (eighteen cents) with Babe Ruth (twenty cents). The postmistress and I agreed that we hadn't had so much fun at the post office since the banner days of the Wanted posters.

Stuffathon

"THIS is what happens when grownups get involved in things—everything gets all screwed up," the daughter said as her mother took a wrong turn off Route 128, heading the station wagon south instead of north toward Milton Academy, in Milton, Massachusetts. The daughter, who is a student at Concord Academy, was going north to Milton, along with seven other students from Concord, to join students from some forty other Massachusetts schools, public and private, in stuffing letters into envelopes to be sent to all the high schools in the country. The letters invited every high-school student in the United States to sign a petition demanding that the television networks broadcast a discussion between President Reagan and three other participants (who would be chosen later) on the subject of nuclear arms.

"The situation is not as bad as you think," the mother said as she almost immediately pulled into a shopping mall, turned the car around, and headed it in the right direction.

At Milton, applause and cheers from the girls' gym sounded across green playing fields, and the Concord contingent quickened its steps. It was a mild, milky Saturday morning. Inside the gym, more than three hundred students, seated at forty long tables, were listening to instructions on how to stuff the envelopes in assembly-line fashion; there were three sets of letters, it was explained, which were being sent to every high school—one letter directed to the school's student-council president, another to its principal, and the third to its student newspaper. When the instructions for what the students were calling a stuffathon

concluded, a final cheer went up, and the sounds of conversation and of fluttering paper filled the room. Shortly, rock music boomed forth. A student disk jockey in another room was picking the songs, and the first was "All My Loving," by the Beatles. The nineteen-sixties song was being listened to by a distinctly un-nineteen-sixties-ish audience: the students' dress tended toward the tidy and clean, and long hair was a rarity, with almost all the instances of it jutting upward in carefully tended punkish or quasi-punkish spikes. Suspended from red, white, and blue helium balloons above the rows of tables were paper cutouts of all the states, and a student captain had been assigned to supervise the stuffing of the envelopes for each state. On one wall was a huge map of the country, with giant arrows zooming out from Milton like the plane routes in an airline ad. On another wall was a giant sign that read "GOAL—TO REACH 15.6 MILLION STUDENTS, MAIL 232,000 PIECES OF PAPER, 64,762 LETTERS." All this was the work of the National Forum, an organization formed by Milton students only four months earlier.

Planning for a national television discussion, we learned, had been set in motion by a speech that the fiery anti-nuclear speaker and activist Helen Caldicott gave at Milton last spring, but interest in the national discussion did not necessarily imply support for her message. She had vociferously denounced the arms policies of the Reagan Administration and the views of religious fundamentalists regarding the end of the world, and her speech had left the school sharply divided in its reaction. "She generated huge opposition and huge support," Chloë

Breyer, a senior at Milton and an organizer of the Forum, told us. Miss Breyer had brown curly bangs above alert brown eyes, wore a black skirt and a wide-necked sea-green sweater, and spoke in a self-confident, vivacious manner. "The Forum emerged as the solution to Caldicott," she went on. "There were so many arguments. Before long, we realized that we didn't have the knowledge to hold an opinion on nuclear weapons, and we came up with this. It's a purely educational drive." Miss Breyer laid stress on the word "educational," obviously eager that this point not be misunderstood. "High-school students need *information*. The National Forum is not restricted to the nuclear issue. We propose that each year there be another TV debate, on a new issue. The debate on the nuclear issue is just one way of mobilizing teen-agers. There has never been a setup like this one before."

"This generation has got a bum rap as being totally apathetic," Tom Lowenstein, another of the organizers of the Forum, said. He wore a black-and-white checked shirt and bluejeans, and had a tiny, almost invisible gold earring in his left ear. His manner was calm. "The media keep saying that this generation is interested only in itself, but when we called up newspapers and television stations to tell them about this they kept asking, 'Where's the story?'"

We inquired whom the petition would be presented to once the millions of names had been gathered on it.

"That's to be determined," Peter Kellner, a strapping boy in a blue-and-white football jersey, replied. Shortly after the Caldicott visit, Mr. Kellner had gone to a faculty member and said, "I know a few kids at other schools—we might do something." This remark had been one of the seeds of the National Forum idea. Only later had the idea of a televised discussion expanded into a plan for a petition drive, to begin on Election Day, 1986, and to include, prospectively, all the high-school students in the United States. Over the summer, the project had been endorsed by the executive board of the National Association of Student Councils. "We'll take the petition anywhere," Mr. Kellner went on. "To whomever. It's going to come together. They can't really say no—especially if it gets a lot of publicity. It would be stupid to say no—a failure of the democratic society to provide the information we need. This is the first



mass movement there has ever been of young people asking for education."

"We're going to be voters—they can't refuse," another student said.

A third young man told us, "At first, a lot of people said it was a bunch of hippies trying to relive the nineteen-sixties, but when they saw that it was purely informational they were relieved and joined in."

We talked to Mark Milewski and Michael Godin, of Westfield High, in western Massachusetts. Smiling but nervous-looking, they moved about the Milton gym as if roped together. Both had trim slow-dried tufts of hair standing tall on their heads. As they talked, both kept their hands in their pockets.

"It sounded like a good idea," Mr. Godin said. "I think people need to hear about nuclear arms. It's positive, not negative."

"I thought it was a good idea," Mr. Milewski said. "People don't know about nuclear arms. They have opinions, but they don't know why. They get them from their parents, or from TV, but don't know why they're right or wrong. We want to get information. That's basically why we're here."

"It's not opinionated," Mr. Godin said.

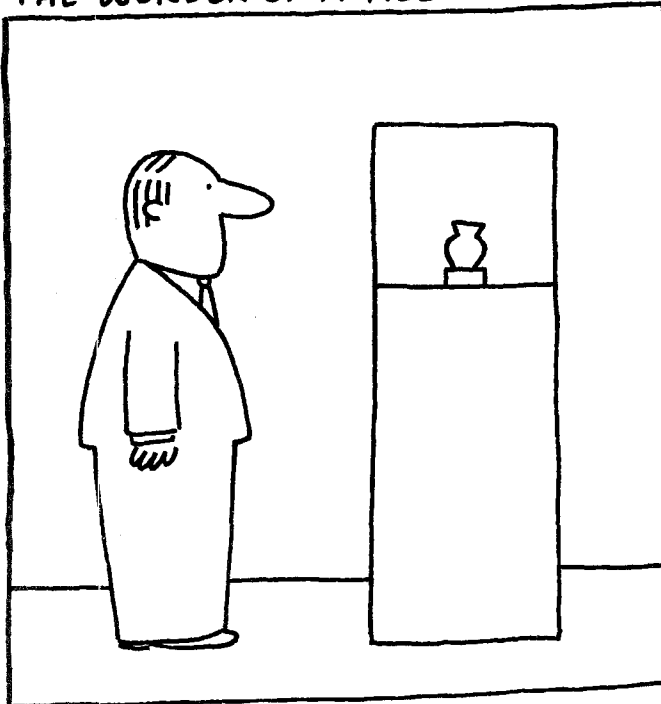
"It's politically spread out—conservative and extreme liberal," Mr. Milewski said.

It was announced that the Nevada and Rhode Island teams of envelope-stuffers had completed their work on the first of the three letters, and a cheer went up.

If the students tended to shrink from the political style of the nineteen-sixties, they continued to embrace its music: we heard old songs by Janis Joplin, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, and Crosby, Stills, and Nash. The music of the nineteen-eighties was represented by, among other things, "Blister in the Sun," by the Violent Femmes, and "Twisting by the Pool," by Dire Straits. When the Beatles' rendition of "Twist and Shout" was played, people who up to then had been silent sang along.

During an intermission in the stuffing, a reporter and a cameraman from a local television station arrived, and

THE WONDER OF IT ALL



Caproni

the students all went back to the tables to pretend to be stuffing envelopes, so that the scene could be videotaped.

"Look as if you were stuffing envelopes, but make sure you don't *actually* stuff envelopes," someone said over the public-address system. (Actually stuffing, we gathered, might have disrupted arrangements for the next official round.) There was a certain amount of fumbling as people tried to figure out how to seem to put a piece of paper in an envelope without really doing it.

"We're supposed to look busy," someone said.

"Think busy thoughts," someone else said.

Amid a flurry of simulated activity, the station got its shots.

Around midday, Senator John Kerry (D., Mass.) made an appearance. Tall, blue-suited, immaculately coiffured, sad-eyed, he was every inch the senator. We buttonholed him as he waited to speak, and asked if, in his experience as a senator, this sort of action by teen-agers was something new.

"It's totally unusual, a new kind of phenomenon," he said, in a voice that was languid yet precise and interested. "I think it's a first sign. There's a consciousness of the possibilities of networking that wouldn't have been here just three or four years ago. Perhaps you would have had something happening within one school, or a forum might have been organized. But

you wouldn't have had the national outreach. There is a hazy memory of activism in the air. There's a feeling of a vacuum, and people are looking for ways to fill it. As I go around, I sense a thrust for involvement. This feels like an incipient edge—a turning away from the emphasis on self and inward things of recent years."

When Kerry arrived at the speakers' microphone, the students cheered. He told them he had taken time off from "the process of being with President Corazon Aquino," of the Philippines, who was in Boston that day, so he could spend some time with them. He compared their effort with the recent non-violent revolution in the Philippines. "All who watched those events in the Philippines saw how a

whole people could make a huge difference in their own lives and in the world," he said. "Frankly, what you're doing is the same thing. I've seen how many of my colleagues—unfortunately—respond mainly to pressure from their constituents. If you get people across the country to stop for a minute—whether you do it with your forum or by talking to them, or whatever—then you raise their consciousnesses. And that's what this country needs on a whole host of issues. What you do here will reach out to touch thousands of lives. You are protecting our country's ability to do here what the Filipino people have just done in their country."

The music and the stuffing resumed, and we wandered among the students as they performed their vast collective clerical task. One remark we heard several times was "No one knows anything about nuclear weapons." Another was "We want to find out."

A Dinner, a Liqueur, a Fine Cigar, and a Workout with Giant Rubber Bands

ALONG with sight, touch, smell, hearing, taste, style, compassion, proportion, fun, and fair play, we have an eleventh sense, which alerts us to news. A news sense. When it flares up, besides taking a certain over-the-

counter medicine we'll do what we have to do to find out what's going on, even if it means attending a party, like the one last week at the home of the commercial consul for New Zealand, Craig Rickit. You remember Hurricane Kiwi, of course, the source of the greatest food-area turbulence in the nouvelle era. Kiwis have subsided—"They have come down from their pedestal and joined the ranks of the other fruits and vegetables," Tom Jones, who was catering the party, told us—but New Zealand has more products in development for the fin-de-siècle Manhattan market. These are some you will be hearing about:

The orange roughy. "It's a very hot fish," said Mr. Rickit. "Frankly, it's a very, very ugly fish. Its name is appropriate. What does it look like? It's very, very ugly. But that's not how people see it, because it arrives here in fillets."

Tamarillos, or tree tomatoes. "They are red or yellow, with shiny skin," said Mr. Rickit. "As an industry, they are at the same stage of development that kiwis were at maybe fifteen or twenty years ago."

"Do they taste like currants?" asked Jean Woodson, of the New Zealand Kiwifruit Authority, who was at the party (and was talking up kiwi soda, kiwi ice cream, kiwi sorbet, and kiwi sliced directly over breakfast cereal).

"No," said Mr. Rickit.

Farm-raised venison. A lot of this was being served at the party. Three years ago, there were only a handful of deer farmers in New Zealand, but now, said Kenn Stransky, of Shaffer, Clarke & Company, the importer, there are some eight hundred deer farms. "A good breeding doe can run you forty thousand dollars," he said. "The deer are very docile—they're raised right next to sheep. We are the first people to offer a de-sinewed,

deboned product cut into the nine major muscles." Mr. Stransky's company also offers a specially created bird, the poussin, which is a hybrid of a chicken and another bird, whose identity he refused to disclose. We deplore secrecy.

Green-lipped mussels. "They're a farm product as well, so they can be grown bite-sized," said Mr. Rickit. "They're grown on a rope, so there's no sand or grit problem. It's new—very new."

New Zealand also exports a lot of other items—especially lamb and casein, a milk by-product that is used as, among other things, a binder in certain prepared foods, such as frozen pizzas. Kiwis aid in the preparation of a kiwi chicken salad. Or eat them with a spoon, as if they were a bitter melon. It rained during the kiwi pollination season this year, so they're a little smaller than usual, but, as always, a serving of two kiwis has twice the Vitamin E of an avocado.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Danish Consulate, Anit Rasmussen, was at the Tavern on the Green a few days ago for the introduction of the world's first sugar-free liqueur, Sommer Gaarden, which is bottled in Odense. "Sommer gaarden is one of the very few Danish phrases that translate easily into English," said Miss Rasmussen. "If you wanted to say 'my name is,' you'd have to say *mit navn er*. Actually, to be technical, *sommer* have to know you'd say 'summer garden.' *Somme gaarden* means something more like 'summer farm.' Also, the thing that Americans call Danish pastry is not like what we get at home. At home, we do not put cement in it. And for breakfast we most often eat rye bread and cheese."

Mark Walsh, the president of the Moun-



"For God's sake! Don't they read the newspapers?"

aintop Consulting Center, which assisted the bottler in developing the liqueur, was at the Sommer Gaarden premiere. "My company is in New Jersey, a little way past Newark Airport," he said. "People think it must be on a mountaintop, but it isn't." Mr. Walsh is a new-product-development specialist. His past triumphs include Yukon Jack, a Canadian liquor, and Malcom Hereford's Cows. "The Cows was the first cream liqueur," he said. "Artificial cream, of course." There was also another product, whose name he wouldn't disclose (we deplore secrecy), which got as far as Washington and Chicago but folded before it went national. "It was wine flavored with scotch whiskey," Mr. Walsh said. "The reason it failed, I think, was that we priced it too high. If we'd been selling it for two-ninety-nine a bottle, fine, but we were at five-ninety-nine."

Mr. Walsh's new new product, Sommer Gaarden, is made from a secret blend of nine or ten fruits. (Secrecy makes open communication impossible. Try as you will, you can't help thinking that if someone didn't have something to hide he would just come out and say it.) "It tastes peachy, but peaches aren't one of the things in it," Mr. Walsh said. "It's the first liqueur made with saccharin, because for years it was illegal to use artificial sweeteners in spirits. Why? I almost want to answer you with one line. I know I shouldn't, but I will: Who knows?" Mr. Walsh said consumer marketing had shown that people liked the idea of after-dinner drinks but found them too heavy. "After-dinner drinks are a social signal," he said. "They are a signal of arrival. If you serve one of them to your guests, you are saying to yourself, 'I must be some kind of a neat dude.' It is a signal on several levels, really. It's a signal of 'It's time to go home. I've spent enough money on you.' That's why



"We have been touring west of the Rockies. You know, there's a hell of a lot of America out there."

this business is so much fun. I was in motor oil way back when. Motor oil is no fun. You have to change it regularly or your engine will explode, but it's really not much fun."

AT the Dunhill store on Fifth Avenue, they were introducing a new cigar the other night—the first they have ever made expressly for the American market. Before showing us the humidor room, however, Charles Walford, a vice-president of the American operation, wanted to talk neckties. "We cater to the entire range of customers," he said. "From the very conservative to the eccentric."

"What would an eccentric customer choose?" we asked.

"When I say eccentric, I mean eccentric within the realm of people wearing neckties," he said. "This yellow tie with the pheasants. It is a little eccentric."

The store manager, Mimmo Spano, was an officer in the Italian Army, but after marrying an American and moving to New York he had to find a new job—"because," he told us, "I couldn't be an officer in the American Army." He was wearing a bow tie. "I read somewhere that men who wear bow ties have trouble making decisions," he said. "This is not true. Winston Churchill wore a bow tie, and he won the war." Dunhill's carries a pre-tied bow tie, but it is not tied by a machine. "It is tied by human hands," said Mr. Spano, who gave us a lot of information about cigars as well, including the fact that during the fifteen-nineties a Dutchman, a Mynheer van Klees, consumed what was estimated to be four tons of tobacco during his lifetime and requested that as many cigar smokers as possible attend his funeral and smoke throughout the ceremony. His coffin was lined with cigar-box wood, and mourners scattered their cigar ashes



"I could be wrong, but you look like a man trapped in low-yielding financial instruments."

on the lid. Then, too, at the Battle of Antietam a careless Confederate officer used a piece of paper containing General Lee's orders to wrap his cigars. The cigars fell into Union hands unsmoked, and that was that.

Mr. Spano also handed us a pre-conducted interview with Richard Dunhill, the chairman of the company. The anonymous interviewer opened by asking, "Mr. Dunhill, many people, when readying a cigar for smoking, will sniff it, or crackle it against one's ear. What can one tell about a cigar from these actions?"

"Not a great deal, I'm afraid," said Mr. Dunhill. "Even an immature cigar will crackle slightly."

"My personal view," Mr. Spano said, to us, "is that the bigger the cigar, the bigger the man who smokes it thinks he is. I can tell immediately when a man comes in the door what size he is going to take. The panatela guy is the guy who always wanted to smoke a cigar but is a little timid around a big one." The new Dunhill cigar is made in the Canary Islands, which is an archipelago of seven islands and "countless islets," and is where some classical legends placed the Elysian Fields. Eschewing the islets,

cigarmakers have formed in groups on the islands, where they are known locally as "the professors of cigars."

"GO for the Burn' is out," said Tamilee Webb (whose real name is Tammy). "You can get burned going for the burn. 'Pain Is Gain' is out. I say pain is not gain. Your body is very smart. It's like a computer—it can tell you when you're hungry, when you're sad, whatever. And if it says to you 'I hurt,' you should listen." Miss Webb, the author of the "Rubber Band Workout," is the queen of giant rubber bands. "I use nine-inch rubber bands," she said. "The largest you can buy in an office-supply store are about seven inches, and they're not designed for exercising. It's not a new idea. Rubber bands and surgical tubing have been used in rehabilitation for many years now. So why not in conditioning?"

Miss Webb grew up in Rio Dell, California ("We called it Real Dull"), where she was a cheerleader and a dancer and also raced motorcycles. She went to college and began weight lifting. "My body started getting bigger," she said. "I wasn't becoming the

Incredible Hulk, or any thing, but definitely bigger." She entered a number of contests, winning Best Poser in the Miss San Diego tourney, and she also finished a master's degree in exercise science and developed "Rubber Band Workout," which is now a video as well as a book. Later, she began working at the Golden Door, the elite health spa in California. "We have Christie Brinkley, Barbara Babcock, Donald Trump's wife," she told us when we met with her at a midtown video studio last week. "You can't say one exercise is right and another exercise is wrong," she went on. "It depends on your body. Right now, everything is low-impact aerobics. That's the huge trend. You keep one foot on the ground at all time instead of so much jogging. But say you had squinting patellas—that's knees that

turn and face each other. Then low impact would be very hard. I'm working on light-impact aerobics. It's low impact during the verses of the song and high-impact during the choruses. Speaking of songs, Miss Webb was sitting in a bar one day when a country and-Western band challenged patron to name a song it couldn't play. She called out "Proud to Be Daddy's Little Girl." "And, of course, they didn't know it, because I'd written it. So I got up and sang it, and a guy who was an agent for Tigar Bell, who used to play backup for Merle Haggard, asked me if I'd ever thought about a vocal career. But, of course, I had the rubber bands to think about."

Because big rubber bands behave much like small rubber bands, Miss Webb urges all banders, as they are called, to point them away from their own faces or the faces of others. "It's like anything else—you have to take some responsibility for it," she said. "I was on television—'Hour Magazine'—this morning with Tony Danza, of 'Who's the Boss?', and he picked one right up and shot it out into the audience. And they shot it back. These people are adults?"

MY NEW SEASON

I'D been slipping for a long time, but last season was my best. Nevertheless, this season we're going with a whole new look and a whole new approach. We had a great success with me last year, but we're not going to play it safe and stick with the same old formula. This year's me will be last year's me, only more now, more today.

Last year, as you recall, we concentrated a lot on white socks. White socks almost became the statement last year. This year we're moving into a lot of new areas: Argyle, over-the-calf, tan, dark brown, even yellow wool. Toward the middle of next season I'll be seen wearing nothing but black socks for three straight weeks. We'll have to see how the mail goes on that one; we're flexible, and we can admit when we make a mistake.

Then there's my teeth. Last year, we concentrated almost exclusively on the molars, which worked great. After a while, though, you'd go out to a shopping mall and you'd see dozens of suburban clones doing the same molar thing. It's gotten stale, so this year you'll see me dividing my time about fifty-fifty between the canines and the cuspids. We are going to do a whole hour on my wisdom teeth later on in the season. A whole hour on wisdom teeth was a hard idea to sell, but we finally got everybody to go along with it. Risk-taking comes with the turf at his level.

This year I'm going to have a real Toyota. Last year a lot of people thought that what I was driving was a Toyota, but it was really a Datsun with the nameplate worn off. This year it's a real Toyota that I'll be driving in the action scenes, and I'm excited about that. When I drive up to the grocery store to get beer or dog food, you'll see me behind the wheel of a real Toyota. It's part of my contract this year.

My hair is going to be completely different this year. I'm staying with the same team that handled my hair last year—Burell's Family Hair Parlor—but this year we've arranged for Bud Burell himself to do the actual cutting. This will give me a whole new look. Bud has personally assured me that he's going to be really careful having off the little hairs on the back of my neck. Also, I have it in writing that nobody's going to nick me back here, so this year you won't be seeing

any dried blood on my neck, like last year. I think we overdid it with the dried blood on the neck last year.

My soundtrack? Good question. I can't pretend that it's not important. Last year it was all National Public Radio and Berlitz Basic French tapes. That worked fine, but this year I'll be leaning toward whirring attic fans and corduroy pants that make a brushing noise when I walk. Once in a while I'll whistle, but I'm not going to whistle every week, the way I did last year. This year when I whistle it will be special. I'm going to do a two-hour thing at the beginning of the season, and I'll be whistling in that, but then I won't whistle again until late November, at the earliest. This year whistling won't be the norm—it will be an event. I think that's the way it should be.

COLORS have always been important to my success, and they still are. This year I want everything to just *vibrate* with contrast! I want a red ketchup bottle on my metallic-mauve refrigerator door. I want a cheap oscillating fan with transparent blue blades right in front of a stark-white dishwasher. I have this vision of a dark-brown wooden bookcase in front of a wall covered with flowered wallpaper. My colors have to be wildly juxtaposed if the whole thing is going to work. This year we're staying with colors, just like last year. The only difference is that we're going to use different colors, is all.

We know which side my bread is buttered on. My success came from being hip and high-style, but it was my *attitude* that was really the big factor, and I'm not messing around

with that. My attitude is going to be exactly the same this year. Nobody has to worry about that. I'm still going to be hip. And I'm still going to be high-style.

Let me talk about something a little bit more sensitive here, if I might. I have been accused, by people who should know, of being too hip for my own good. Some of these people have said that last year a lot of my dialogue went right past them. It was gone almost before folks even had a chance to hear it and respond. Also, some people said that my whole life was really just a rock-video montage, without any substance behind it. I've listened to these complaints and criticisms, and while I don't agree with them I am going to do something about them. This year I'm going to go out of my way to show myself as a real three-dimensional person. You'll see this when my parents are featured for an hour, later in the year (around January), and I'm seen as having a real part in the relationship, with real emotions and real feelings. I was very emphatic about this when we prepared for the new season. I don't want to become some trendy image. I want to be a real flesh-and-blood character that people can relate to.

My demos were, quite frankly, unbelievable last year. This year we're looking for more of the same. Eventually I can see me evolving into a very hip, very modern continuation of some of the people who were here before me. But all that's in the future—so far in the future that it's hard for me to get a focus on it yet. Right now, I've got this new season in front of me, and that's enough. —FRANK GANNON

CASEY STENGEL LIVES!

[From the *Chicago Tribune*]

And just how badly do the Bears want everybody else?

"We should be just as good or Satisfied? After all those lean as crazy just the right amount. Now last year, which might be a sign better than last year," said Walter years, we can be satisfied? Are of we're a year older, a year smarter. maturity. Last year, we were you Payton. "We're not quite as crazy kidding? That's the last thing Mike [Ditka] will let happen. As for myself, I can't get hit any harder than I've been hit now that everybody will be gunning for us. Maybe they'll send more people at me, but that's fine. That means somebody else is open."



JACK'S GARDEN

FOR the first four days, it rained. I could hardly see where I was. Then it stopped raining, and beyond the lawn and outbuildings in front of my cottage I saw fields with stripped trees on the boundaries of each field, and, far away, depending on the light, glints of a little river—glints that sometimes appeared, oddly, to be above the level of the land.

The river was called the Avon—not the one connected with Shakespeare. Later—when the land had more meaning, when it had absorbed more of my life than the tropical street in Trinidad where I grew up—I was able to think of the flat, wet fields with the ditches as “water meadows” or “wet meadows,” and the low, smooth hills in the background, beyond the river, as “downs.” But just then, after the rain, all that I saw—though I had been living in England for twenty years—was flat fields and a narrow river.

It was winter. This idea of winter and snow had always excited me, but in England the word had lost some of its romance for me, because the winters I found in England had seldom been as extreme as I had imagined they would be when I was far away on my tropical island. I had experienced severe weather in other places, but in England this kind of weather hardly

seemed to come. In England, I wore the same kind of clothes all through the year—seldom wore a pullover, hardly needed an overcoat. And though I knew that summers were sunny and in winter the trees went bare and brushlike, as in the watercolors of Rowland Hilder, the year—so far as vegetation, and even temperature, went—was a blur to me. It was hard for me to distinguish one section or season from another; I didn't associate flowers or the foliage of trees with any particular month. And yet I liked to look; I noticed everything, and could be moved by the beauty of trees and flowers and early sunny mornings and late light evenings. Winter was to me a time mainly of short days, and of electric lights everywhere at working hours; also a time when snow was a possibility.

If I say it was winter when I arrived at that house in the river valley, it is because I remember the mist, the four days of rain and mist that hid my surroundings from me and answered my anxiety at the time—anxiety about my work and this move to a new place. It was winter, too, because I was worried about the cost of heating. In the cottage, there was only electricity—more expensive than gas or oil. And the cottage was hard to heat. It was long and narrow; it was not far from

the water meadows and the river; and the concrete floor was just a foot or so above the ground.

And then, one afternoon, it began to snow. Snow dusted the lawn in front of my cottage; dusted the bare branches of the trees; outlined disregarded things—outlined the empty old-looking buildings around the lawn, which I hadn't yet paid attention to or fully taken in—so that, piece by piece, while I considered the falling snow, a rough picture of my setting built up around me.

Rabbits came out to play on the snow, or to feed. A mother rabbit hunched, with three or four of her young. They were a different, dirty color on the snow. And this picture of the rabbits—or, more particularly their new color—calls up or creates the other details of the winter's day: the late-afternoon snow-light; the strange empty buildings around the lawn becoming white and distinct and more important. It also calls up the memory of the forest I thought I saw behind the whitening hedge against which the rabbits fed. The white lawn; the empty buildings around it; the hedge to one side of the lawn; a gap in the hedge; a path; the forest beyond. I saw a forest. But it wasn't a forest, really; it was only the old orchard at the back of the big house in whose grounds my cottage was.

What I saw I saw very clearly. But I didn't know what I was looking at. I had nothing to fit it into. I was still in a kind of limbo. There were certain things I knew though. I knew the name of the town I had come to by train. It was Salisbury. And Salisbury was almost the first English town I had got to know—the first I had been given some idea of from a reproduction of the Constable painting of Salisbury Cathedral in my third standard reader. Far away, on my tropical island, before I was ten. A four-color reproduction that I had thought the most beautiful picture I had ever seen. I knew that the house I had come to



“Excuse me, Mr. Gransler, it’s another crybaby to see you.”

was in one of the river valleys near Salisbury. Except for the romance of the Constable reproduction, the knowledge I brought to my setting was linguistic.

I knew that "avon" originally meant only "river," just as "hound" originally meant a dog, any kind of dog. And of Waldenshaw—the name of the village and of the manor in whose grounds I was—

I knew that both its elements ("walden" and "shaw") meant "wood." One further reason, apart from the airy-tale feel of the now and the rabbits, that I thought I saw a forest.

I also knew that the house was near Stoneenge. I knew there was a walk that took me near the stone circle; I knew that somewhere high up on this walk there was a viewing point. And when the rain stopped and the mist lifted, after those first four days, I went out one afternoon, looking for the walk and the view.

There was no village to speak of. I was glad of that. I would have been nervous to meet people. After all my time in England, I still had that nervousness about being in a new place, that rawness of response—still felt myself to be in the other man's country, felt my strangeness, my solitude. And every excursion into a new part of the country—what for others might have been an adventure—was for me like a tearing at an old scab.

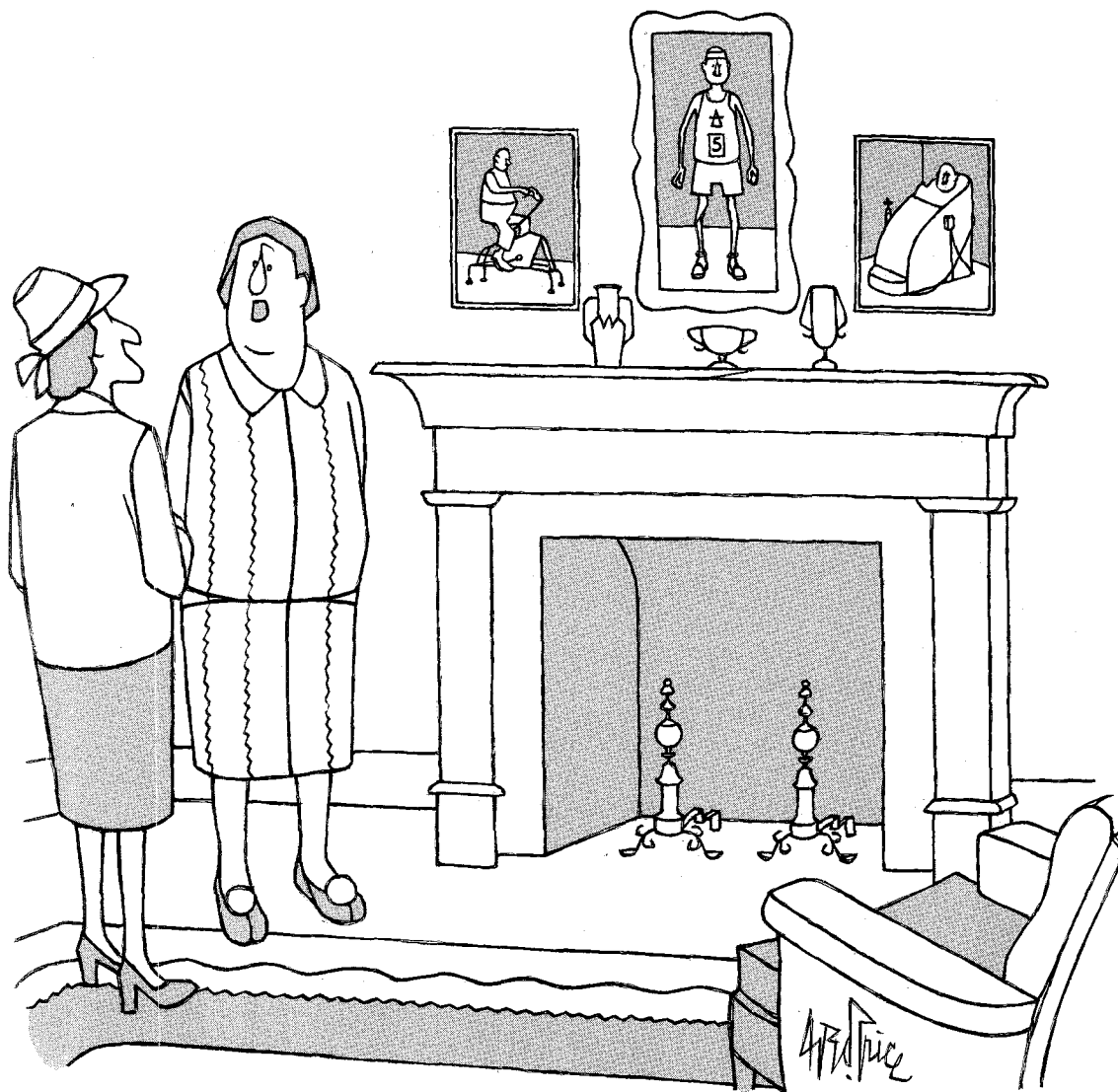
A narrow public road ran beside the park, yew-screened grounds of the manor. Just beyond the road, with its wire fence and roadside scrub, the town sloped sharply upward. Stoneenge and the walk lay in that direction. There would be a lane or path leading off the public road. To find that lane or path, was I to turn left or right? There was no problem, really. You came to a lane if you turned left;

you came to another lane if you turned right. Those two lanes met at Jack's cottage, or the old farmyard where Jack's cottage was, in the valley over the hill.

Two ways to the cottage. Different ways: one was very old, and one was new. The old way was longer, flatter; it followed an old, wide, winding riverbed; it would have been used by carts in the old days. The new way—meant for machines—was steeper: up the hill and then directly down again. You came to the old way if you turned left on the public road. This stretch of road was overhung by beeches. It ran on a ledge in the down just above the river; and then it dropped almost to the level of the river. A little settlement here, just a few houses. I noticed a small old house of brick and flint with a fine portico, and, on the riverbank, very close to the water, a low,

white-walled thatched cottage that was being "done up." Here, in this settlement, you turned off onto the old way to Jack's cottage.

A narrow asphalt lane led past half a dozen ordinary little houses, two or three of which carried—their only fanciful touch—the elaborate monogram of the owner or builder or designer, with the date, which was, surprisingly, a date from the war: 1944. The asphalt gave out; the narrow lane became rocky and then, entering a valley, became wide, with many flinty wheeled ruts separated by uneven strips of coarse, tufted grass. This valley felt old. To the left, a steep slope shut out a further view. This slope was bare, without trees or scrub. Below its smooth, thin covering of grass could be seen lines and stripes, like weals, suggesting many consecutive years of tilling a long time ago; sug-



"And then, having shaped up, he shipped out."

gesting also fortifications. The wide way twisted; the wide valley (the ancient river course) that the way occupied then ran straight and far, bounded in the distance by the beginning of a low down. Jack's cottage and the farmyard were at the end of that straight stretch, where the way turned.

The other way to the cottage—the shorter, steeper, newer way, up from the main road and then down to the farmyard—was a rocky, uneven lane lined on the north side with a windbreak: young beech trees protected by taller pines. At the top of the slope, there was a modern, metal-walled barn; just a little way down on the other side, there was a gap in the windbreak. This was the viewing point for Stonehenge: far away, small, not easy to see, not as easy as the luminous red or orange targets of Army firing ranges on Salisbury Plain. And at the bottom of the slope, down the lane beside the windbreak, were the derelict farm buildings and the row of still occupied agricultural cottages, one of which Jack lived in.

The first afternoon, when I reached the farm buildings, walking down the steep way beside the windbreak, I had to ask the way to Stonehenge. From the viewing point at the top, the way had seemed clear. But from that point down had risen against down, slope against slope; dips and paths had been hidden; and at the bottom, where mud and long puddles made walking difficult and made the spaces seem bigger, and where there appeared to be many paths, some leading off the wide valley way, I was confused. Such a simple inquiry, though, in the emptiness; and I have never forgotten that on the first day I asked someone the way. Was it Jack? I didn't take the person in; I was more concerned with the strangeness of the walk, my own strangeness, and the absurdity of my inquiry.

I was told to go round the farm buildings, to turn to the right, to stick to the wide main way, and to ignore all the tempting dry paths that led off the main way to the woods lying on the other side—young woods that falsely suggested deep country, the beginning of forest. So, past the mud around the cottages and the farmyard, past a mess of old timbers and tangled old barbed wire and apparently abandoned pieces of farm machinery, I turned right. The muddy wide main way became grassy—long, wet grass. And soon, when I had left the farm buildings behind and felt myself walk-

SMALL COMFORT

Coffee and cigarettes in a clean café,
forsythia lit like a damp match against
a thundery sky drunk on its own ozone,

the laundry cool and crisp and folded away
again in the lavender closet—too late to find
comfort enough in such small daily moments

of beauty, renewal, calm, too late to imagine
people would rather be happy than suffering
and inflicting suffering. We're near the end,

but oh, before the end, as the sparrows wing
each night to their secret nests in the elm's green dome,
oh, let the last bus bring

lover to lover, let the starveling
dog turn the corner and lope suddenly,
miraculously, down its own street, home.

—KATHA POLLITT

ing in a wide, empty old riverbed, the sense of space was overwhelming.

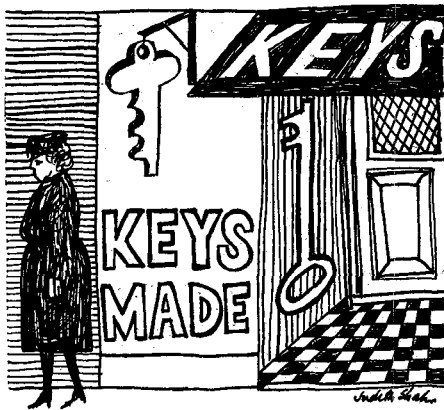
The grassy way, the old riverbed, sloped up, so that the eye was led to the middle sky; and on either side were the slopes of the downs, widening out and up against the sky. On one side, there were cattle; on the other side, beyond a pasture—a wide empty area—there were young pines, a little forest. The setting felt ancient; the impression was of space, unoccupied land, the beginning of things. There were no houses to be seen—only the wide grassy way, the sky above it, and the wide slopes on either side.

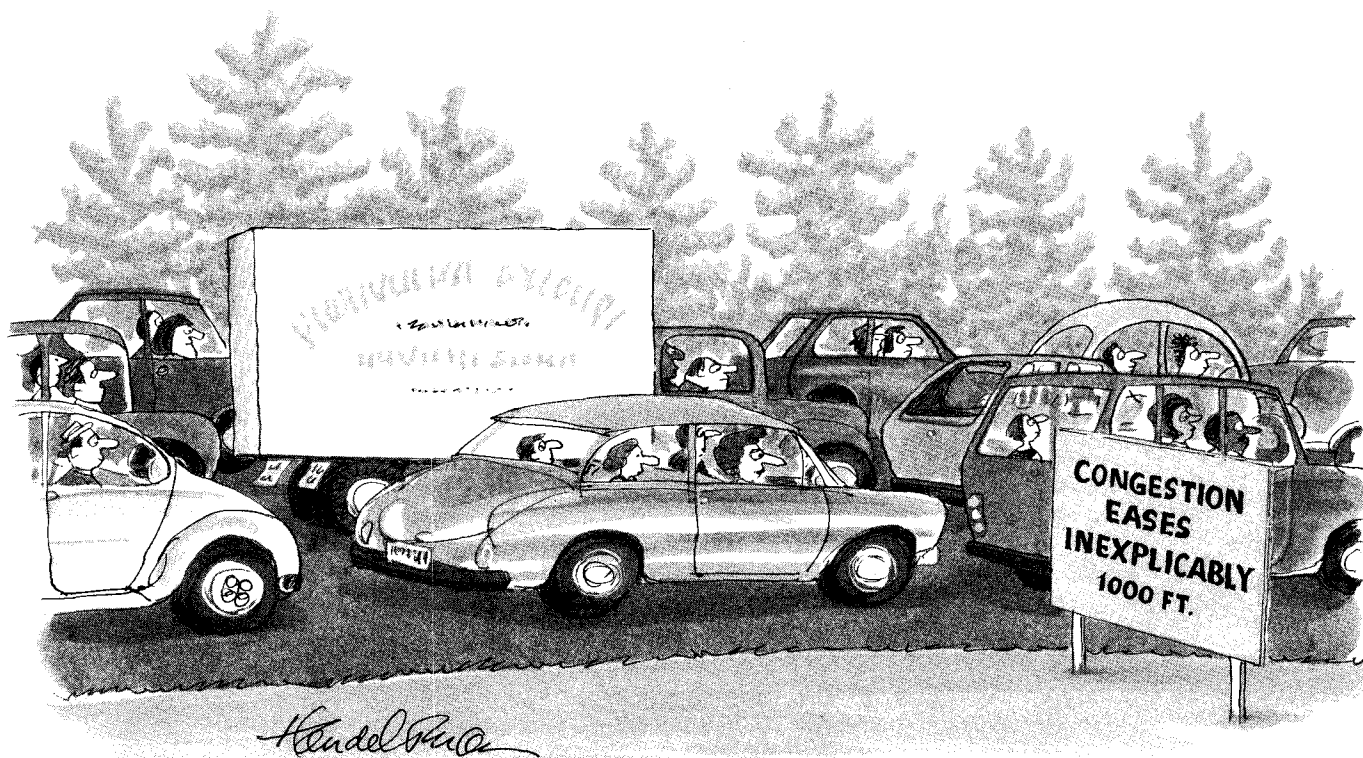
It was possible on this stretch of the walk to hold on to the idea of emptiness. But when I got to the top of the grassy way, and was on a level with the barrows and tumuli that dotted the high downs all around, and looked down at Stonehenge, I saw also the firing ranges of Salisbury Plain and the many little neat houses of West Amesbury. The emptiness, the spaciousness, through which I had felt

myself walking was as much an illusion as the idea of forest behind the young pines. All around—and not far away—were roads and highways with bright-colored trucks and cars like toys. The old and the new; and from a midway time or a different one the farmyard, with Jack's cottage, at the bottom of the valley.

Many of the farm buildings were no longer used. The barns and pens—red brick walls, roofs of slate or of clay tiles—around the muddy yard were in decay, and only occasionally in the pens were there cattle: sick cattle, enfeebled calves isolated from the herd. Fallen tiles, holed roofs, rusted corrugated iron, bent metal, a pervasive damp, the colors rust and brown and black, with a glittering or dead-green moss on the trampled, dung-softened mud of the pen yard: the isolation of the animals in that setting, themselves like things about to be discarded, was terrible.

Once, there were cattle there that had suffered from some malformation. The breeding of these cattle had become so mechanical that the malformation appeared mechanical, too—the mistakes of an industrial process. Curious additional lumps of flesh had grown at various places on the animals, as though these animals had been cast in a mold divided into two sections, and as though at the joining of the molds the cattle material, the mixture out of which the cattle were being cast, had leaked, and had hardened, matured into flesh, and then developed hair with the black-and-white Friesian pattern of the rest of the cat





tle. There, in the ruined, abandoned, mossy farmyard, fresh now only with their own dung, they had stood, burdened in this puzzling way—with this extra cattle material hanging down their middles like a bull's dewlaps, like heavy curtains—and waiting to be taken off to the slaughterhouse in the town.

Away from the old farm buildings, and down the wide, flat way that I thought of as the old road to the farm and Jack's cottage, there were other remnants and ruins, relics of other efforts or lives. At the end of the wide way, to one side of it, in tall grass, were flat, shallow boxes, painted gray, set down in two rows. I was told later that they were or had been beehives. I was never told who had kept the bees. Abandoned now, unexplained, the gray boxes, which it was worth no one's while to take away, were a little mysterious in the unfenced openness.

On the other side of the wide driveway, its great curve round the farm buildings just beginning here, in the shelter of young trees and scrub there was an old green-and-yellow-and-red caravan in good condition, a brightly painted gypsy caravan of the old days (as I thought), looking as if its horses had been unhitched not long before. Another mystery; another carefully made thing abandoned; another piece of the past that no longer had a use but had not been thrown away. Like the antiquated, cumber-

some pieces of farm machinery scattered and rusting about the farm buildings.

Midway down the straight, wide way, far beyond the beehives and the caravan, was an old hayrick, with bales of hay stacked into a cottage-shaped structure and covered with black plastic sheeting. The hay had grown old: out of its blackness, there were green sprouts; the hay that had been carefully cut one summer and baled and stored was decaying, turning to compost. The hay of the farm was now stored in a modern open shed, a prefabricated structure that carried the printed name of the maker just below the apex of the roof. The shed had been erected just beyond the mess of the old farmyard—as though space would always be available, and nothing old need ever be built over. The hay in this shed was new, with a sweet, warm smell; and some of the bales were unstacked into golden, clean, warm-smelling steps, which made me think of the story about spinning straw into gold, and of references in books with European settings to men sleeping on straw in barns. That had never been comprehensible to me in Trinidad, where grass was always freshly cut for cattle, always green, and never browned into hay. Now, in winter, at the bottom of this damp valley: high-stacked golden hay bales, warm golden steps next to rutted black mud.

Not far from the decaying rick were the remains of a true house, a house with walls that might have been of flint and concrete. A simple house, its walls seemingly without foundations, it was now quite exposed. Ruined walls, roofless, around bare earth—no sign of a stone or concrete floor. How damp it felt! All around the plot, the boundary trees—sycamore or beech or oak—had grown tall, dwarfing the house. Once, they would have been barely noticeable, the trees that, living on while the house had ceased to be, now kept the ground chill and mossy and black and in perpetual shadow. Perhaps the house had been no more than a shepherd's shelter. But that was only a guess. Shepherds' huts would have been smaller; and the trees around the plot didn't speak of a shepherd's hut, didn't speak of a man lodging there for only a few nights at a time.

Sheep were no longer the main animals of the plain. I saw a sheepshearing only once. It was done by a big man—an Australian, I was told—and was done in one of the old buildings at the side of the cottage row in which Jack lived. I saw the shearing by accident. I had heard nothing about it; it just happened to be going on at the time of my afternoon walk. But the shearing had clearly been news for some; the farm people and people from elsewhere as well had gathered to watch. A display of strength and

speed, the fleecy animal lifted and shorn (and sometimes cut) at the same time, and then sent off, oddly naked—the ceremony was like something out of an old novel, perhaps by Hardy, or out of a Victorian country diary. And it was as though, then, the firing ranges of Salisbury Plain and the vapor trails of military aircraft in the sky and the Army houses and the roaring highways didn't lie around us. As though, in that little spot around the farm buildings and Jack's cottage, time had stood still, and for a little while things were as they had been. But the sheepshearing was from the past. Like the old farm buildings. Like the caravan that wasn't going to move again. Like the barn where grain was no longer stored.

For, just as the modern, prefabricated shed had replaced the old rotting hayrick, so—but far away, not a simple addition to the old farm buildings—the true barn was now at the top of the hill, beside the windbreak. It had galvanized-tin walls; it would have been ratproof. There machinery

caused everything to go; and powerful trucks (not nowadays the wagons that might have used the flat driveway to the old barn at the bottom of the valley) climbed up the rocky lane from the public road and pulled into the concrete yard of the barn, and a metal spout from the barn poured the dusty grain into the deep trays of the trucks.

The straw was golden, warm; the grain was golden; but the dust that fell all around, on the concrete yard, the rocky lane, the pines and young beeches of the windbreak—the dust that fell after the grain had poured into the trays of the trucks—was gray. At the side of the metal-walled barn, and below the metal spout, there was a conical mound of dust that had been winnowed by some mechanical means from the bigger conical mounds of grain in the barn. This dust—the mound firm at the base, wonderfully soft at the top—was very fine and gray, without a speck of gold.

New, this barn, with all its mechanical contrivances. But just next to it, across an unpaved muddy lane, was

another ruin: a wartime bunker, a mound planted over with sycamores for concealment, and with a metal ventilator sticking out oddly now among the trunks of the grown trees. The sycamores must have been planted at least twenty-five years before; but they had been planted close together, and they still looked young.

JACK lived among ruins, among superseded things. But that way of looking came to me later—and has come to me with greater force now, as I write this. It wasn't the idea that came to me when I first went out walking.

That idea of ruin and dereliction—of out-of-placeness—was something I attached to myself: a man from another hemisphere, another background, coming to rest in middle life in the cottage of a half-neglected estate—an estate full of reminders of its Edwardian past, with few connections with the present. An oddity among the estates and big houses of the valley, and I a further oddity in its grounds. I felt unanchored and strange. Everything I saw in those early days, as I took my surroundings in—everything I saw on my daily walk, beside the windbreak or along the wide grassy way—made that feeling more acute. I felt that my presence in that old valley was part of something like an upheaval, a change in the course of the history of the country.

Jack himself, however, I considered to be part of the view. I saw his life as genuine, rooted, fitting: man fitting the landscape. I saw him as a remnant of the past (the undoing of which my own presence portended). When I first went walking and saw only the view, it did not occur to me that Jack was living in the middle of junk, among the ruins of nearly a century; that the past around his cottage might not have been his past; that he might at some stage have been a newcomer to the valley; that his style of life might have been a matter of choice, a conscious act; that out of the little piece of earth that had come to him with his farm worker's cottage (the end one of a row of three) he had created a special land for himself, a garden, where (though surrounded by ruins, reminders of vanished lives) he was more than content to live out his life, and where, as in a version of a Book of Hours, he celebrated the seasons.

I saw him as a remnant. Not far away, among the ancient barrows and tumuli, were the firing ranges and



"My platform is very simple—less talk and more music."

Army training grounds of Salisbury Plain. There was a story that because of the absence of people in those military areas—because of the purely military uses to which the land had been put for so long, and contrary to what one might expect after the explosions and mock warfare—there survived on the plain some kinds of butterfly that had vanished from more populated parts. And I thought that in some such fashion, in the wide driveway at the bottom of the valley, accidentally preserved from people, traffic, and the military, Jack, too, had survived.

I saw things slowly; they emerged slowly. It was not Jack whom I first noticed on my walks. It was Jack's father-in-law. And it was the father-in-law, rather than Jack, who seemed a figure of literature in that ancient landscape. He seemed a Wordsworthian figure: bent, exaggeratedly bent,

going gravely about his peasant tasks, as if in an immense Lake District solitude. He walked very slowly, the bent old man; he did everything very deliberately. He had worked out his own paths across the downs, and he stuck to them. You could follow these paths even across barbed-wire fences, by the blue plastic sacks (originally containing fertilizer) that the old man had rolled around the barbed wire and then tied very tight with red nylon string, working with a thoroughness that matched his pace and deliberateness to create these safe, padded places where he could cross below the barbed wire or climb over it.

The old man first, then. And, after him, the garden—the garden in the midst of superseded things. It was Jack's garden that made me notice Jack—the people in the other cottages I never got to know, couldn't recognize, and I never knew when they moved in or moved out. But it took me some time to see the garden. So many weeks, so many walks between the whitish chalk and flint hills up to the level of the barrows to look down at



"Forty years in this business and you suddenly decide you don't like gimmickry?"

Stonehenge, so many walks just looking for hares—it took some time before, with the beginning of a new awareness of the seasons, I noticed the garden. Until then, it had simply been there, something on the walk—a marker, not to be specially noticed. And yet I loved landscape—trees, flowers, clouds—and was responsive to changes of light and temperature.

I noticed his hedge first of all. It was well clipped, and tight in the middle but ragged in places at ground level. I felt, from the clipping, that the gardener would have liked that hedge to be tight all over, to be complete, like a wall of brick or timber or some kind of man-fashioned material. The hedge marked the boundary between Jack's fruit-and-flower garden and the driveway, which was very wide here—bare ground around the cottages and the farm buildings, and nearly always soft or muddy. In winter, the long puddles reflected the sky between stretches of black, tractor-marked mud. For a few days in summer, that black mud dried out, turned hard and white and dusty. So for a few days in

the summer the hedge that ran the length of Jack's garden was white with chalk dust for a foot or so above the ground; in winter it was spattered with mud, drying out white or gray.

The hedge hid nothing. As you came down the hill with the wind-break, you could see it all. The old rust-and-black farm buildings in the background; the gray plastered cottages in front of them; the grounds or gardens in front of the cottages; the emptiness or no man's land in front of the cottage grounds or gardens. And, besides Jack's garden, Jack's hedge: a little wall of mud-spattered green, abrupt in the openness of the driveway, like a vestige, a memory of another kind of house and garden and street—a token of something complete, something ideal.

Technically, the gardens were at the front of the cottages. In fact, by long use the back of the cottages had become the front, and the front gardens had really become back gardens. But Jack, with the same instinct that made him grow and carefully clip (and so abruptly end) that hedge beside the

droveway, treated his garden like a front garden. A paved path with a border of some sort ran from his front door all the way down the middle of his garden. This should have led to a gate, a pavement, a street. There was a gate; but this gate, set in a wide-meshed wire-netting fence, led only to a wire-fenced patch of earth that was forked over every year: it was here that Jack planted out his annuals. In front of this was the empty area, the no man's land between the droveway and the beginning of the cultivated down. Jack's ducks and geese had their sheds in that area, which was messy with dung and feathers. Though they were not penned in, the ducks and geese never strayed far; they just walked back and forth across the droveway.

Hedge, garden, planting bed for annuals, a plot for ducks and geese; and beyond that, and stretching along in front of the ground reserved for the two other cottages, just where the land began to slope up to the farm's machine-cultivated fields, was the area where Jack grew his vegetables. Every piece of ground was separate. Jack didn't see his setting as a whole. But he saw its component parts very clearly; and everything he tended answered the special idea he had of that thing. The hedge was regularly clipped, the garden was beautiful and clean and full of changing color, and the goose plot was dirty, with roughly built sheds and enamel basins and bowls and discarded earthenware sinks. Like a medieval village in miniature, all the various pieces of the garden Jack had established around the old farm buildings. This was Jack's style, and it was this that suggested to me (falsely, as I got to know soon enough) the remnant of an old peasantry surviving here like the butterflies among the explosions of Salisbury Plain.

So much of this I saw with the literary eye, or with the aid of literature. I heard on the radio one morning that in the days of the Roman Empire geese could be walked to market all the way from the province of Gaul to Rome. After this, the high-headed, dung-dropping geese that strutted across the muddy, rutted way at the bottom of the valley and could be quite aggressive at times—Jack's geese—developed a kind of historical life for me, something that went beyond the ideas of medieval peasantry, old English country ways, and the drawings of geese in children's books. And when, one year, longing for Shake-

THE HOUSATONIC AT FALLS VILLAGE

1. MARRIAGE

In a landscape of abstractions, it has its place.
The carp have been abstracted from the water,
The carp lie weeping in their wicker basket.
They are weeping for marriage and for divorce,
For the clear jelly that holds the roe together,
And for the smoky pulse of milt that quickens and scatters,
For the bright hook dancing its doughball
In front of their bobbling lips. In the windy sunlight,
The numberless hinges of their bodies stiffen.

2. ROMANCE

It, too, has its place: here, where the others
Are always absent at just the right moment,
A waterfall etches its acids into gray rock
Strewn with the threat of copperheads—dull somniacs
Pouring like honey from one ledge to another.
Are they calligraphy or parable? A diver
Scales the steep face of the cliff to its summit,
Turns, and then folds himself cleanly into the water.

—CHARLES MARTIN

speare, longing to be put in touch with the early language, I returned to "King Lear" for the first time in more than twenty years and read, in Kent's railing speech, "Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot," the words were quite clear to me: Sarum plain, Salisbury Plain; Camelot, Winchester—just twenty miles away. And I felt that with the help of Jack's geese—creatures with perhaps an antiquity in the droveway lands which Jack would not have guessed—I had arrived at an understanding of something in "King Lear" that, according to the editor of the text I read, commentators had found obscure.

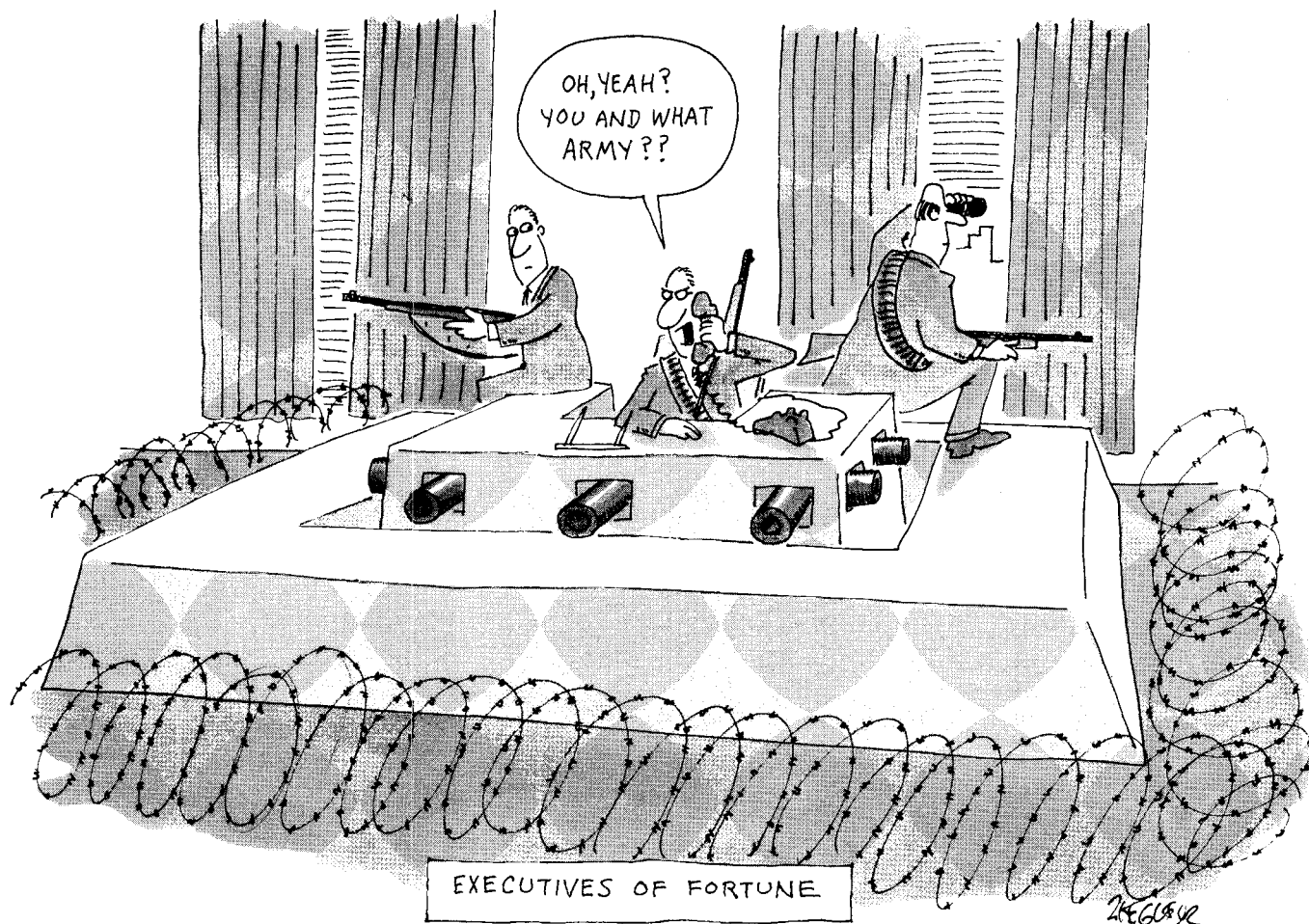
The solitude of the walk, the emptiness of that stretch of the downs enabled me to surrender to my way of looking, to indulge my linguistic or historical fantasies; and enabled me, at the same time, to shed the nerves of being a stranger in England. Daily, I

walked in the wide grassy way that led to Stonehenge—perhaps in the old days a processional way. Daily, I climbed up from the bottom of the valley to the crest of the way and the view: the stone circles directly ahead, down below, but still far away—gray against green, and sometimes lit up by the sun. Going up the grassy way (and though willing to admit that the true processional path might have been elsewhere), I never ceased to imagine myself a man of those bygone times, climbing up to have this confirmation that all was well with the world.

On the hill with ancient barrows, larks bred, and behaved like the larks of poetry. "And drown'd in yonder living blue the lark becomes a sightless song." It was true: the birds rose and rose, in almost vertical flight. I suppose I had heard larks before, but these were the first larks I noticed, the first I watched and listened to. They were another lucky find of my solitude, another unexpected gift. And that became my mood. When I grew to see the wild roses and hawthorn on my walk, I didn't see the windbreak they grew beside as a sign of the big landowners who had left their mark on the solitude, had preserved it, had planted the woods in certain places—I didn't think of the landowners. My mood was purer: I thought of these single-petalled roses and sweet-smelling blossoms at the side of the road as wild and natural growths.

One autumn day—the days shortening, filling me with thoughts of winter





pleasures, fires and evening lights and books—I felt something like a craving to read of winter in “Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,” a poem I had read more than twenty years before, at Oxford, as part of the Middle English course. The hips and the haws beside the windbreak, the red berries of this dead but warm time of year, made me want to read again about the winter journey in that old poem. And I read the poem on the bus back from Salisbury, where I had gone to buy it. So in tune with the landscape had I become, in that solitude, for the first time in England.

Of literature and antiquity and the landscape, Jack and his garden and his geese and his cottage and his father-in-law seemed emanations.

IT was his father-in-law I noticed first. And it was his father-in-law I met first. I met him quite early on, while I was still exploring, and before I had settled on a regular daily route. He was fantastically, absurdly bent, as though his back had been created for the carrying of loads. A strange croaking came out of him when he spoke to me. It was amazing that, speaking like

that, he should attempt speech with a stranger. But more amazing were his eyes, the eyes of this bent man: they were bright and alive and mischievous. In his cadaverous face, of a curious gray color—a swarthinness that made me think of “gypsy” origins—with a bristle, almost a down, of white on cheek and chin, these eyes were a wonder and a reassurance: that in spite of the accident that had permanently damaged his spine the personality of the man remained sound.

He croaked. “Dogs? Dogs?” That was what the croaking sounded like. He stopped, raised his head like a turtle. He croaked; he raised a finger of authority. He seemed to say, “Dogs? Dogs?” And it needed only an echoing word from me—“Dogs?”—for him to subside, be again a bent old man minding his own business. His eyes dimmed; his head sank down. “Dogs,” he muttered, the word choking in his throat. “Worry pheasants.” Beside the lane, and in the shelter of trees, were hedge-high cages with pheasants. It was new to me to see that these apparently wild creatures were in fact reared a little like back-yard chickens. He subsided; the brightness in his eyes

went out. And I never heard him speak again.

Our paths never really crossed. I saw him occasionally in the distance. Once, I saw him actually with a load of wood on his bent back: Wordsworthian, the subject of a poem Wordsworth might have called “The Fuel-Gatherer.” He walked very slowly, yet in that slowness, that deliberation, there was conviction: he had set himself a task he certainly intended to finish. There was something animal-like about his routine. Like a rat, he seemed to have a “run,” though it wasn’t clear to me what (apart from looking after the pheasants) he did on the land.

The driveway, the way at the foot of the ancient river valley, was very wide. When I first went walking, it was unfenced. In my first year, or the second, the wide way was narrowed. A barbed-wire fence was put up. It ran down the middle of the way, where the way was long and straight; and the sturdy green fence posts (the thicker ones stoutly buttressed) and the taut lines of barbed wire made me feel that although the life of the valley was just beginning for me, I was also at

the end of the thing I had come upon.

How sad it was to lose that sense of width and space! It caused me pain. But already I had grown to live with the idea that things changed; already I lived with the idea of decay. (I had always lived with this idea. It was like my curse: the idea, which I had had even as a child in Trinidad, that I had come into the world past its peak.) Already, I lived with the idea of death, the idea—impossible for a young person to possess, to hold in his heart—that one's time on earth, one's life, was a short thing. These ideas, of a world in decay, a world subject to constant change, and of the shortness of human life, made many things bearable.

I saw the farm manager making his rounds in a Land-Rover. I saw the modern grain barn at the top of the hill. I saw the windbreak up and down that hill and saw that it had been recently planted, with the pines growing faster than the beeches they were intended to protect (and already creating something like a strip of woodland, with a true woodland litter of fallen branches and dead wood). I saw the hand of man, but didn't sufficiently take it in, preferring to see what I wanted to see: the great geography of the plain here, with the downs and the old river valley, far from the course of the present, smaller river. I saw the antiquity; I saw the debris of the old farmyard.

In this way of seeing at that time what I wanted to see, I was a little like Jack's father-in-law, who ignored the new fence that cut at many places into segments of his "run" across the driveway. He ignored the new gates (they were few) and stuck to his run, creating stiles and steps and padded passing-places over and through the barbed wire. The odd zigzag of the old man's run was now revealed, as were its widest limits: from the pheasant cages on the muddy, shaded lane on the far side of the hill with the new barn, down that lane, across the driveway, and all the way up a scrub-bordered field to the old wood on the northern slope.

A whole life, a whole enduring personality, was expressed in that run. And so strong were the reminders of the old man's presence, so much of his spirit appeared to hover over his run—over his stiles and steps and those oddly placed rolled-up plastic sacks, even those he had rolled up and tied long ago and which were shredding now, plastic without its shine, blue turning to white—that it was some time before it occurred to me that I had not seen him for a while. And then I understood that what I had been seeing for many weeks past, many months past, was his relics.

He had died. There had been no one to record the fact publicly, to pass the

news on. And long afterward, on the fences growing older themselves, those plastic wraps or pads continued to bleach and shred away. Still with us, like the debris at the bottom of the valley—the roofless walls of the ruined house, the antiquated farm machinery below young silver birches, the other machinery and discarded timber and metal below the beech trees at the back of the old farm buildings. And it was a good while later that I got to know that the old man had lived and died in Jack's house, and that he was Jack's father-in-law.

I had seen Jack at work in his vegetable allotment, the plot beyond the cottage front gardens. I had noticed the odd elegance of his trimmed, pointed beard. And though his personality was at once clearer than the personalities of the other farm workers (theirs were at least half expressed by their tractors or their tractors' tasks, steadily, swath by swath, altering the color or texture of a vast field), Jack had at first been a figure in the landscape to me, no more. As no doubt I also was to him: a stranger, a walker—someone exercising an old public right-of-way on what was now private land.

But after some time—after many weeks, when he felt, perhaps, that the effort wouldn't be wasted—he adopted me. And from a great distance, as soon as he saw me, he would boom out a greeting, which came over less as defined words than as a deliberate making of noise in the silence.

I saw him more clearly when he worked in the garden at the front (or back) of his cottage, and most clearly of all when he worked in his wire-fenced bedding-out plot, turning over the soft, dark, much-sifted earth below an old hawthorn tree. That brought back very old memories to me, of Trinidad, of a small house my father had once built on a hill, and of a garden he had tried to get started in a patch of cleared bush: old memories of dark, wet, warm earth and green things growing—old instincts, old de-



"This has been quite a season for Zobrowsky—a hundred and twenty-nine receptions, sixteen touchdowns, a B-plus in English, a B in philosophy, an A in political science, and a B-minus in French!"

lights. And I had an immense feeling for Jack, for the strength and curious delicacy of his forking-and-sifting gesture, the harmony of hand and foot. I saw, too, as the months went by, his special, exaggerated style with clothes: bare-backed in summer at the first hint of sun, muffled up as soon as the season turned. I grew to see his clothes as emblematic of the particular season.

And then, one day, he stopped in his car on the steep hill from the farm buildings up beside the windbreak to the barn. Jack and the other cottagers had motorcars; without cars they would not have been able to live easily in those cottages, for the cottages were too far from the public road and many miles from shops. I believe that the postman called only once a week.

I had heard the car and stood aside. It was what you had to do on this narrow farm lane. (If you wished to hide, you could stand in the windbreak itself, among the beeches and pines, in the shaded litter of fallen branches.) It was from this stepping aside and watching them

pass in their cars or tractors that I had got to know the farm workers. And they, after the solitude of their tractor cabs and the downs, were invariably ready for a wave and a smile. It was the limit of communication; there was really nothing to add to the wave, the smile, the human acknowledgment. So it now turned out with Jack, though this stopping in his own car, in his free time, was special. We looked at each other, examined each other, made noises rather than talked.

I had always noticed his pointed beard. Seeing him from a distance, I had thought of this beard as part of a young man's dash. Seeing him digging, considering his height, the depth of his chest, the sturdiness of his legs, his upright, easy walk, I had thought of him as a young man. But I saw now that his beard was almost gray; he was in his late forties perhaps.

His eyes were faraway. It was his eyes, oddly obstreperous, oddly jumpy,



"I dreamed last night that we two-hundred-dollared Mr. Ferguson to death."

that gave him away—that said that he was after all a farm worker, that in another setting, in a more crowded or competitive place, he might have sunk. And the discovery was a little disconcerting, because (after I had got rid of the idea that he was a remnant of an old peasantry) I had found in that beard of his, and in his bearing—his upright, easy, elegant walk—the attributes of a man with a high idea of himself, a man who had out of principle turned away from other styles of life.

We had had little to say, but a neighborliness had been established between us, and it continued to be expressed in his shout from afar.

His garden taught me about the seasons, and I got to know in a new way things I must have seen many times before. I saw the blossom come on his well-pruned apple trees, got to know the color of the blossom, carried it in my mind (and was able therefore al-

ways to recall it), attached it to a particular time of year; saw the small fruit form, hang green, grow with the rest of the garden, and then turn color.

I saw a fertility that at first did not seem possible in this chalky, flinty soil, which in the summer could show white. In England, I was not a gardener and had not taken much interest in the little front gardens I had seen (and saw even now, from the bus into Salisbury). Looking at those gardens, I saw only colors, and was barely able visually to disentangle one plant from another. But afternoon by afternoon I considered Jack's garden, noticing his labor, and looking to see what his labor brought forth. I saw with the eyes of pleasure. But knowledge came slowly to me. It was not like the almost instinctive knowledge that had come to me as a child of the plants and flowers of Trinidad; it was like learning a second language. If I had known then what I know now, I would be



"At last we own our own apartment. I feel like a king."

able to reconstruct the seasons of Jack's garden or gardens. But I can remember only simple things, like the bulbs of spring; the planting out of annuals, like marigolds and petunias; the delphiniums and lupines of high summer; and flowers like the gladiolus, which, to my delight, flourished in both the climate of England and the tropical climate of Trinidad. There were also the roses, trained about tall, stout poles, with hundreds of blooms; and then, on those small apple trees, always pruned down, the wonder of the fruit swelling in the autumn, touched in that cool season with the warmest tints, and looking like the apple trees in a children's book or a schoolbook seen long ago.

At the back of his cottage, there was a greenhouse. It looked like the greenhouses advertised in newspapers and magazines, and may have been bought by mail order. In this greenhouse, with its straight lines, new wood, and

clear glass, Jack grew the overcultivated flowers and plants of the English greenhouse—the extraordinary fuchsias, for example, which were thought to be so pretty.

So many things to look after! So many different things to grow at different times! Jack, it seemed, was looking for labor, looking for tasks, seeking to keep himself busy. And then it came to me that more than busyness, the filling of the day, was involved, and more than money, the extra money Jack might have made from selling his plants and vegetables. It seemed that in that patch of ground, amid the derelict buildings of a superseded kind of farming, Jack had found fulfillment.

My wonder at the satisfactions of his life—a man in his own setting, as I thought (to me an especially happy condition), a man in tune with the seasons and his landscape—turned to envy one Sunday afternoon when, go-

ing out after lunch for my walk, I saw Jack's little car bumping about toward his cottage along the wide, rutted driveway, and not doing the more usual thing of coming down the paved lane beside the windbreak. He had been to the pub. His face was inflamed. His shout when he saw me—and he seemed to lean out of the car window—was wonderfully hearty.

Sunday! But why had he chosen to turn off at the grassy driveway? Why hadn't he driven the half a mile or so farther up to the more usual way in, easier for his car—the paved (though broken) lane that led straight up the hill to the new barn and then directly down to the cottage? Was it drunkenness? Was it his wish to bang about the driveway? Or was it his fear of the narrow road winding on a ledge above the sharp drop down to the river, with two or three blind corners? It was probably, in his own mind, his Sunday

drive, the climax of the extended pub hour. The pleasures of beer on a Sunday! They were like the pleasures of work in his garden as a free man.

HERE was an unchanging world—so it would have seemed to the stranger. So it seemed to me when I first became aware of it: the country life, the slow movement of time. But that idea of an unchanging life was wrong. Change was constant. People died; people grew old; people changed houses; houses came up for sale. That was one kind of change. My own presence in the valley, in the cottage of the manor, was an aspect of another kind of change. The barbed-wire fence down the straight stretch of the driveway—that also was change. Everyone was aging; everything was being renewed or discarded.

Not long after I got to know this world, I began to see change coming to it. The elderly couple in the

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DAVID HAYES



thatched pink-walled cottage on the public road—a cottage with a rich rose hedge, and a wire-framed figure of a reed or straw pheasant on the roof—left. In their place came strangers, a whole family. Town people, I heard. The man had come to work on the farm as a cowman or dairyman. Dairymen—their labor constant and unchanging: seeing a large number of cows through the milking machines twice a day, every day—were the most temperamental of farm workers; some of them were itinerants, wanderers.

The new dairyman was an ugly man. His wife was also ugly. And there was a pathos about their ugliness. Ugliness had come to ugliness for mutual support; but there had been little comfort as a result.

The story about the new family in the cottage—picked up from certain things said by Bray, the car-hire man, their near neighbor; from things said by the people who looked after the nanor; and from words occasionally spoken on the afternoon shopping bus that went to Salisbury—was that the new dairyman and his family had had a rough time in a town somewhere and had been “saved” by coming to the valley.

The man was tall, young, with a long head, thin-haired—with a heaviness rather than a coarseness about his features. He had the face of a man who had endured abuse. But it was still a young face. His wife looked aged; whatever it was the family had endured had marked her face. She could have passed as his mother. Where his face and head were long, he was square-faced; and her square face was crushed, wrinkled. She wore rimless glasses (an unexpected attempt at style). She was withdrawn. In time, miles came to her husband's face. But I never saw her smile.

What terrors must there have been in the town for them! How could people like these, without words to put on their emotions and passions, manage? They could, at best, only suffer dumbly. Their pains and humiliations would work themselves out in their



“God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.”

characters alone—like evil spirits possessing a body, so that the body itself might appear innocent of what it did.

This couple had two children, boys. The elder had something of his father's abused, put-upon look; but there was about him an added touch of violence, of mischief, of unconscious wickedness. The younger boy was more like his mother. Though he was very small and neat in his schoolboy's gray flannel suit, he already had something of his mother's distant, withdrawn air.

There was a bus that, leaving Salisbury in the early afternoon, served as a school bus for the little towns and villages just to the north. It picked up young children from the elementary schools in one direction, and then on the way back it picked up bigger children from the secondary schools. This bus picked up both the dairyman's boys. I sometimes used the bus myself. Life in the valley being what it was, this gave me my closest look at the boys. And I began to feel that, though the boys might have been “saved” by the valley, as people said, the ways of the town pressed on them still.

The older children, though noisy, were generally well mannered. It was their custom when the bus was full for one or another of them to stand and offer his seat to an adult; rebellion with them sometimes took the modest form of delaying the gesture. The dairyman's elder son added another

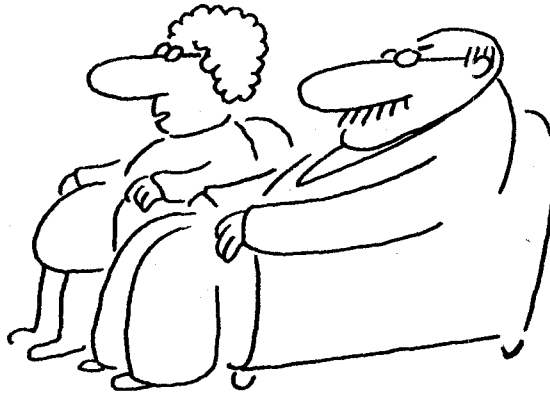
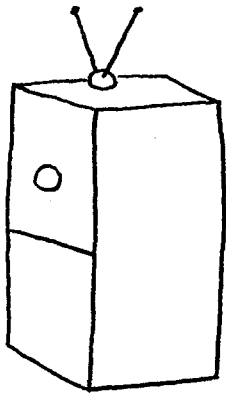
tone or mood to the school bus. Noisiness became rowdiness; and one day I saw him not only refusing to stand but also continuing to keep his feet on the seat beside him. He was embarrassed when I got on the bus—I was a neighbor, I knew his house and his parents. But he was also among his friends, and he couldn't let himself down.

The bus dropped us both off in the shade of the great manor yews, near his house and mine.

I said, “Peter.”

He stood to attention, like a cadet or a boy in a reformatory, threw back his head, and said, “Sir!” As though expecting at the very least a slap, and at the same time not truly intending apology or respect. In that reaction, which made me nervous, I felt I had a glimpse of his past, and saw his need for aggression, his only form of self-assertion. I didn't know how to go on with him; I didn't particularly want to. I didn't say any more.

The dairyman and his family were being saved by the job, their life in the valley, which so many people wished to live in. But they stood out. And they were wrecking the garden of the pretty pink cottage they had taken over. It wasn't (as with Peter on the bus) a wish to offend; it was ignorance—not knowing, not beginning to imagine, that the way they lived at home could be of interest to anyone. Part of their new freedom was the



C. Barcott

"As I recall, Leonard, when we first watched 'The Honeymooners' you said that it marked the decline and fall of Western culture."

country secrecy, the freedom from observation, which they (like me, at the beginning) thought they had found in the dark, empty road and the big, empty fields.

Out of that freedom, that new, ignorant pleasure in country life, some curious gypsy or horse-dealing instinct came to the dairyman. He bought a run-down white horse and kept it in a small field beside the public road. The animal was a wretched creature, and was made more wretched now by its solitude; it had soon cropped the grass of its small field right down. It was spiritless, idle; people on the bus commented on its state.

And then something else occurred to make the dairyman talked about. His cows broke loose one evening. They wandered about the road, trampled over fields, a few gardens, and the lawn of the manor in front of my cottage.

And then one day, again in front of my cottage, down the path on the other side of the lawn the dairyman led a hairy brown-and-white pony, thick-legged and thick-necked, to the paddock at the back. And there one afternoon (after schooltime) the dairyman and his son Peter gelded and mutilated the pony, and then they led the bleeding animal back past the window of my cottage to the dark lane below the yews and then to the public road. Did they know what they were doing? Had they been trained? Or had they just been told that the gelding was something they should do?

I never actually heard, but I believe the pony died. It was the cruelty of a man who looked after animals. Not

absolute cruelty: more a casualness, the attitude of a man who looked after lesser, dependent creatures, superintending the entire cycle of their lives—capable of tenderness, yet living easily with the knowledge that though a cow might have produced so many calves and given so much milk it would one day have to be dispatched to the slaughterhouse in a covered trailer.

They had been "saved," that town family. (Was it Bristol they had come from? Or Swindon? How fearful those towns seemed to working people here! And fearful to me, too, though for different reasons.) But their life in the country was not as secret or unobserved as they may have thought. They were perhaps more judged now than they had been in the town. And the feeling began to grow—I heard comments on the bus, and more comments were reported to me by the couple who looked after the manor—that it was time for them, so noticeable, causing so many kinds of offense, to leave.

From Bray, the car-hire man, who liked being odd man out a little himself, I heard the only thing in their favor. Bray came one evening to rescue a starling that had got into the loft of my cottage and couldn't get out again. Bray did the job easily. Then, talking of his neighbors, he said of the dairyman's elder boy, "He's very good with birds, you know."

Bray was holding both his hands around the frightened, glossy, blue-black bird he had brought down—holding both heavy hands together so that the bird rested on his broad fingers and the bird's head protruded

from the circle formed by his index fingers and thumbs. The two hands could have crushed the bird with one easy gesture but only Bray's thumb moved, stroking the bird's head, slowly, one thumb after the other, until the bird appeared to be looking about itself again. Bray thought he had turned the ground in front of his house into a motor mechanic's yard, was a countryman. His talk about birds and their habits seemed to come from his childhood—all most from another age. And I wondered how an understanding of birds like Bray's understanding

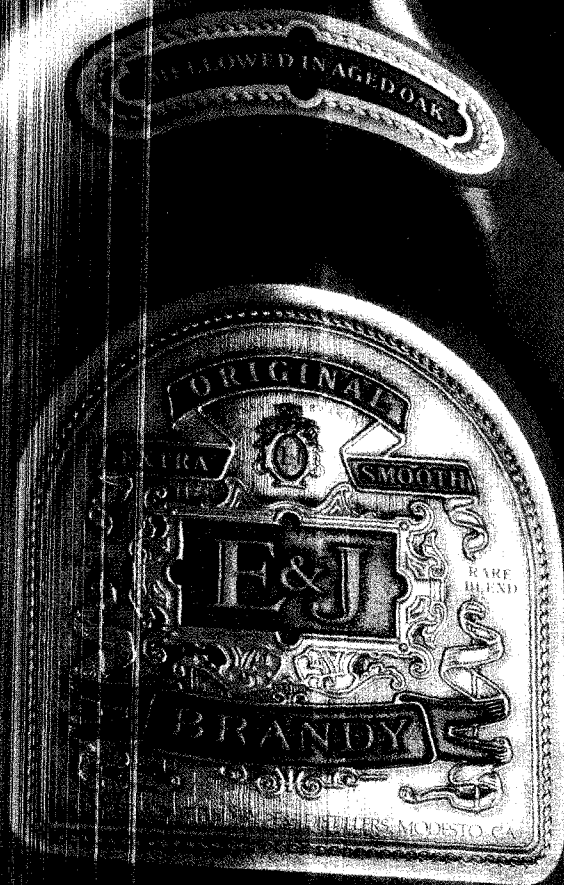
could have come to the dairyman's son.

In place of the brown-and-white pony in the paddock, there came a very tall, elegant horse. He was a famous old racehorse, I heard. I don't think his appearance in the paddock had anything to do with the dairyman. Some local landowner—perhaps even the man who, indirectly, was going to get rid of the dairyman—may have been responsible.

The name of the animal and his great fame I didn't know. Nor, from simply looking at him, could I tell his great age. But he was very old; he had only a few months or weeks to live; he had come to the valley to die. He still looked muscular and glossy to me; he was like certain sportsmen or athletes who even in age, when strength and agility have gone, retain something of the elegance of the body they trained for so long. And, hearing about the fame of this animal, his triumphs and great record, I found myself indulging in anthropomorphic questions when I considered him in the paddock. Did he know who he was? Did he know where he was? Did he mind? Did he miss the crowds?

I went one day to the very edge of the manor grounds to look at the horse: past the tall grass; the big spread of stacked-up, wet beech leaves slowly turning to compost; the mossed-over, mildewed apple trees with a glimpse of the rest of the forested orchard to one side. The old racehorse turned his head toward me in a curious way. And then I saw with pain and nervousness, that he was blind in his left eye. As I ap

E&J



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OCTOBER 6, 1986

proached, he had had to swivel his head to look at me with his bright and trusting right eye, still to me not at all like an old eye.

How tall he was! And it was only now, close to him, that I saw that his coat had been glossier and more even, that his muscles had been firmer. This animal had grown used to the attentions and kindness of men. It was restful to be close to him. So much more painful, then, to see the blind side of his head. The eye had been taken out altogether, and skin had grown over the socket. The skin there was quite whole, so that on the blind side the horse's head was like sculpture.

I had an oblique view from my cottage sitting room of the paddock and the water meadows beyond. The water meadows were now the cows' grazing area, and twice a day the cows came out there after milking, swaying heavily in the wet fields (and sometimes preferring to walk in the ditches). Twice or four times a day, then, calling his cows in or sending them out, the dairyman saw the old horse.

The sight of the horse—noble, famous, partly blind, standing alone—had its effect on him. And he, who had mangled a spirited young pony in the same paddock; he, on whom the axe was about to fall (the town from which he had been rescued was the place to which he and his family would soon have to go back); he whose own life was so full of torment—he worked himself up into a state about the abandoned horse (as he saw it), so close to death.

He came to my cottage one Sunday evening. He had never come to the cottage before. Some friends had called, he said, and they had talked about the horse and the tragedy of its last days. So famous, so pampered earner once of so much money; and now alone in a small, roughly fenced paddock, waiting for death, without crowds or acclaim. It wasn't fair, the dairyman said. It was terrible for him seeing that every day.

Who were these friends he had been talking to? What kind of people were they his wife's friends as well? Did they come from that town where things had gone wrong for the dairyman? Did the friends know that their own friend was about to get the sack and had they come to commiserate? Or had they just come for the day in the country?

What the dairyman had come to ask, almost in tears at the end of this Sunday afternoon with his friends, was

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THE NEW YORKER

that I should help to "get a book off the ground" about the old racehorse, to do justice to the old animal.

I gave him no encouragement. His sentimentality frightened me. It was the sentimentality of a man who could give himself the best of reasons for doing strange things.

In a short time, the horse ceased to be in the paddock. He had died. Like so many deaths here in this small village, like so many big events, it seemed to happen offstage.

The winter turned unexpectedly mild. The sun came out, a kind of blossom came out. When I went for my walk, I met the dairyman coming down the hill from the barn. He smiled broadly—he had forgotten about the horse. He turned around and waved at the hillside. He said, "May in February!" He didn't mean the month of May; he meant may, the blossom of the hawthorn. It was the last expression of delight in country things I heard from him. There was an element of acting about it; he was like a man living up to a role that had been given him.

And he was wrong. What had come out at the top of the hill was not the hawthorn but the blackthorn. At the top of the hill, on a long lateral lane, broken by the paved farm road and the windbreak, there was a line of blackthorn trees. The morning sun struck full on these trees, on the side you saw as you came up the hill from the public road. And in the sudden mildness the trees had turned white with blossom above the black winter mud and the puddles created by the tractor wheels.

THE dairyman and his family left—unnoticed, quietly. One week, they were there, noticeable, in possession of the house and garden; the next week, the house felt empty, became more purely a house again, and seemed to be touched again with something of its country-cottage character.

And there were bigger changes. The farm manager retired; he was no longer to be seen with his dog making his rounds in a Land-Rover. The farm passed into new hands. And soon there was new activity: more tractors, more farm machinery, a greater busyness.

The winter that seemed to have retreated so early that year returned. At last, the true spring came. It touched Jack's garden. But—though all around was activity, on down and driveway and field lane, with tractors of new design and brighter colors—



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there was no human celebration in Jack's plots of ground, nothing of the rituals I had grown to expect.

The mud-spattered, autumn-clipped hedge burst into life, and the apple trees and the shrubs and the rose-bushes; but there was no controlling hand now. No cutting back and tying up; no weeding; nothing done in the greenhouse. No work on the vegetable plot: scattered growths of green there, stray roots and seeds. No turning over of the earth in the bedding-out plot below the old hawthorn tree. Smoke rose from the chimney of Jack's cottage while his garden ran wild. Only the geese and ducks continued to be looked after.

And all around was activity and change. The pink cottage had another couple—young people, in their twenties. The man did not work in the dairy. He was a more general kind of farm worker, and he was like the other workers the new management had brought in. They were young people, these new farm workers, educated up to a point—some of them, perhaps, with diplomas from technical schools. They dressed with care; clothes—the new styles in clothes—were important to them. They were not particularly friendly. They may have been reflecting the seriousness and modernity of the new management; or they may have been anxious to make the point that, though they did farm workers' jobs, they were not exactly that kind of person.

The man in the pink cottage had a new, or newish, car. On fine afternoons, his wife sunbathed in the ruined garden, seemingly careless of showing her breasts. She was a short woman with heavy thighs. The contemporary fashions she followed didn't flatter her figure; they made her look heavy, badly proportioned, a little absurd. But one day I saw how the long dresses of an earlier era, with high, narrow waists and full hips, might have been absolutely right for her, would have made her voluptuous. And I felt that this was how she saw herself—as immensely desirable—and that this sunbathing in the wreck of the garden, this care of what had at first seemed to me a slack, heavy body, was something she might have thought she owed to her beauty. The new car, her husband's careful clothes—these were further tributes.

New people—young people as well—took over the two other cottages in Jack's row at the bottom of the valley. New brooms down there, in both cot-

tages: they swept clean. They dug up what had been left behind in both gardens, levelled the ground, and planted grass.

Jack's garden was wild.

I saw Jack's wife outside the cottage one day. She said, talking of her new neighbors but making no gestures that might have betrayed her, "Have you seen? All lawn, my dear."

The turn of speech, the irony, was a surprise. I had never thought Jack's wife capable of such things; but then I had thought of her—and she seemed to have been content to be regarded—as an appendage of Jack's.

"And the horses," she said.

The people in the middle cottage had a horse.

I said, "How's Jack?"

"He's all right, you know. He's working again."

"There's a lot for him to do in the garden."

She said, "You think so?"

As though I had said something untrue. Why did she want to deny what was so obvious? We were standing outside the garden. Had I mentioned something she felt I shouldn't have mentioned? Was I putting a curse on the sick man?

Because Jack was sick. Though she said he was working again, he was not well. And intermittently all that summer, for two or three weeks at a time, even on those sunny days which in previous years he would have celebrated by working bare-backed in his garden, the smoke rose from one of the chimneys of the cottage, like a symbol of his sickness, like a sign of the cold he felt, the sick man in his room. While the new farm workers, young men with young wives, drove up and down the big fields in their new tractors, and went out in their new, or newish, cars after work.

Jack's wife commented gently, ironically, on the changes. But she seemed



more and more to accept that Jack's hold on his job, his cottage, and his garden was going, and that her own time there was coming to an end.

His car stopped beside me one day. It was the first time I had seen him since the previous autumn. His face was waxen. I knew the word from books. But never till now, seeing what it described on a white face, had I truly understood the word. All the brown of Jack's face, all the sun to which he had exposed himself in his garden, had gone. His skin was white and smooth, and it seemed to have the texture and false color of waxen fruit; it was as though a bloom, as on a plum, covered the living skin. His beard was trimmed and neat. Yet even that had a waxen, almost waxed, quality. Not many words: quiet words of greeting, friendship, reassurance. His obstreperous eyes were quiet, too. Wax. And the smoke came out of his cottage chimney in the autumn and in the winter; and then it stopped.

THE lane that led up the hill to the new barn and then down to the cottages and old farm buildings—the lane beside the windbreak of beech and pine and the subsidiary hedge of field rose and hawthorn—had grown rough and broken. You could easily have turned your ankle on it. The new farm management began to have that lane mended, resurfaced, in the spring.

Men and machines came one week, and a level black layer of mixed asphalt and gravel was quickly laid down in a few days. The black color and the machine finish looked new and unnatural next to the tufted grass of the verges. I didn't like the change. I felt it threatened what I had found and what I had just begun to enter. I didn't like the new busyness, the new machines, the machine-logging of the hawthorn and wild rose, which left them looking damaged. And I didn't want that new surface on the farm lane to hold. I looked for cracks and flaws in it, and hoped that the little abrasions and water erosions I noticed would spread and make it impossible—fantasy taking over from logic—for the machines to lay down a new asphalt mixture. Of course, I knew my fantasy was fantasy: though the farm was set among ruins of many sorts, reminders of the impermanence of men's doings, there was another side to men's work. Men came back, men went on, men did and did again.

The winter came; the lane held. There was a blizzard on Christmas

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Day, with the wind blowing from the northwest. I found when I went out, in the early afternoon, that the snow had been blown into a drift in the windbreak. A bank of snow, then, beside the lane; and in the lee of every tree trunk, every sturdy twig, every obstacle, there was a sharp ridge that indicated the direction of the wind.

The shape and texture of this snow-drift reminded me of a climate quite different: of a Trinidad beach where shallow streams—fresh water mingled with salt, salt predominating or lessening according to the tides—ran from tropical woodland to the sea. These streams rose and subsided with the tide. Water flowed now from the sea to the pools of the woodland river, now in the other direction. At every low tide, the streams cut fresh channels in the freshly laid sand, created fresh sand cliffs, which then, when the tide began to rise again, fell neatly, segment by clean segment, into the rippled current: a geography lesson in miniature. To me, as a child, these streams always brought to mind the beginning of the world, the world before men, before the settlement of the island. (Romance and ignorance: for though there were no longer aboriginal people on the island, they had been there for millennia.)

Beyond the brow of the hill, the wind was keen; shelter was no longer provided by the hill or the windbreak. A livid-gray sky, a gray but warm dirtiness, hung over the great plain, where the barrows were like pimples: the stone circles lost in the snow, blurring the view at the edges, no sight of the colored artillery targets. At the bottom of the hill, among the farm buildings (made monumental by the snowfall), was the dead cottage of Jack: snow lying on the ground about it (the driveway there normally so muddy and black) like a great clean thing, like a remaking of the world.

The snow made for hard walking. But weather like this in this usually mild valley revived in me a wish for extremes, though it was the cold and the damp and the wet that had carried away Jack at the beginning of the year. His damaged lungs, in that damp valley bottom, had denied him warmth even in the summer. (Something else, of course, if there had been no cold or damp, would have carried him away.)

On my early walks, after having my

fill of the Henge and the barrows I had looked for hares on one slope. Then, on another hill, at another season, I had looked for larks, trying to keep them in sight as they rose and rose, lift upon lift, and watching for them as they dropped down. Now I looked for deer. A family of three had appeared in the valley, coming from no one knew where, and surviving in our well-tilled, well-grazed valley, dangerous over large tracts with military gunfire, crossed at many places by busy highways, surviving among us no one knew how.



They, the deer, had their run, too. And—in addition to my excitement at the snow and the wind—it was the hope of seeing them that led me to tramp round the farm buildings and up the driveway to a point from which there was a view of the wood and the untilled

open slope where the deer sometimes grazed. And unbelievably—my Christmas reward!—they were there, in the snow. Usually, against the wood the deer were hard to see; lower down, against the chalky green and brown of the bare slope, they were reddish brown, warm, but they had to be looked for. Now—like the rabbits of my very first week, coming out to feed on the lawn in front of my cottage—the deer were dirty-looking, gray, dark against the snow, easy marks for anyone who wished to knock them off.

I longed for those deer to survive. And they did. Toward the end of the winter, I discovered one in the wilderness at the back of my cottage, in the marshland beside the river. He was a young deer, and I caught sight of him one morning, all eyes, among the beaten-down brown reeds. And there for many mornings in succession I saw him. I stood on a rotting bridge over the black creek and looked. The secret, then, of seeing him, of keeping him where he was, was to hold his eyes and to be still oneself. As long as you looked, he looked; as soon as you moved or made a gesture, he was away, running at first through the reeds and tall grass and then giving the lovely leap that could take him clear over fences and hedges.

The spring came. The new surface of the lane up the hill held. The new life of the farm continued. And for the second year running Jack's cottage and garden were apart from the activity. His death, his funeral—like the

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death and funeral of his father-in-law some years before—seemed to have happened secretly: one of the effects of the country life, the dark road, the scattered houses, the big views. His vegetable plot, overrun with weeds, was barely noticeable. His fruit-and-flower garden grew more wild, the hedge getting taller and more open, the rosebushes long-stalked and leafy. His greenhouse at the back (really the front) became empty.

So much that had looked traditional, natural, emanations of the landscape, things that country people did—the planting out of annuals, the tending of the geese, the clipping of the hedge, the pruning of the fruit trees—now turned out not to have been traditional or instinctive after all but to have been part of Jack's way. When he wasn't there to do these things, they weren't done; there was only a ruin. The new people in the other cottages didn't do what he had done. They seemed to have little regard for their bit of cottage land. Or they saw it differently, or they had another idea of their lives.

The first year of Jack's sickness, Jack's wife had pretended that nothing had changed—that Jack's garden was still a garden. Now she didn't pretend. She was making ready to leave. And she was doing so in a matter-of-fact way. As though, after all, in spite of appearances, in spite of the antique ways of her father, in spite of Jack, little had been invested by her in that cottage, the life attached to it, and those years of the garden.

She now had no connection with the farm or the land. The local council was going to find a house or a flat for her on a housing estate in the valley or in one of the nearby towns—Amesbury, Salisbury, Shrewton, Great Wishford, or elsewhere. She would meet more people; she would be nearer the shops. She was looking forward to the move. The "traditional" life, at the bottom of the valley, in the mud and damp around the farm, far from people, where you were shut up for the evening if you didn't have a car—the traditional life hadn't been to her taste.

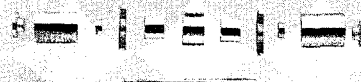
Still, she thought that Jack had had a good life. She said, "On the Christmas Eve, he got up and went to the pub, you know. He knew he was going to die, and he knew it was his last chance." She spoke quite casually, giving me this news, now more than a year old. She was just making conversation. She said, "He wanted to be with his friends for the last time."

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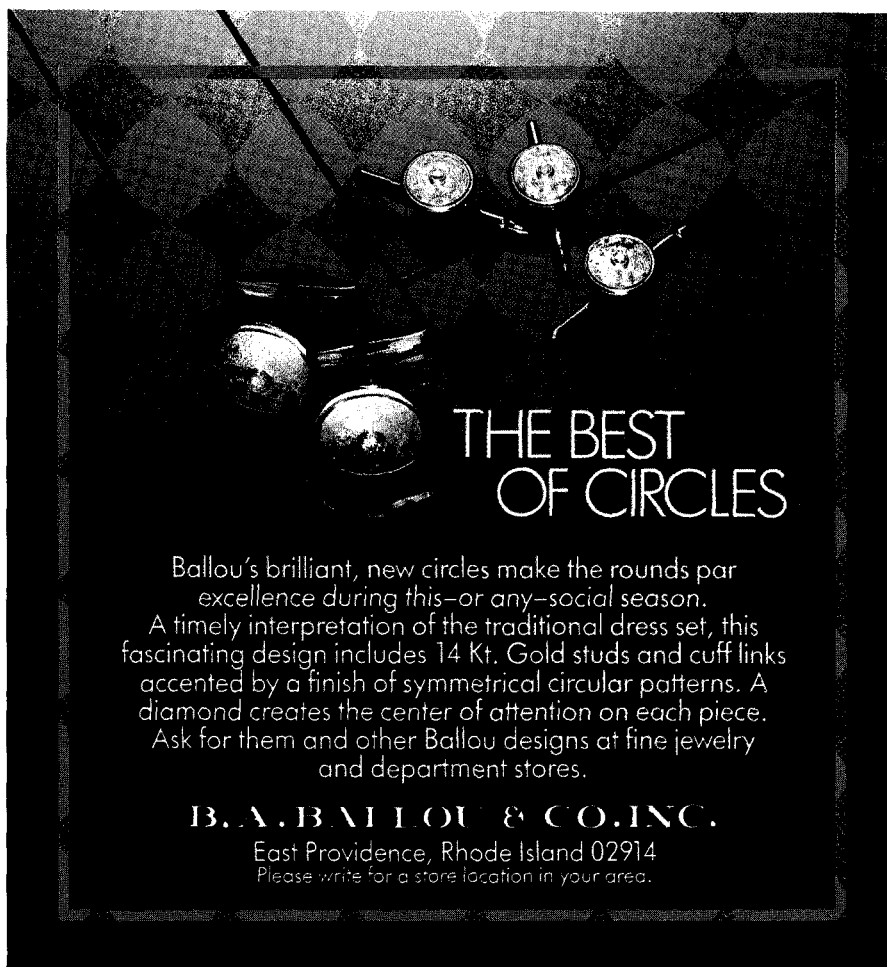
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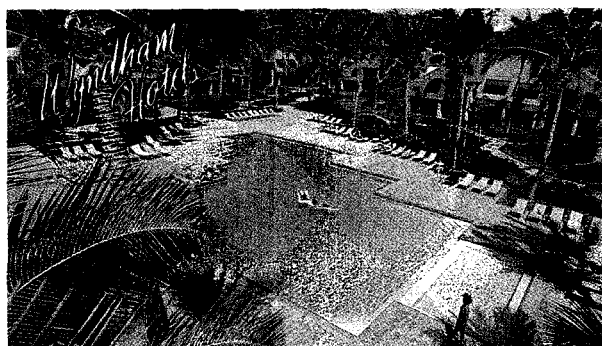
last drink; to have the final sweetness of life as he knew it. What an effort it would have taken! To have those blocks of ice for lungs; to be incapable of getting warm; to be fatigued and faint; to want nothing more than to lie down and close one's eyes and sail away into the fantasies that were claiming one. And yet he had roused himself and found the energy to dress and had driven to the pub for the holiday, before his death.

Did he drive along the lane up and down the hill beside the windbreak? Or did he, because it required less judgment, drive along the wide, rutted driveway? That way, along the driveway, would have been more likely to get him to the pub and back. But it would have shaken him up dreadfully—as I had seen him, in another mood, shaken up one spring or summer Sunday afternoon, when his shout had been touched with beer. That final trip to the pub served no cause except that of life; yet he made it appear an act of heroism: poetical.

ACROSS the lawn from my cottage, there was a small old flint building. It was covered with ivy, and the ivy was so thick and firm that pigeons roosted in it. The building was square in plan and had a pyramidal roof. This roof appeared to be open at the apex, and above that, on four stilts, was a second, miniature roof of the same pyramidal shape. I was told that the building had been a granary or storehouse and that it was some centuries old. It was not used now; I never saw anyone go into it. It was preserved for its beauty and as something from the past.

Not far from it, and still on the far side of the lawn, was a building that pretended to be a rough old farmhouse. Its walls were made up of bits of brick and stone and flint, the mixture suggesting rubble, peasant pickings. It was about fifty years old and had been put up as one of the ancillary buildings of the manor: a fives court or squash court, but built in this "picturesque" way to suit the setting. Perhaps it had been used as a squash court for some time. But—its front door permanently closed, its corrugated-iron roof sagging in places, some of the glass panes of its windows fallen out—it had no function now, had had none for many years. The life of the manor had altered; the organization had shrunk. Needs that had once ramified as if to match the resources and organization of the big house had not been

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permanent. The manor, too, had its ruins.

Between granary and mock farmhouse, and beyond the manor wall, was the church. To me, in the beginning, a church was a church, something built in a particular way, with windows of a particular shape: ideas given me by the Victorian Gothic churches I had seen in Trinidad. But I had that village church before my eyes every day; and quite soon—this new world shaping itself about me in my lucky solitude—I saw that the church was restored, and, architecturally, was as artificial as the farmhouse. Once that was seen, it was seen; the church radiated its own mood, the mood of its Victorian-Edwardian restorers. I saw the church not as "church" but as part of the wealth and security of Victorian-Edwardian times. It was like the manor to which my cottage was attached; like many of the other big houses around.

The church stood on an old site. I could believe that. Beyond the churchyard, and more or less hidden by the church itself, the old flint churchyard wall, and trees on the other side, were the sheds and buildings of the dairy. Did they also stand on an old site? I had no trouble believing that they did. Because the world—in places like this—is never absolutely new; there is always something that has gone before.

New to the valley, overwhelmed by the luck of the near-solitude I had found in this historic part of England, I had seen everything as a kind of perfection, perfectly evolved. But I had hardly begun to look, the land and its life had hardly begun to shape itself about me, when things began to change. And I had fallen back on old ideas, ideas now not so much of decay as of flux and the constancy of change, to fight the distress I felt at everything—a death, a fence, a departure—that undid or altered or threatened the perfection I had found.

It could have been said that the perfection of the house in whose grounds I lived had been arrived at forty or fifty years before, when the Edwardian house was still fairly new, its family life fuller, when the ancillary buildings had a function and the garden was looked after. But in that perfection, occurring at a time of Empire, there would have been no room

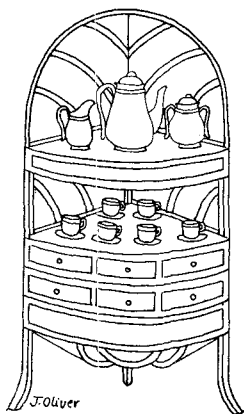
for me. The builder of the house and the designer of the garden could not have imagined, with their world view, that at a later time someone like me would be in the grounds, and would feel he was having the place—the cottage, the empty picturesque buildings around the lawn, the grounds, the wild gardens—at its peak, living in a beauty that hadn't been planned for. I liked the decay, such as it was. It gave me no wish to prune or weed or set right or remake. It couldn't last, clearly. But while it lasted it was perfection.

To see the possibility, the certainty, of ruin, even at the moment of creation: it was my temperament. Those nerves had been given me, as a child in Trinidad, partly by our family circumstances: the half-ruined or broken-down houses we lived in, our many moves, our general uncertainty. Possibly, too, this mode of feeling went deeper, and was an ancestral inheritance, something that came with the history that had made me: not only India, with its ideas of a world outside men's control, but also the colonial plantations or estates of Trinidad, to which my impoverished Indian ancestors had been transported in the last century—estates of which this Wiltshire estate, where I now lived, had been the apotheosis.

The history I carried with me, together with the self-awareness that had come with my education and ambition, had sent me into the world with a sense of glory dead; and in England had given me the rawest stranger's nerves. Now, when I was ironically—or aptly—living in the grounds of this shrunken estate, going out for my walks, those nerves were soothed, and in the wild garden and orchard beside the water meadows

I found a physical beauty perfectly suited to my temperament and answering, besides, every good idea I could have had, as a child in Trinidad, of the physical aspect of England.

The estate had been enormous, I was told. It had been created in part by the wealth of Empire. But then bit by bit it had been alienated. The family in its many branches flourished in other places. Here, in the valley, there now lived only my landlord—elderly, a bachelor—with people to look after



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him. Certain physical disabilities had now been added to the malaise that befell him years before, a malaise of which I had no precise knowledge but interpreted as something like acedia, the monk's torpor of the Middle Ages—which was how his great security, his excessive worldly blessings, had taken him. The acedia had turned him into a recluse, accessible only to his intimate friends.

I felt a great sympathy for my landlord. I felt I could understand his malaise; I saw it as the other side of my own. I did not think of my landlord as a failure. Words like "failure" and "success" didn't apply. Only a grand man or a man with a grand idea of his human worth could ignore the high money value of his estate and be content to live in its semi-ruin. My meditations on the manor were not of imperial decline. Rather, I wondered at the historical chain that had brought us together—he in his house, I in his cottage, the wild garden his taste (as I was told) and also mine.

I knew that the life I had in the manor grounds was temporary and couldn't last. The future was so easy to see: a hotel or school or foundation taking over the big house and setting the decayed grounds to rights, grounds where I now walked with such pleasure and, for the first time in my adult life—and more and more as my knowledge increased—felt in tune with the natural world. I dreaded change both here and on the driveway; and that was why, meeting distress halfway, I cultivated old, possibly ancestral ways of feeling, the sense of glory dead, and held on to the idea of a world in flux: the drum of creation in the god's right hand, the flame of destruction in his left.

So for a week or more I balanced between the two things—anxiety, the idea of flux—when I heard from beyond the churchyard the sound of a bulldozer, or something like it. The noise travelled through the ground in vibrations; it was not a noise that a window could shut out.

The cowsheds and dairy buildings beyond the churchyard were being pulled down—structures of clay tiles and red brick which had been so much part of the view as I came down the hill at the end of my walk, so natural and right, that I had not paid them too much attention. Now, with the sheds

gone, the ground looked naked and ordinary; and the water meadows at the back were exposed, and the trees on the riverbank. The clay tiles from the roofs were stacked up (and how new they looked, though the buildings had seemed to me so old). And then, very quickly, the open view was blocked out again, by a wide prefabricated cowshed with slatted timber walls.

Change! New ideas, new efficiency. Before, on the roadside at the entrance to the dairy yard there had been a wooden platform where the milk churns were placed—set at that height to be easily picked up by the milk van or truck. There were to be no churns now. There were to be refrigerated tanks, and milk was to be collected by tanker.

Next to the metal-walled barn at the top of the hill, another prefabricated cowshed was set up, and, next to that, a modern milking building. This milking building, or milking "parlor," was a mechanical-looking affair. Its concrete floor, set in a sloping field, looked like a concrete platform. The parlor had pipes and meters and gauges; and the men who worked in it, who corralled the dung-stained cattle into the pens or channels, had something of the grimness of industrial workers. They drove up to the milking parlor in bright-colored cars (the colors noticeable up there, against the soft colors of the downs: green and brown and chalk and, in the winter, the blurred darkness of stripped trees). These cars, when parked, helped to make the milking parlor and the barn and the new prefabricated shed look like a little factory at the top of the hill.

Twice a day, the milk tanker went grinding up the hill, up the resurfaced lane, to empty the refrigerated milk tanks of the new milking parlor. With the farm tractors and the motorcars of the new workers, my walk in the lane beside the windbreak was at times like a walk on a public road; I had to watch for traffic.

On the public road, the thatched cottage with the pink walls and the straw pheasant on the ridge of the roof lost a little more of its first character. So pretty, so like a postcard, when I had first seen it, so like something one had always known, with its rose hedge and its small, polished windows. The dairyman would have loved it, too, I



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am certain, but, like me at the beginning, he would have seen its beauty as a natural attribute of the country setting; and he had lived in the house as he might have lived in a house in the town from which he had come, without any feeling that anything was owed to the house in which he and his family lived—having all his life considered houses, even those in which he lived, as belonging to other people. Basins and pots and pans and bits of paper and tins and empty boxes had been left out in the garden; and some of those things had stayed there even after the dairyman and his family left.

Now part of the hedge was taken down, so that the car of the new couple could be parked off the public road. The car was important to the new people, more important than the house. They were young people, without children; and they handled the house in a new way. It was a place of shelter, no more: temporary shelter for a temporary job. The wife sunbathed in the front garden whenever she could; and perhaps this was why the front door was often open. That open front door was very unsettling.

One day, I saw a heavy, wide roller being pulled by a tractor through a field of young grass, already fairly tall and succulent-looking. The roller appeared to be breaking the stalks of the grass and creating, as if spectrally, the effect of a striped, two-toned lawn. What was the point of that? The young man I asked seemed bemused. Perhaps he hadn't understood what I said. He mumbled something I couldn't understand—all his style breaking down at this moment of speech. Even when what the young man said was made clear to me, it didn't make sense. The stalks were being crushed, he said, to encourage stronger growth.

Another man said, on another day, that the point of the roller was to press down the "Wiltshire flints" into the ground, so that when the time came the grass could be cut without damage to the cutting machine. "One Wiltshire flint," he said—and the flints of Wiltshire and of the downs of my daily walk were given an importance and malignity I had never attached to them—"could do thousands of pounds' worth of damage to one of these machines."

One new machine in particular I noticed. It made great rolls out of hay—great Swiss rolls of hay, as it were. These rolls, too big to be lifted or unrolled by a man, were manhandled





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by another impressive machine—a machine with iron grapples like giant scorpions' tails. A store of these rolls—in two layers, like a store of hay against some epic winter—was established far from the old farm buildings, in an unfenced, flint-rubbed valley off the driveway.

So there were three stores of hay at different places: the Swiss rolls here, the golden rectangular-sided bales in the new hay shed at the edge of the old farmyard, and the rotting hayrick, also of rectangular-sided bales, halfway down the straight stretch of the driveway. What was the point of the Swiss rolls? Did they have an advantage over the traditional bales? I never knew until years later, when this section of my life was closed. The bales, tightly banded by the baling machines, had to be broken into by hand and then spread out for cattle. The big rolls had simply to be unrolled; a machine did the job in minutes.

Such refinement! But perhaps the scale—for farming—was wrong. Perhaps time should never be as valuable as that, day after day. Perhaps when routines became as tight as that they could too easily go awry. One broken link—and human ventures were always liable to error—could throw the entire operation out of true.

Everything the new farm did was big. A very big silage pit was excavated at the bottom of the hill, just across the lane from the windbreak and not far from the cottages. There was only one old-fashioned aspect to that silage pit. It was covered by black plastic sheeting, and the things used to keep the plastic sheeting tight and in place were the things that in my experience had always been used for that purpose: old tires. They were brought in enormous numbers. Scores and scores of them must have been used; and scores and scores of them were about at the bottom of the valley, in the driveway, just across from what used to be Jack's goose ground. Those tires and the deep new silage pit, with its braced-up wall of timber planks and the banks of rubble from the digging for the pit and the dark-brown silage additive trickling out at the bottom, gave a touch of the rubbish tip to that part of the driveway where when Jack lived geese and ducks wandered about.

I never got a smile from any of the people who had moved into Jack's house after Jack's wife left. She had said of the first lot of her new neigh-

bors that they were "snobbish" people, who were interested in lawns and horses rather than old-fashioned cottage gardens. After some comings and goings, people who fitted that description settled in Jack's cottage.

His greenhouse—the one bought, as it seemed, from a catalogue, and once green with hanging plants—was empty, its glass murky with dust and rain, its timber frame weathered. One day, it was taken down, revealing the concrete foundation or floor. The



elaborate garden, with all its time-eating chores, was flattened. What was left didn't need much attention. No bedding out of plants now; no forking over of the ground below the hawthorn

tree; no delphiniums in the summer. The garden was flattened—all but two or three rosebushes and two or three apple trees that Jack had pruned in such a way that they bunched out at the top from a thick, straight trunk. And the ground was grassed over. The hedge—once tight at the top, mud-spattered and ragged at the bottom, a half or quarter barrier between garden and rutted farm driveway—began to grow out into trees.

Now, more than ever, the cottages appeared to have neither front nor back, and to stand in a kind of waste ground. It matched the people and their attitude to the place. It matched the new way of farming: logic taken to extremes, the earth stripped finally of its sanctity—the way the pink thatched cottage on the public road, once pretty with its rose hedge, had been stripped of its atmosphere of home by the people who looked to it only for shelter.

But that may have been only my way of looking. I had known—for a short time—the straight stretch of the driveway open and unfenced. It had been fenced down the middle, and had remained fenced; but I carried that earlier picture. I had arrived at my feeling for the seasons by looking at Jack's garden, adding events on the river and the manor riverbank to what I saw in his garden. But there were other ways of looking. Jack himself, giving the attention he gave to a meaningless hedge—a hedge that ran down the length of his garden and then abruptly stopped—saw something else, certainly.

And perhaps the young children of the new people in Jack's cottage saw differently. They went to a junior

no more regular gardeners, where there had been sixteen. No one to look after the vegetables in the walled garden or cut the grass or weed-kill the drive and paths or pick the pears in or keep the branches of the pear trees pinned to the squash-court wall.

The wind tore the upper branches of one tree free of the wall. The main trunk sagged forward, leaving a ghostlike outline in green-black on the wall; the branches drooped; the tree seemed about to break. But it didn't. The tree flowered, and at the foot of the wall in the summer, beside the path Pitton had once weed-killed, there grew up tall weeds that might have been chosen for their picturesque effect: shades of green, different degrees of transparency, different sizes of leaf. Above that, delicate white pear blossom turned to heavy fruit at last. The birds became interested. No one now to pick the pears in, officially.

But then, one Sunday, from my bedroom window I saw a curiously dressed man looking at the pear trees, assessing them, and then, tentatively, picking the pears on the lower branches.

Strange people came into the manor grounds at various times. Pitton, when he was there, had let in certain people; the Phillipses, the couple in the manor, had their own friends and visitors, and there were certain odd-job people they employed; and very occasionally there were people connected with my landlord. The curiously dressed man was unusual. But I had no means of knowing whether he was a marauder, someone simply picking the pears, or was someone who had authority and was picking them *in*, for the use of the manor or of people of whom the manor approved.

He was dressed in camouflage clothes: trousers, tunic, round-brimmed hat. The clothes didn't look like Army surplus—or, at any rate, like the stuff in the windows of the surplus stores. There was a quality of dash and swash in the cut, the camouflage pattern, and the muted colors; and, curiously, with the dressiness there was an element almost of disguise, which made the man seem dangerous, like an intruder.

As he looked at the trees and, with his tentative hands, tugged at the lower pears, he turned from time to time to one side (his face still hidden by the camouflage collar and hat), in the direction of the manor courtyard, like a man nervous of being observed. But then, getting out the ladder from

the garden shed next to the squash court, placing the ladder against the wall, starting from the top and working methodically, carefully down, leaving nothing for the birds, bucket by bucket the man in Army clothes picked the pears. And it became clear that he was picking them *in*, and that he was picking the pears of the old trees in because he had the blessing of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, in the manor.

He had looked shifty at the beginning, uncertain, as though expecting someone to appear behind him. The person he must have been looking for appeared while he was on the ladder, because then, like a man apparently satisfied, he concentrated on the pears.

The person who appeared was a girl—or, rather, a young woman—and she was half familiar to me. She was walking on the lawn, and directly in front of my windows. The Phillipses never walked in front of my windows: they allowed me my privacy in the openness of the lawn; they were careful to walk on the far path, beside the squash court and the pear trees. This woman was going nowhere; she had come from the manor for a saunter on the lawn. She was short and heavy-hipped; her tight jeans emphasized the slowness and smallness of her steps. She was like someone who had been granted the freedom of the grounds and was at that moment beginning to taste the new freedom. She, too, was unusually dressed. The extravagance was in her top: a shirt with the tails knotted in front, just below her breasts, leaving her midriff bare—not quite suitable at that time of year.

She had been half familiar to me. Now I knew her. She was Brenda, the woman I had seen sunbathing in the

ruined garden of the thatched cottage. I had associated her so much with her cottage and garden and car and open front door that this sight of her in another, more open setting, and so close to me, was like the sight of a new person. And the man in camouflage clothes on the ladder was her farm-worker husband, Les.

Here, on a Sunday afternoon, they were in the manor grounds: she strolling about the lawn, her hips tight in hard jeans folding horizontally, and almost in a straight line, into alternate lateral peaks; her husband picking pears, ripe fruit from old trees once carefully tended and still, after years of neglect, showing signs of that early care.

They, the woman with the midriff and the man in the camouflage, must have attracted the Phillipses in some way. Perhaps the women had got on; perhaps the men had got on; perhaps—the Phillipses were ten to fifteen years older—there had been a cross-attraction of some sort. The woman with the midriff would have been important to the relationship; at any rate, the relationship couldn't have existed without her support or encouragement.

Already, and mainly from glimpses I had had of her in her ruined garden, lying on a cheap aluminum-framed chair, I had wondered about this woman. She had given me the impression of being at the center of passion, of being the cause of pain: a woman whose beauty caused pain to the man who at that moment was permitted to possess her; a woman who knew this. That impression, arrived at from a distance, was added to now by the clearer and fuller sight I had of her on the lawn. To the narrow waist, the full hips, the firm thighs and upper arms, the breasts, flesh without muscle, half revealed, half flattened by her sunbathing-like top—to this voluptuousness were now added the stare (rather than the fire) in her unsteady light eyes, the greediness expressed by her mouth, with its seemingly swollen lower lip, and by the distinct spaces between her top front teeth. Her sexuality was precious to her, more precious than anything else. And here she was in the grounds of the manor. And she was like someone in her own park, as though, just a few steps away from the clutter and constriction of the thatched cottage that had come with her husband's agricultural job (and that she therefore couldn't see as a real house), she had found a resort more



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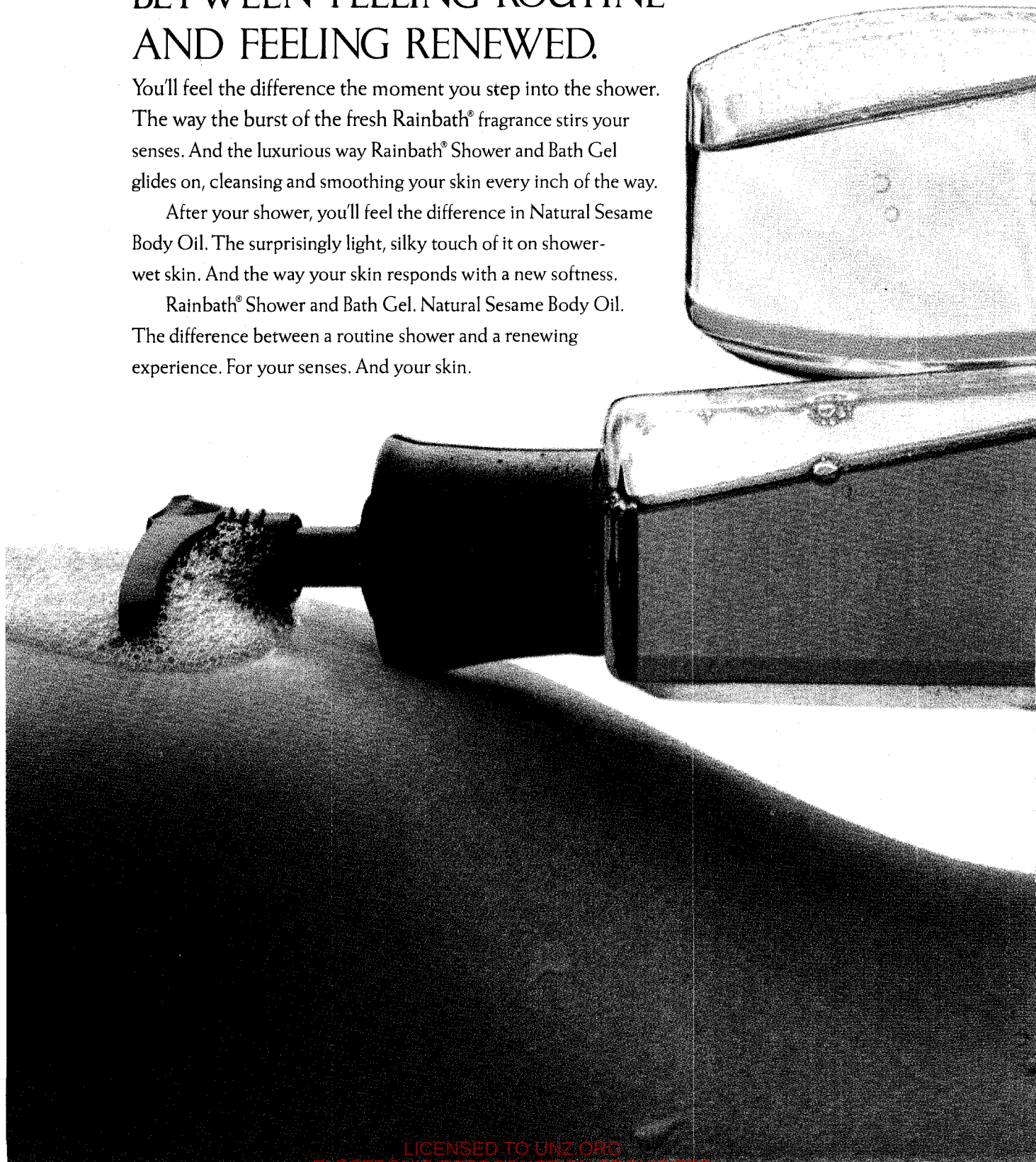
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suit to her style. She walked slowly up and down the lawn, as though making herself familiar with a new pleasure. And the man in the camouflage clothes stood on the ladder and picked the pears, keeping his back to her, not turning round to look for her, as though he were now content.

Perhaps they and the Phillipses had come together as "town" people, working in the country but separate from the life of country people. Town people, but servants, all four, with their special style and pride, sharing now the grounds and privileges of the manor, offering and returning hospitality. I couldn't tell who of the four was benefitting most from the relationship. The person with most at stake was Les, who spent hours away from his wife in his own solitude, in his tractor cab, his thoughts no doubt often going back to the woman in the thatched cottage. The grandeur of the manor, the grounds, the gardens, the river—these were like things he could present her with now, another side of what was to be found in the country, some little reward for the desolation of her life in that valley which others thought beautiful, and in that thatched cottage which others thought picturesque.

I was nervous of Brenda. She had no great regard for me. She had her own idea of what was to be respected; and the way I lived—a middle-aged man in a small cottage—and the work I did (if she had found out) didn't fit into that idea. In this she was different from the Phillipses, who saw me as "artistic"—a version of their employer—and had always been protective. There was a difference of generations here. But it was this difference that (over and above common interests) lay at the heart of the relationship between the four: the older people beglamoured by the style and boldness of the younger.

Brenda was being groomed to serve in the manor when the Phillipses were on holiday or wished to take a day off. They had been looking for some time for a suitable person, someone compatible as well—a friend, yet someone who would not be a threat. And the prospect of a part-time light job in the manor for Brenda, the prospect of having the run of the little wild estate, the gardens, the orchard, the riverbank walks—this bound the younger people to the Phillipses.

And that took some understanding: that people like Brenda and Les, who were so passionate, so concerned with

their individuality, their style, the quality of their skin and hair, who were so proud and flaunting in one way, should be prepared in another corner of their hearts or souls or minds to go down several notches and be servants. They were servants, all four. Within that condition (which should have neutered them), all their passions were played out. But that may have been my own special prejudice, the result of my own raw nerves. I came from a colony, once a plantation society, where servitude was a more desperate condition.

Les was under pressure. From his work on the farm, and his uncertainty about what was going to happen with that very big venture: if it failed, he would have to move on, find another position. From his obsession with Brenda, whose beauty so obviously tormented him: possession of the woman not enough, constantly reminding him of what he might lose. And pressure, too, from his increasingly dependent relationship with the Phillipses. He wished to keep the footing he had obtained in the manor; he wished Brenda—to whom it mattered—to continue to enjoy the freedom of the grounds. To do so, he had to put himself in some ways in the power of the Phillipses: had—to some extent, after the servitude of his own job—to serve them.

He cut the grass on the various lawns, a big job. He made himself busy on Saturdays and Sundays with his hammer and saw, mending bridges over the creeks (black with rotting leaves) in the water meadows, keeping a path clear to the riverbank. He even tried to revive some of the vegetable plots of the walled garden. Les worked on the plots in the evenings, after his work on the farm. Energy! But this late work on the vegetables became an irritation to me. He used the sprinkler then; and the flow of water there set up a high-pitched vibration in the old metal pipes that ran through my cot-

tage, so that the cottage hissed and hummed while the sprinkler played.

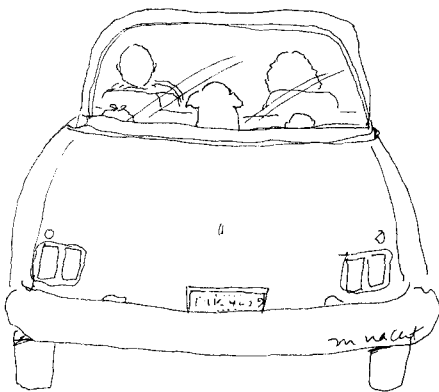
Pitton and his successors had used the garden hose or sprinkler during the day, and the noise then had been muffled by the noises of the day. In the silence of the evening—the old silence of the country (even with the electric-light glow in the sky of the towns all around), a silence so pure that the trains going in and out of Salisbury Station, six or seven miles away, could be heard sometimes when I went out of my cottage door—those hissing pipes could be clearly heard, and couldn't be ignored.

I did something I hadn't done before. I telephoned Mrs. Phillips at the manor to complain. I was expecting her to be combative, and protective toward her friends. To my surprise, she made no fuss. She accepted what I said about the peculiar nuisance of the hissing pipes in the evening, and said she would go and turn the sprinkler off herself. She did that; and the abrupt silence in the cottage—coming at first like a ringing in the ears or the head, a noise of cicadas—was like a blessing.

What accidents had given me my life in the cottage! What accidents protected it! How little it would have taken to alter the whole feel of the place, and to drive me away! A disturbance like the sprinkler late in the evening; or Brenda walking too often outside my window; or too many strangers making free of the lawn outside; or too many parties and visitors in the servants' quarters of the manor.

Mrs. Phillips had been coöperative. But I expected after this that there would be a certain awkwardness with her, and a more pronounced awkwardness—long building up—with Brenda and Les. And such was my mood, my acceptance of the inevitability of change, my idea that things lasted for their season—such was the effect of my training myself to say, "Well, at least I have had this for a year," and "At least I have had this for two years"—that I was half prepared to feel that my life on the estate had changed for good.

But there was no awkwardness with Mrs. Phillips or Mr. Phillips. And no awkwardness at all with Les. In fact, Les, with whom I had so far had little to do, made a friendly move toward me. And he did so the very next day. At the time when the sprinkler might have been turned on—and from my kitchen door I might have seen the arc or fan of the parallel water jets, hyp-



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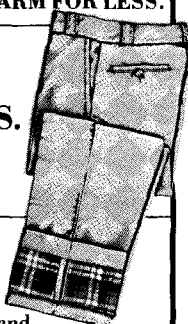
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notically appearing and disappearing, waxing and waning against the late southern sky—he knocked at my kitchen door. Technically, it was a back door, but it was the only door I used to go in and out of my cottage.

I saw him through the high glass panes in the door. He was bareheaded when I opened. His camouflage hat was in one hand, and he was offering some vegetables in a basin. The gesture of offering was graceful, classical; and he was smiling. The picture remained with me: the lean, sunken-cheeked, tanned face; the hat held in one hand; the two hands together holding the basin with the vegetables; the smile. Yet what was also noticeable about him was his lack of beauty. And this was now noticeable because I had expected a man of good looks, from his physique, the way he carried himself, his clothes. His chin was heavy; his teeth were bad, they mocked his smile; his skin was marked. And yet he had worked hard at his looks. His hair was stylishly cut, soft, freshly washed. I understood now why he always wore unusual or elegant hats. They helped; from a distance, in hats, he looked good. I understood also a little of the anxiety I had sensed in him about Brenda, as well as a little more of Brenda's manner, the manner of a woman who was still owed a lot.

When the Phillipses went on their holiday, Brenda took over at the manor. She moved into the Phillipses' quarters. Les stayed on in the thatched cottage.

I had to be away for a few days at this time. On the morning after I got back, I went to the manor to get my letters. My letters were kept there when I was away; that was the arrangement with the Phillipses. I rang at the kitchen door in the manor courtyard. I heard music inside. Brenda was a long time coming. She would have been deep in the Phillipses' quarters. They had elegant rooms. They had a sitting room with a stone terrace leading out onto the back lawn, which had been laid out fifty or more years before and had big trees and flower beds and old rosebushes and old pieces of garden statuary: in the distance, the marsh of the water meadows, the river, and the meadows and the down on the other bank.

Brenda was carefully got up. Jeans and blouse; her full lips painted; something done to her eyelashes, emphasiz-

ing the stare of her unsettling blue eyes—her appearance at the same time suggesting an immense idleness in the Phillipses' quarters. Servant and not servant, and now not particularly attentive to me. She said she had seen no letters.

At her back was the big kitchen of the manor, which (from what they told me) the Phillipses had done up or caused to be done up. A warm, inviting kitchen, with a big stove and many cupboards; thick walls; small windows set in deep embrasures; the electric lights on—a feeling of space and protection, of doors opening into corridors, and of big room standing beside big room.

Shortly after Mrs. Phillips came back, she telephoned me to say that there were many letters for me at the manor. When I went to her kitchen to get them, I told her that Brenda had told me there were none. Mrs. Phillips didn't seem displeased to hear this. No explanation, no comment—just a hint of a nod. She was like someone digesting a piece of news, adding it to what she already possessed. And I felt that Mrs. Phillips had changed her mind about Brenda, that once again—as had happened with other people she had tried out as her holiday replacement—Mrs. Phillips had found a reason for recoiling from having a stranger in her kitchen and rooms. Brenda may have been the central person at the beginning of the relationship between the four. But now Mrs. Phillips was more important.

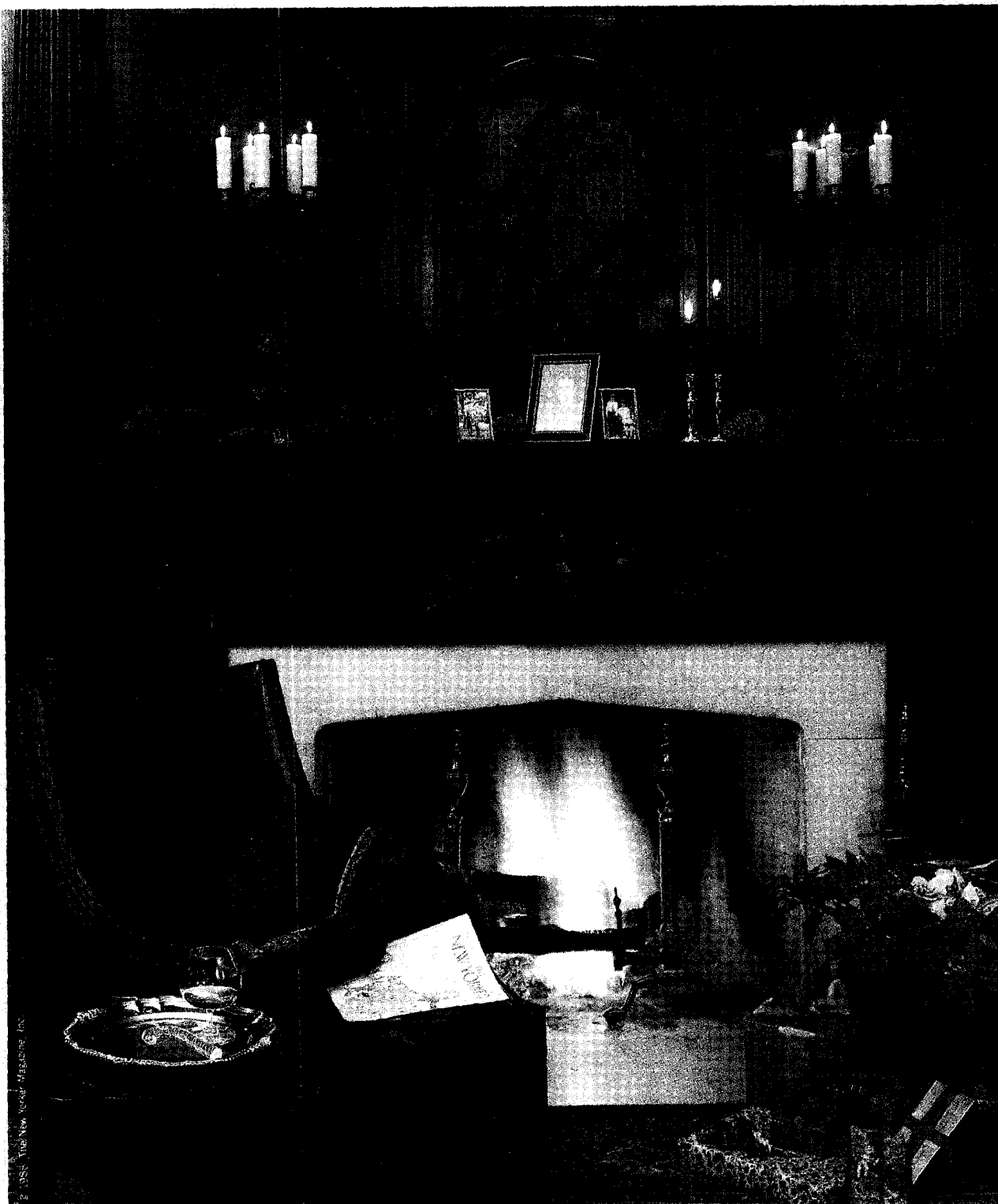
I was not surprised, then, when Brenda stopped appearing at the manor. But I was not prepared for the news Mrs. Phillips gave one day.

"She's run off to Italy with Michael Allen," she said.

Michael Allen was a central-heating contractor. He was a young man with a newish business. He had profited from the old-fashioned ways of the older central-heating and plumbing firms, used to dealing with big houses, used to being well thought of, but burdened by the expensive town-center premises and large staffs of older days.

I had got to know Michael Allen after he came to the manor to do something about a boiler that had exploded. I asked him about the hissing pipes in my cottage. He said in his brisk way that the only cure for that as well as for other things in the manor was to





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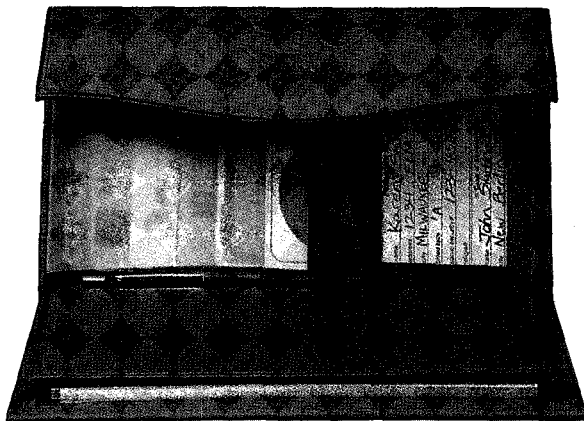


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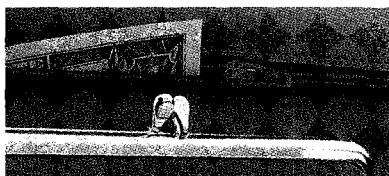
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scrap the entire plumbing system, all those antiquated metal pipes. I remembered his confidence, the way he walked, the way he came into my cottage: he actually had a little strut. He was a country fellow and a great boaster. In the short time we spoke, he boasted about many things; he asked me nothing about myself. He employed six people, he said; he intended to retire when he was forty.

In a bigger town—in London, say—people like Michael Allen do not really have personalities: their personalities seldom make an impression and do not matter. They or their employees come out of the streets, do their jobs, and return to the streets. They disappear; they are hardly their names; they are more their telephone numbers and their bills. In a place like the valley, the entry of the same kind of person into your house is more of a social occasion. He comes with more readable attributes and many more points of contact: his village or small town, his neighbors sometimes, his education, his background, the houses and people he has served, and the services and shops he in his turn shares with you.

Michael Allen boasted. He saw himself as a man of energy and ambition and, for this reason, untouched by the recession other people complained about. He saw himself as adventurous, several cuts above the general run of people, who didn't have the courage or the spirit to go into business on their own and were content to be employed by others. His looks were passable; he had a mustache, of the current fashion. But after that meeting I remembered more his absurd pride and boastfulness, and the strutting, almost hands-in-pockets way he came into my cottage, as though he were doing it and me a favor.

I saw his van sometimes in Salisbury. Once or twice, I saw him and his van outside the Safeway supermarket. Michael didn't like that—being seen using his van as a car. I saw his van outside Brenda and Les's cottage, and in the courtyard of the manor. But that wasn't surprising. I was used to seeing his van (as well as the vans of certain local builders) up and down the valley; certain tradesmen were never idle.

But Italy! What old-fashioned idea of romance had sent Michael and Brenda there? What film or television show? Or was it, more simply, that Michael had been there on a package holiday and felt safer with what he

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knew? But wasn't that going abroad itself a sign of the brevity of the passion? How could Michael give up his six employees, his local reputation, his van with his name painted on the sides and the back? How long before he wished to return not only to that fame and career but also to his old life?

And so it happened.

Brenda reappeared. Not in the manor. That interlude was over. Even before Brenda went away, Les had stopped coming to the manor, had given up the vegetable garden, the hammering on week-ends, the doing of odd jobs about the grounds. All that effort to put things right, all that effort of heart and hand, had gone to waste; the manor had swallowed it up. Waste; but the manor had given things in return—had given pleasure, had given Les for many weeks the freedom of its wild grounds. Just as, before Les and Brenda came to the thatched cottage, the country life and its seeming secrecy had given the dairyman from the town some genuine new idea of the beauty of the days.

Now the manor was in the past, and Les had retreated to his thatched cottage, never romantic to him, and now, no doubt, the wretchedest of places for him—had retreated to the solitude and noise of his tractor cab, going up and down the immense slopes of the downs. I had seen him at one of his best moments: appearing at the door with his vegetables, offering them with that classical gesture and a smile of pure good will, the smile of a man receiving at that time a little love from the person he loved and passing a bit of it back to the people around him.

For Brenda, that return—not just from Italy but from Italy to the cottage—must have been awful. After half queening it in the grounds of the manor, and queening it for a full fortnight in the quarters of the Phillipses, with that grand view from the sitting room of the lawn and statues and old trees and the river. She had asked for so much from her beauty; so much, and then she had asked so much again.

Mrs. Phillips said of Brenda, "Michael kicked her out." And that was all.

Michael! The use of the first name pointed to some new attachment on Mrs. Phillips' part, some new, or old, sympathy, something born of that "town" life—pub, club, or hotel bar—which at one time might have involved

them all: Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Brenda and Les, and Michael Allen.

It was a good thing that the autumn was well advanced. No question now of Brenda's having to show herself to anybody, to prove that she was unabashed and that life was going on. She could close her front door and stay indoors, just as Les could take out his tractor and hide behind the tinted plastic of his cab.

Les was looking, it was said, for another job. Three or four times, I saw Brenda and Les on the road in their little dark-red motorcar. The first time I saw them, there was some kind of half recognition from Les. From Brenda, there was none. Perhaps there had been some trouble with Mrs. Phillips over my letters—the letters being put forward by her as a cause—and I had not been forgiven. On the later occasions I saw them, there was nothing at all. Our brief acquaintance was over.

There was a van that I also saw, the van of Michael Allen, going importantly about on its central-heating business. Country-town success! Michael had given me a glimpse of that side of things here. But Italy! Who would have associated romance with that van and the name painted on the sides and the back of the van. Whenever I saw the van, I thought of Mrs. Phillips' words: "Michael kicked her out." How hard it must have been for Les and Brenda to live with those words, which others must also have heard!

The days shortened. The way below the yews from the public road to the manor drive and to my cottage was so dark at four in the afternoon that when I went shopping in Salisbury on the mid-afternoon bus I needed to take a flashlight for the short walk back from the bus stop.

Country darkness! Big things could happen almost secretly. And one such thing happened in the thatched cottage.

It was Mrs. Phillips who gave me the news. She said, two days after the event, "Brenda's dead." She added—and, it seemed, calmly—"Les murdered her."

"Murdered," the formal word, rather than "killed." We use formal words, even empty words, when events are big.

I thought of the way they had both appeared on the lawn during the pear-



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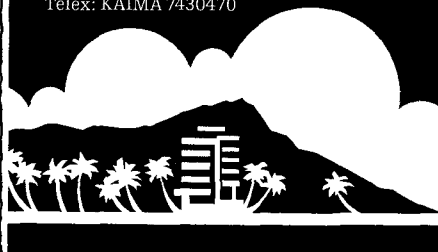
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picking—two birds in bright plumage. I thought of the face of the satisfied lover offering me the vegetables at the kitchen door, the gift of the happy man. Then I thought of Italy and the Michael Allen van going about its money-making business, spreading the name around, while Les was running about in his red car looking for a new job.

So hard to contemplate, the physical act, the setting, the finality, the body just a few hundred yards away. I thought of the least intrusive question I might ask. "Where did he kill her?"

"Right in that cottage. On Saturday night."

Saturday night! Was it a night of drink and temper? It wasn't what I associated with them.

Mrs. Phillips said, "She taunted him."

And "taunted" I felt to be a technical word, as technical as "murdered." It had sexual connotations. She, the Italian runaway, had done the sexual taunting. She had not come back abashed. She had done the taunting, the goading. How often, to punish someone for her Italian failure, she must have taunted him! And it was hard not to feel that she didn't have some idea of what she was provoking. And how, having started on the job of destruction (he had used a kitchen knife)—having started on that, from which very quickly there was no turning back, however much in a corner of his mind he might have been wishing it all undone, healed again: how he must have struck, until the madness and the life were over! All in that little thatched cottage with the ruined garden.

"She taunted him": it was the verdict. And all hearts were with the living, the survivor, the man—as, had it occurred the other way, they would have been with the woman. The police were discreet, hardly seen, almost as secretive as the event itself. More information was to be had from the local weekly paper than from immediate neighbors. They had seen very little, and didn't want to blame one partner more than the other: everyone had drawn close at this moment to Brenda and Les, seeking to remember them, and responding to this very near event almost as to a family tragedy.

One formality remained. Brenda's things had to be collected. And some weeks later, before the winter turned to spring with the gales of spring, Brenda's sister came to collect

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Brenda's things from the unoccupied cottage, where there was no longer a dark-red motorcar. Collecting the dead person's things: it was like something from an older world—an aspect of the idea of sanctity, an aspect of decent burial, the honoring of the dead—and it seemed to call for some ritual. But there was none. The coming for the dead woman's things was matter-of-fact. I wouldn't have known about it if I hadn't been in the kitchen of the manor, settling some little bill with Mrs. Phillips, when Brenda's sister came to call.

Mrs. Phillips knew Brenda's sister. It was another indication of the Phillipses' "town" life, their life outside the manor and the village. Mrs. Phillips became much graver when Brenda's sister said what she had come for. I was moved myself. And we all went, after introductions, to Mrs. Phillips' sitting room, with its view of the down and the river. Brenda's sister was not immediately like Brenda. She was older, fatter. There was a quality in the fatness, a puffiness, that suggested illness—a clinical condition—rather than grossness. Brenda's heaviness, in hips and thighs, had been different; it had suggested someone spoiled, someone who felt that her beauty entitled her to luxurious sensations, and felt at the same time that her beauty could support a certain amount of self-indulgence. But then I began to see Brenda's full lips and wild eyes in her sister's face, saw those features lost or altered in puffy flesh; saw, too, the smoothness of skin and purity of complexion which would have given the sister, when she was a girl, a high idea of herself and her potential, but was now part of the breathy wreck she had become. Things had not gone well for these sisters; in different ways, their gift of beauty had turned out to be a torment for them.

Brenda's sister lived in a small, newish town to the south, between Salisbury and Bournemouth—not town, not country, not the sort of desolate place she had thought she would end up in.

In the Phillipses' sitting room, it was for a while as though Brenda's sister's call were a purely social one. But then she seemed suddenly to remember what had brought her. She said, "You want to save everything. And then you want to throw everything away." Her voice broke; her eyes went watery. "She left so little. Her clothes." She tried to smile. "She was

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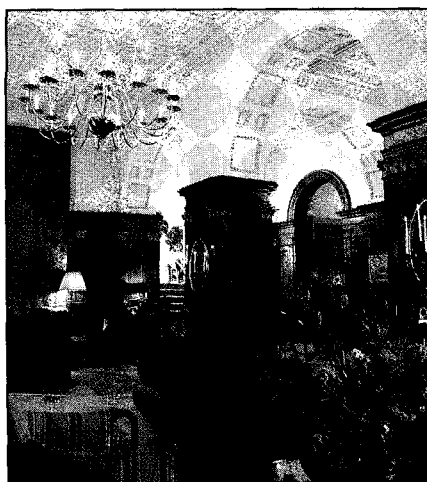


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No. 5

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She was ten and she told Michael, our concierge, that she was on her way to New York with her parents. But it was Halloween and she was "kinda sad" about missing trick-or-treating back home. Michael thought of his kids and, when the family checked out, he gave her a whole box of chocolates for her own Halloween treat. She left wide-eyed and smiling. It's the little things that count. The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.



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so particular about her clothes. But what can I do about her clothes?"

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She said, "She was too much for him. He couldn't handle her."

Mrs. Phillips allowed Brenda's sister to talk on.

Brenda's sister said, "She even thought he was queer. Did you know that? She told me he washed his hair every morning. Not in the evening after work, because he didn't want to sleep on it when it was wet. But in the morning. He is like my son Raymond. I hope nobody thinks he is queer because he does that. Raymond does it for the girls at his school."

I had always assumed it was Brenda who encouraged Les to dress up, and had thought she chose things for him. This news about the washing of the hair suggested a lonelier and more desperate man.

Brenda's sister said, "She expected so much from her life. My mother drilled it into us how much she suffered before the war, living in a little Army house, hoping for great things to happen to my father. And that was all that ever happened to us. We lived in a little Army house."

The story she told us was that her father, a simple serviceman with some factory experience, had had a fleeting moment of inspiration early in the war. He had hit on a new way of mounting guns in the tail of an airplane; and from being a simple serviceman he had been taken up by the authorities for a few months. He was not alone, though; there were many others like him, men with ideas.

"Always he was on his way to Ministry of Defence. Ministry of Defence, Ministry of Defence—I heard those words all the time. When I see the advertisements in the paper today and see the same words, it brings it back."

I didn't think she was romancing. Her use of the words "Ministry of Defence" without the definite article—the "the" that the average person would have wanted to add—was convincing; it suggested that she knew the words as well as she said she did.

But nothing had happened to her father. Guns were changed; aircraft were modified or replaced; and the serviceman had become ordinary again. But his daughters had inherited through their mother a dream of glory together with a general pessimism, a wishing to hope and a nervousness about hoping. It made for tempera-

ment, frustration, self-destructiveness. It is as if we all carried in our makeup the effects of accidents that have befallen our ancestors, as if we were in many ways programmed before we are born, our lives half outlined for us.

Brenda's sister said, "I can't talk. I didn't do so well myself."

She had married a builder who—when she at last got out into the world, got away from the little Army house—had seemed to her immensely prosperous and stylish, but had then seemed less so; had fallen on hard times, had done even worse when, trying to change his luck, he had set up in business in Germany; and had then been unfaithful with a younger woman, as beglamoured by his manner as Brenda's sister once had been. He had finally left home, left his wife and child.

An old story—that was what Brenda's sister said; and that was the way she told it, playing down the drama. "As usual, Muggins was the last to know." All her care now was for her son; he was her sole interest; she had narrowed herself down to that.

So, though she didn't make the point, there was a pattern to her life. Her father had been replaced by her husband, and her husband by her son. Her life had repeated itself; she had lived the same life or versions of the same life. Or, looking at it another way, almost as soon as it had begun her life of choice and passion had ended, as it had ended for her father, for her mother, and possibly for generations of her ancestors.

All Brenda's sister's talk of herself came out without prompting, and her hysteria became noticeable. So it was possible, after her early calmness, even formality, in Mrs. Phillips' sitting room with the grand view, to see Brenda's sister as an ill person, someone more marked than Brenda had been by their family past, the past that had really been the absence of a great event. And it was possible at the same time to see in her not only more and more reminders of Brenda's looks but also something—like another side—of Brenda's passions. Such varied passions, so many roots, so little understood, even by the people who had become victims of those passions.

Then the hysterical woman with the still smooth skin, the still unblotched color, remembered her social

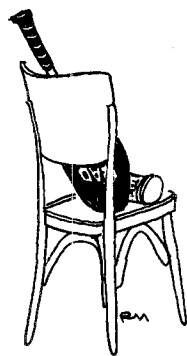
graces. The call was over. She had to do what she had come to do: collect the things of her sister, who had left so little behind. We left the sitting room. And there at the portico Mrs. Phillips said goodbye. When we were out of the manor courtyard and on the rough, stony drive, Brenda's sister said—and it was said after her apparent trustfulness in the sitting room—"I don't think I will ever forgive Mrs. Phillips."

She was distressed. I began to walk with her to the road. As we walked below the yews, she told me of Brenda's flight to Italy. Michael Allen had gone by air. Brenda had gone by train. During that journey—hearing so little English, talking so little to people—she had thought a lot about what she was doing, and she had become afraid. By the time she reached Rome, she had decided not to go to Michael. She thought she would go and stay at a hotel and get a message to Leslie,

even send for him. She had a little money—enough for a few days. She booked into a hotel near the railway station. There was no telephone at home, in the thatched cottage. So she had telephoned the manor and asked for a message to be passed on to Leslie.

Nothing had happened; no word came from Leslie. Then, swallowing her pride (because there had been some quarrel between them), Brenda had telephoned the people in Jack's old cottage—the woman who drove fast up the hill in her motorcar to collect her children from the school bus every weekday afternoon and had never smiled at me, the woman who had levelled Jack's garden. But still no message came from Leslie. By this time, Brenda's money had run out. She had then done what she had decided not to do. She had gone after all to Michael Allen and had been with him until, as we had all been told, he had kicked her out.

She had come back aggrieved, angry, in a mood to taunt the man she regarded or pretended to regard as a queer, not fully a man. She felt mocked by the romantic impulse that had thrilled and sustained her for a while in the hotel near the railway station in Rome: the girl in need, the girl in danger, the lover eager at the other end. Leslie should have done everything, sold everything, to go



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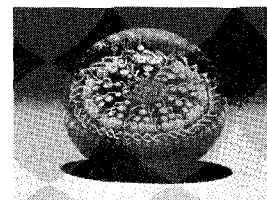
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to her. But there had been no word from Leslie.

Brenda's sister said, "Mrs. Phillips never passed the message to Leslie. She did it four or five days later, when Brenda had left the hotel and was with Michael. She said she forgot. She said other things came up. She said she didn't think it was all that important. But I think it was deliberate."

From the woman who lived in Jack's old house, Brenda's sister said, she didn't expect anything. But this story gave a new character to the woman—and the shape and color of her car—racing up the hill to meet her young children off the afternoon school bus.

ONE day, late in the summer, walking past the old farm buildings and what had been Jack's cottage and garden, with the junk and ruins that had formed no part of Jack's vision of a world ever renewed, ruins to which now, across the driveway, was added a burning pit in the chalk for industrial-looking rubbish, the fire of which occasionally singed the silver birches planted years before to screen the old patch of waste ground—one day, walking past the farm and its spreading litter and on up to where the Swiss rolls of hay had been stacked and were already going black and brilliant green with new shoots of grass, I heard the sound of a great fire behind the young wood. I heard the sound behind the trees; saw the smoke and, between the black of the tree trunks, the flames in the field beyond, the heat waves distorting the view like a pane of old-fashioned glass; felt the heat; and then, very quickly, was engulfed by the noise, rising fast to an amazing crepitation. And I thought of another sound, one I had heard more than twenty-five years before in the highlands of northeastern South America: the sound of a big waterfall. Water, fire—in great disturbance they made the same sound. And, fleetingly, to me, walking on the downs in that overpowering noise, it seemed that all matter was one.

On my way back—the fire quickly burned away, finished, ashes in the field behind the wood—on the way back from my walk, and afterward as well, the thick patch of moss below the dormer window on the thatched roof of the empty house, a green that was shining (unnatural, that green, once part of the beauty of thatch), seemed to stand for more than vegetable matter.

So quiet the thatched house now; so ruined the little garden, once neat with its hedge, scores of small roses in the summer.

And so quiet, over the hill on the other side, at the bottom of the valley, where an old, grassed-over field track led to a small abandoned farm building, all black and rust in a little dip in the land, so quiet when I saw them on a Saturday afternoon, in the silence of the empty downs: the children from what had been Jack's cottage, playing amid the rubble (whitening, sprouting a few weeds with yellow flowers) and the tires of the silage pit.

And there, perhaps, Jack's vision of the valley would continue—a vision without the decadence that was in my eye, a vision of childhood that would expand in the adult mind.

There were others who saw the valley and driveway as a place without decay. Walking one day, past the old farm buildings, past the fresh litter below the birch trees, past the fire in the chalk pit, turning up toward the new wood, I saw a figure in the distance. I was used to solitude on the walk. The sight of a person in the distance like this, with the prospect of an encounter ten or fifteen minutes ahead, could spoil all the intervening walk and the walk back as well (because the person encountered would be likely to be walking back himself, usually to a parked car at the far end of the driveway, where it met one of the highways). I preferred, therefore, if I saw a person approaching, to give up the walk and turn back.

This time, however, I didn't. The person I was walking toward turned out to be a middle-aged woman. She was quite small. In the distance, and especially when seen against the sky, she had seemed physically imposing; people stood out in the emptiness. Her greeting just before we crossed was easy, open; we stopped and spoke. She was a working woman from Shrewton. When she lived at Amesbury, she said, she had regularly done the walk we were both now doing. She had come out now to look for the deer. So we had that in common as well. She said she had worked out the circuit of the deer; she knew roughly where they crossed the public road. And it was extraordinary, the survival of the family of deer in a piece of land bounded on three sides by busy highways and on one of those sides, in addition, by the Army firing ranges.

No decay in that woman's eye. Downs, walks, deer: the wonder of the

natural world as available as it had always been.

And no decay in the eye of the old farm manager, either. I saw him one day on a horse on the rising stretch of the driveway between the wood, on one side, and a treeless field or pasture, on the other, before the hill with the larks and the barrows on its brow. In the old days, he had seldom come so far on his inspection tours in his Land-Rover. But now he was retired and could roam; and he was on a horse: a further sign of leisure.

It was a big horse, of a beautiful color—white or gray spotted or spattered with red-brown. It was a difficult horse, he said. It was the gift of his daughter, who had married and gone to live in Gloucestershire. And that was what his talk was about: his daughter (so good with horses) and her gift of the horse (no trouble to her, that animal).

His suburban house at the very edge of the antique driveway; his neat garden; his daughter grown up and gone away; and now the empty days. How quickly his time had passed! How quickly a man's time passed! So quickly, in fact, that it was possible within a normal span to witness, to

comprehend, two or three active life cycles in succession.

That wasn't what I thought about when I met him. When I met him on the horse that he was finding so difficult (he dismounted, with some relief, to talk to me), I thought at first only that it was true what some people said: that people who retire after active or physically energetic lives age fast. He had aged; he had become bent; his walk was stiff. The other thought—about the shortness of a man's active cycle, his doing period—came to me afterward, when I had left the manor and my cottage, when that section of my life had closed, and I had begun to feel myself that energy and action were things no longer absolutely at my command, that everyone had been given his particular measure of energy and when it was used up it was used up. Middle age, or the decline associated with it, comes abruptly to some people; and middle age had come as abruptly to me as old age appeared to me then to have come to the old manager.

I would have liked to hear the old manager say something about the new farm people. I would then have said—more in tribute to him as someone

from my past than because I understood what I saw of the farming around me—how much I preferred his way. But he wasn't interested. So the solidarity went unexpressed. And it was just as well. Because eventually, mysteriously (at least, to me), the new venture failed, after two harsh, dry summers—summers so harsh that the old mock-orange blossom outside my cottage died.

During one of those droughts, I heard talk—on the bus, and from Bray, the car-hire man—that water wasn't to be brought to the cattle but the cattle were to be transported to where there was water—transported, perhaps, to Wales! Such was the scale and style and reputation of the new venture. I don't know whether anything like that happened, or whether it was just excited local exaggeration. Soon, however, it didn't matter. The venture failed. And even this failure—large as it was, affecting so many people, affecting the eventual appearance of so many acres—seemed to happen quietly.

It was some time before I knew that there had been failure. The machines were there; the cows were there; the men were up and down in their cars;

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the big trucks came to take away the grain from the metal-walled barn. But then gradually the failure, the withdrawal at the center, began to show. The prefabricated cowshed next to the barn was opened, front and back, and cleared of its dung and straw; and it remained open and clean (though stained) and empty: the stalls, the concrete floor, with its canals; the slatted timbers of the walls striping the sunlight, radiating it at many angles, and giving the shed an internal glow. The new milking parlor was taken down. So newly put up, its concrete platform—all that remained—still so new, and raw-looking on the hillside. It was like Jack's greenhouse; that, too, had left only a concrete floor.

Again, here, building had been on too big a scale, a scale too big for men. Needs had been exaggerated, had ramified, and had left a ruin. An empty cowshed that might eventually be taken down and sold elsewhere; milking machines that had no doubt already been sold, leaving only a concrete floor. So small in the openness now, that floor, where the milking machines had hummed and hissed and dials had kept check of this and that while the dung-stained cows, corralled in their iron-railed passages at particular times, waited with a curious stillness to give milk to the machines after being walked up the hill to the cowman's shouts (the only human remnant of the milking ritual).

The cows themselves eventually disappeared. Some had been sold, but, whether they were sold or not, what would have happened to them would have been what always happened to cows when their time was judged to have come: batches of them were regularly taken off in covered vans to the slaughterhouse.

I had seen the cows on the hillsides against the sky, heads down, grazing, or looking with timorous interest at the passing man. And they had seemed like the cows in the drawing on the label of the condensed-milk tins I knew in Trinidad as a child: something to me, as a result, at the very heart of romance, a child's fantasy of the beautiful, other place—something that, when I saw it on the downs, was like something I had always known. I had seen the big eyes, the occasional mild stampede of the herd as, within their pasture, they had followed the walking man, thinking he had brought them something tasty or was to lead them to something they had been trained to like. I had seen the big,



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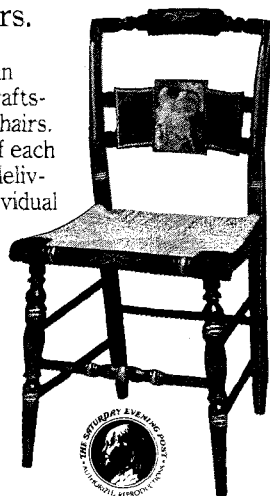
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wet, black noses, the fly repellent in the metal sachets clipped to the ears, which they flapped like heavy fans. One sees what one sees. Harder to imagine, unreal, what one doesn't see.

It had taken me some time to realize that, though milk came from cows that had dropped calves, no calves were to be seen, except very sick ones—little, seemingly fluid sacks of black and white or brown and white on straw, creatures still fresh from the womb. And no cow with its calf. No lowing herd winding o'er the lea here, as in Gray's "Elegy," no "sober" herd lowing to meet their young at evening's close, as in "The Deserted Village." Pictures of special beauty at one time, those lines of poetry, matching the idea of the cows on the condensed-milk label. Special beauty because (though I knew that "sober" well—lovely, apt word—and knew the ritual of bedding down cattle for the night) we had no herds like that on my island. We didn't have the climate, the pasture; the island had been developed for the cultivation of sugarcane. But there were cattle. Some members of my family, like other country people, kept cows, one or two, for milk, for love, for religion.

We were at the very end of the old Aryan cow-worship—the worship of the cow that gave milk, without which men's life would have been harder or, in some climates and lands, impossible. This worship was something our grandfathers had brought with them from peasant India; when I was a child, we still honored the idea for its own sake as well as for its link with the immemorial past. Among us, the new milk from a cow that had just calved was almost holy. A special sweet was made from this very rich milk and sent by the cow's owner to friends and relations, sent in very small portions, like a consecrated offering from a religious rite.

Our few cows (perhaps like Gray's or Goldsmith's herds) were poor things compared with the healthy, big animals on the downs. But these animals on the downs, even with their beauty, were without the sanctity, the constant attention of men, which as a child I thought cows craved. These cows in railed pastures or meadows had numbers scored into their rumps. No sanctity at birth, and none at death—just the covered van. And now, with the disappearance of the cattle, there came to the old and new lanes and ways of the downs around the farm (whose life to the visitor might

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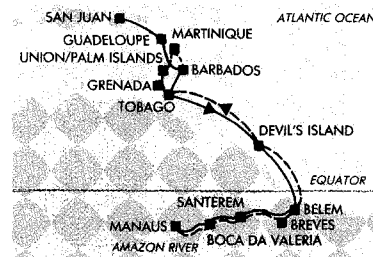
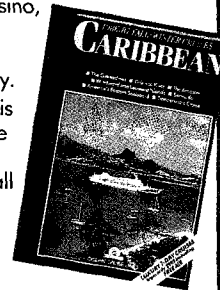
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have seemed unchanging, ritualized) a moment of stasis, suspense. There had been great activity; now there were more ruins than ever.

MY own time here was coming to an end, my time in the manor cottage and in that particular part of the valley: my second childhood of seeing and learning; my second life, so far away from my first.

I had tried almost from the beginning to make myself ready for this end. After the glory and surprise of the first spring on the riverbanks, with the new reeds, the water clearing to crystal ("freshing out," as I learned to say), but this water green and dark with olive-blue suggestions and with illusory depth where it reflected the thick, succulent growth on the banks, and especially below trees—after that first spring I would say, "At least I had a spring here." And then I would say, "At least I had a spring and summer here." And "At least I've had a year here." And so it went on, as the years passed. Until time began to telescope, and experience itself began to change: the new season not truly new anymore, bringing less of new experience than reminders of the old. One

had begun to stack away the years, to count them, to take pleasure in the counting, accumulation.

One autumn afternoon, I had a slight choking fit as I walked past Jack's old cottage and the derelict old farmyard. The fit passed by the time I had got round the corner, cleared the farmyard, and left behind the old metal and tangled wire and timber junk below the beeches. Past the beeches and the farm, in the familiar solitude of the grassy way, I began to breathe easily again. Some irritation, something in the air around the farmyard, some passing allergy, I thought, and did nothing about it when I went home. That evening, the fit returned. It was like a continuation of the moment near Jack's cottage; but this time it stayed with me, and within two or three hours I was seriously ill.

This was the illness that did away with whatever remained of youthfulness in me (and much had remained), diminished my energy, and pushed me week by week, during my convalescence, month by month, into middle age.

It was the end, for me, of the manor cottage as well. The beauty of the place, the great love I had grown to

feel for it—greater than for any other place I had known—had kept me there too long. My health had suffered. But I couldn't say then, and can't say now, that I minded. There is some kind of exchange always. For me, for the writer's gift and freedom, the labor and disappointments of the writing life and the being away from any home; for that loss, for having no place of my own, this gift of the second life in Wiltshire: the second, happier childhood, as it were; the second arrival (but with an adult's perception) at a knowledge of natural things, together with the fulfillment of the child's dream of the safe house in the wood. But then there was the cold of the cottage, and the damp and mist of the glorious riverbank, and the illnesses that came to people who have developed or inherited weak lungs.

It was some time before I went walking again. I was working on a big book. At a certain stage in that kind of labor, energy becomes one: mental energy, physical energy, the use of one depleting the other. And when I sufficiently recovered most of my energy went to my book.

I was also, sadly, preparing to leave. Just a few miles away, on a dry down,



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I was converting two derelict agricultural cottages into a house. The cottages had been built eighty years or so before on the site of an old agricultural hamlet with a very old name. The old hamlet had disappeared; nothing remained of it except a few level areas—little green platforms or terraces, close to one another in certain meadows. During my own building work, old brick walls and brick foundations from the last century and the black earth of old latrines were dug up where—with smooth green slopes all around—I had been expecting only chalk.

The walls and foundations of workers' houses: generations of agricultural workers had lived on the site. And even in the pair of cottages I was renovating many generations of workers, or many different people, had lived. Now I, an outsider, was altering the appearance of the land a little, doing what I had been aware of others doing, creating a potential ruin. (And later, after I moved, when old people came to look at the cottages where they had lived or visited, I felt ashamed. And once, when a very old lady, not far from death, was brought by her grandson to look at the cottage where as a girl she had lived for a summer with her shepherd grandfather, and was so bewildered by the changed cottage she had found that she thought she had come to the wrong place, I pretended I didn't live there.)

I should have made a clean break, gone elsewhere. But, having cut myself off from my first life, and having had, unexpectedly, and twenty years after that earlier casting off, the good fortune to find a second life, I was unwilling to move too far. I wanted to stay with what I had found. I wanted to re-create, so far as it was possible, what I had found in the manor cottage.

One day, perhaps nine or ten months after I had fallen ill, I went on my old walk. New associations now to add to the old. And, as if to match my mood, I saw almost as soon as I began to go down the hill beside the wind-break a greater change at the bottom of the valley than any I had known. What had been the row of three farm cottages, one of them Jack's, was being converted into one big house. The basic work had been done. The three cottages, or so it appeared from the outside, had been turned into a large living room; new spaces or rooms had been added to this big central room. The roof of the house was being put

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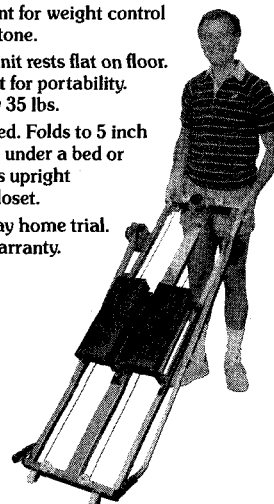
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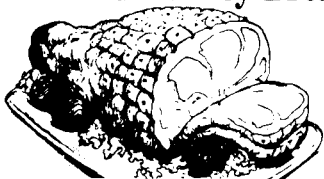
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on: new, red-blond rafters. The design of the house was not elegant. But it was going to be roomy and comfortable; and every window would give a staggering green view—of the driveway, or the slopes of the downs, or the woods of birch and beech, or the lines of blackthorn and hawthorn along the lateral field lanes.

Most of the old farm buildings had gone. But some at the back were still there, among them the old barn. The builders were working on the roof, hanging slates fast. The van, with the builder's name, was on the driveway, where once Jack's geese had roamed. There was a radio playing loudly somewhere in the unfinished, hollow, reverberating building. The builders, town people, were more unwelcoming than the town farm workers had been.

How exposed a house looks when it becomes a site for builders, how stripped of sanctity when a room, once intimate, becomes mere space! Jack's cottage (whose interior I had never seen until now) had been reduced—without side wall or middle flooring—to pure builders' space, and at this stage of building was still pure space, like the space within the ruined stone-walled house with the big sycamores farther along the driveway. Somewhere in that space, Jack had made his bravest decision, to leave his deathbed for the last Christmas season with his friends in the so ordinary public house not far from the end of the driveway. And that was the space to which—with what illness, delirium, resignation, or perhaps reconciliation—he had returned to die.

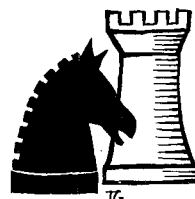
I saw this new building going up in summer, in white chalk dust. But in winter, as I knew, the site had been one of mud and water settling at the bottom of the valley—mud and water many inches deep. That was the source of the damp that had given Jack his bronchitis and his pneumonia. But now that wet and damp had been dealt with. All the ground that had been Jack's garden and goose ground, and the gardens or grassed-over areas of the other cottages—all that had been concreted over, to create a forecourt for the big house. So at last, just as the house was cleansed of Jack's life and death, so the ground he had tended disappeared. But surely below all that concrete over his garden some seed, some root would survive; and one day perhaps, when the concrete was taken up (as surely one day it would be taken

up, since few dwelling places are eternal), one day perhaps some memory of Jack, preserved in some shrub or flower or vine, would come to life again.

With that building of a big house where once, perhaps for centuries, had stood the cottages or dwellings of farm or country laborers, a cycle had been completed.

Once, there would have been many hamlets—settlements of farm workers and shepherds—near the fording places along the river. These hamlets had dwindled; they had dwindled fast with the coming of machinery. Fewer hands had been needed; and then, when sheep stopped being kept, even shepherds were not needed.

The garden of the manor, the forested orchard lay partly on the site of one vanished hamlet. Such building



over would have occurred many times before. This history had repeated, had radiated outward, as it were: much of the wealth for the Victorian-Edwardian manor, its gardens and ancillary buildings had come from the Empire, ventures abroad. Once, the manor estate had covered many of the acres of my afternoon walks. But its glory had lasted one generation. The family had moved elsewhere; the estate had become the manor and grounds alone; it had shed its farms and land. Others had taken over those acres, built new big houses in villages or on the sites of hamlets once full of working people. And now the last of the peasant or farm cottages along the driveway had been taken over. What had once been judged a situation suitable only for agricultural cottages—next to a farm, far from roads and services—had become desirable. The farm had gone; the very distance from the public road was a blessing. And so, the quality or attributes of the site changing, the past had been abolished.

I had lived, very soon after coming to the valley, with the idea of change, of the imminent dissolution of the perfection I had found. It had given a poignancy to the beauty I experienced, the passing of the seasons. I had promised myself again and again, every spring, every autumn, to get a camera (or, at least, to relearn how to use the one I owned) to record the driveway and the ruined house below the sycamores and the gypsy caravan and the farm buildings and Jack's cottage and garden and goose ground. But I had never once taken a camera on my

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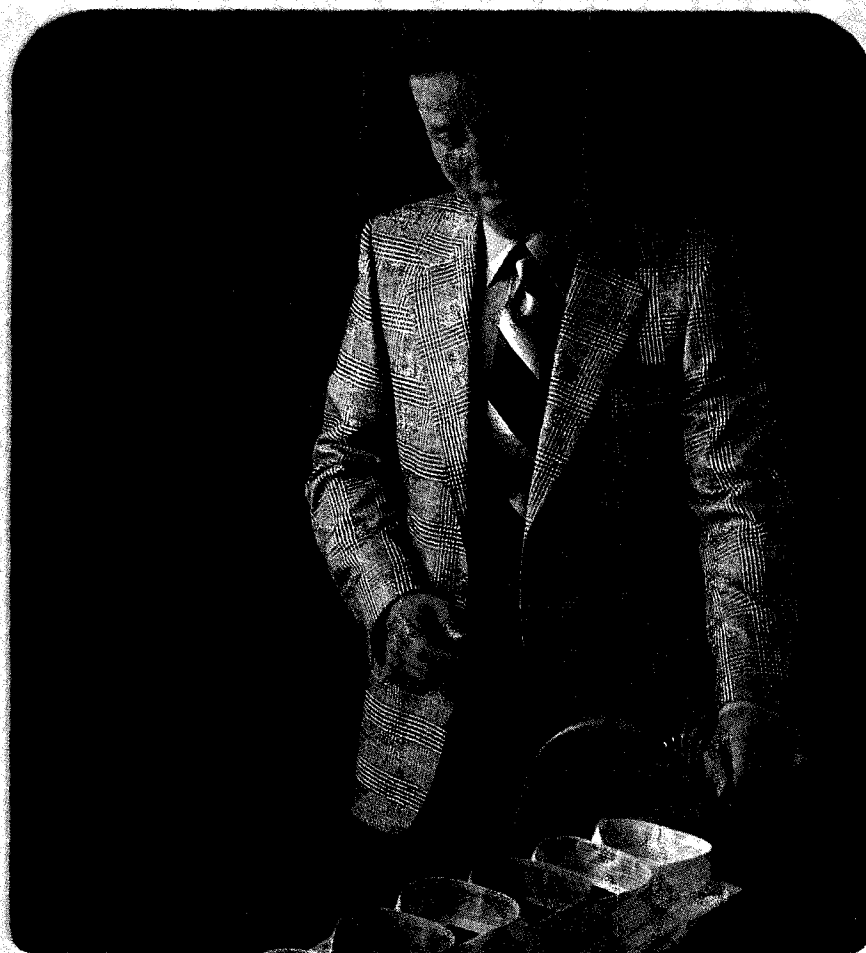
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walks; and perhaps because I had no physical record of these things they had an added poignancy, since they very soon began to exist only in my head.

I had thought that because of my insecure past—peasant India, colonial Trinidad; my own family circumstances, the colonial smallness that didn't consort with the grandeur of my ambition; my uprooting of myself for a writing career, my coming to England with so little, and the very little I still had to fall back on—I had been given an especially tender or raw sense of an unaccommodating world. I had seen Jack as solid, rooted in his earth. But I had also seen him as something from the past—a remnant, something that would be swept away before my camera would get the pictures. My ideas about Jack were wrong. He was not exactly a remnant; he had created his own life, his own world, almost his own continent. But the world about him, which he so enjoyed and used, was too precious not to be used by others. And it was only when he had gone, when the town workers who replaced him had gone, that I saw how tenuous, really, the hold of all these people had been on the land they worked or lived on.

Jack himself had disregarded the tenuousness of his hold on the land, just as, not seeing what others saw, he had created a garden on the edge of a swamp and a ruined farmyard, had responded to and found glory in the seasons. All around him was ruin; and all around, in a deeper way, was change, and a reminder of the brevity of the cycles of growth and creation. But he had sensed that life and man were the true mysteries; and he had asserted the primacy of these with something like religion. The bravest and most religious thing about his life was his way of dying: the way he had asserted, at the very end, the primacy not of what was beyond life but life itself.

MY time was over in the valley, that particular, rhythmical time of manor cottage and grounds and the special signs there of the seasons, and of walks on the downs and the riverbank. And I felt that the second life I had been granted had ended, though I did not move far. The cottages I had been renovating were on the same bus route—the bus that made fewer trips, with fewer passengers, for more and more money.

One day, a middle-aged woman spoke to me. Some of the people on the

bus spoke to me; some, even after twelve years, never did. I did not recognize the woman who spoke to me.

She said, "Jack. Jack's wife."

And then I remembered her face and the cadaverous, wicked-eyed face of her father.

She spoke of Jack always in this distant way, as though speaking of another person altogether, someone she had known rather than lived with.

She said, "It's the hair you didn't recognize." She fingered her hair. It was short. She said, "Jack liked it long. He liked me to wear it in a bun."

This was something new about Jack. From a distance, his beard and his upright posture had made him look like a romantic, something like an early socialist (in my fantasy); and perhaps he had copied the beard from an older person. Perhaps he had, after all, self-consciously lived out a certain kind of life. Perhaps in his own way he had been a tyrant, imposing, in addition to the long hair and the bun, a style and a way of life that had been irksome to his wife.

She lived now in a small settlement of council houses in a small town in another valley. She liked the area, her house, her neighbors. She found it strange—no more than that—that a big house should have been put up where she had lived for all those years. She said, "Isn't it funny what they do?"

For her, Jack's wife, the move away from the cottage had been good. She saw her life as a small success story. Father a forester, a gamekeeper of sorts; Jack the farm worker, the gardener; and she half a townswoman.

One cycle for me, in my cottage, in the grounds of the manor; another cycle on the farm, among the farm buildings; another cycle in the life of Jack's wife.

—V. S. NAIPAUL

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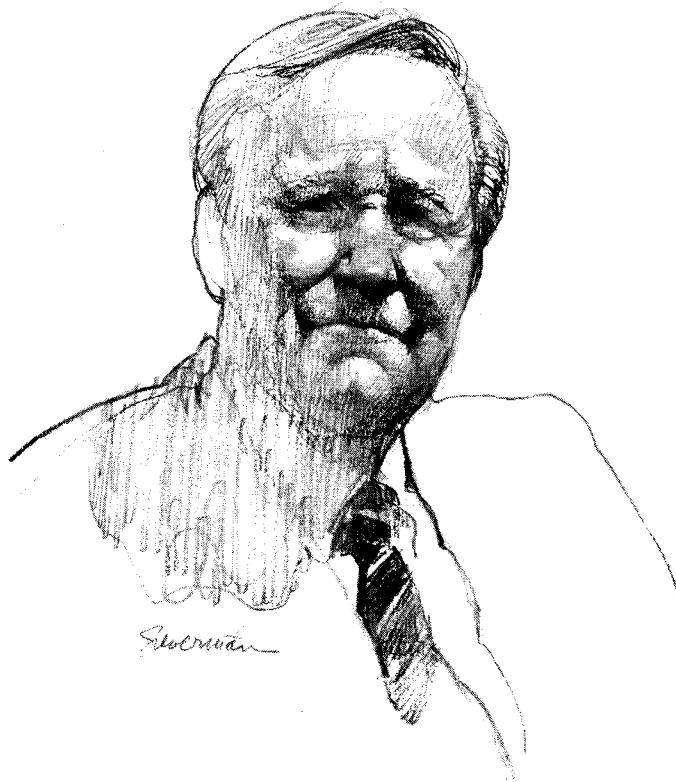
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SENTINEL

ONE morning in the middle of January, 1946, after living on destroyers for four years and participating in thirteen naval battles in the Pacific Theatre, Gene Robert La Rocque came home to see his parents and friends in Kankakee, a small town, fifty-five miles south of Chicago, that had been settled first by Native Americans (its name derives from an Indian phrase meaning "beautiful land") and then, early in the nineteenth century, by French Canadians, including his forebears. He went up to his old bedroom and took from the closet a box that contained military souvenirs he had accumulated in his youth: a First World War bayonet, some shoulder patches, brass buttons with raised service insignia, a clip of six .30-calibre bullets, a cylindrical hand grenade with its explosive material still intact (he had carefully taken it apart once, found a sticky, honeylike substance inside, and then reassembled it), a rusty, chrome-plated .38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, and an ancient revolver of the kind he remembered seeing in pictures of the Civil War. "When I was alone, later that day, I bundled up all this old war stuff and walked out to the center of the bridge over the Kankakee River," he recalled not long ago. "The bundle included everything that was once used to kill except the sidearm I carried during the war, which had been stolen. I tossed it all into the river. All the military junk didn't amount to much, but getting rid of it made me feel better. After four years, I had had enough of killing, enough of war, and I felt completely satisfied that we had finally won the last one and it was now all over."

After a time, he said, "Certainly, I thought, war was over for me. It was unquestionably over for some of my high-school friends. Gold stars hung in the front windows of their houses—a quaint custom carried over from the First World War—for the boys who



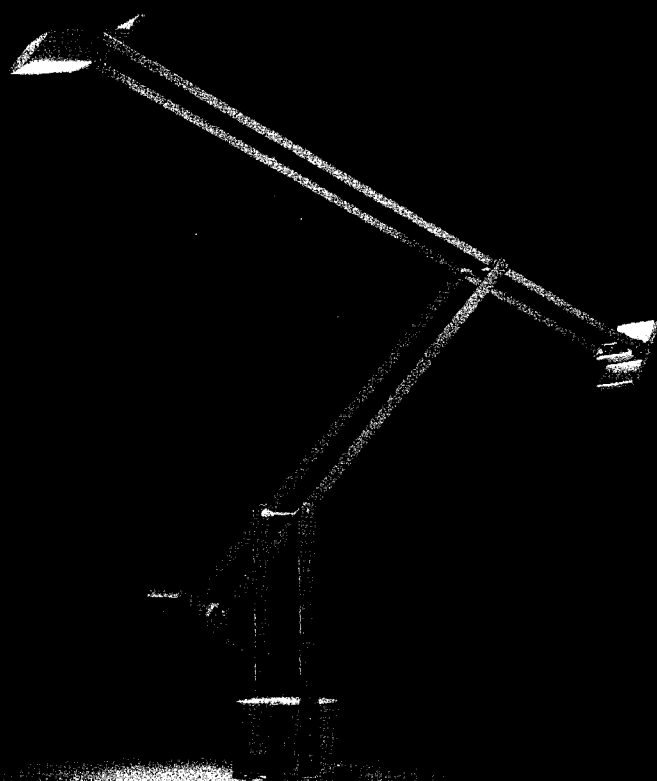
Gene Robert La Rocque

would never come home. I had lost my roommate from midshipman school—just a wonderful guy, an only child from a dairy-farming family in San Diego—and I had to go back and console his folks for his death. I had once stayed with them when their boy and I were both alive and well, and he had been a guest in my home in Kankakee, too. He had been on a destroyer, just like mine, that had sunk at Guadalcanal, just disappeared—one of the mysteries of the Second World War. I had learned to hate guns after seeing what they could do—handguns in particular, because I had used them to shoot at other people and had watched them kill and wound our men. At Kwajalein Atoll, in the Marshall Islands, I remember, the marines were prevented from landing on the small island guarding the entrance to the atoll because of unexpectedly high surf on the seaward side. I volunteered to show the colonel commanding the assault force how to avoid the surf by entering a narrow ship channel and making the landing in the calm waters of the lagoon. In a very short time, a command boat with a radio direct to the admiral's flagship came alongside the U.S.S. Phelps—the flagship of

Destroyer Squadron One, lying about three miles offshore. I embarked on the boat and led the first assault wave in for the landing. As we approached the shore, the young ensign handling the boat refused to enter the shoal waters, in spite of a direct order from me. At that moment, a small-calibre Japanese bullet went into the forehead of a sailor next to me. He went down, dazed, unable to utter a sound. There was nothing we could do for him. I pulled out my long survival knife and put it in the back of the ensign's neck just below his helmet. He became so responsive that he drove the boat right up on the beach. Then the other transports entered the lagoon. I believe I would have killed that ensign, because the fate of the landing and the lives of many men depended on me. That's how combat affects you. It arouses primeval instincts—kill or be killed. And it doesn't seem to make much difference whether friend or foe is killed. I spent the rest of the day with a borrowed rifle shooting at the Japanese while they shot at us."

Afterward, in Kankakee, and in far corners of the warring peacetime world, La Rocque began to understand the folly of war in the atomic age—first from the perspective of an admiral's chair on a nuclear-armed cruiser in contested seas, then from the desk of a strategic planner inside the Pentagon. During and after the Vietnam War, his anti-war position was deplored by other senior military officers. It still is, now that some of those officers are working for major defense contractors, and La Rocque, too, is out of uniform. Almost four decades after dumping his war memorabilia into the Kankakee River, La Rocque, who retired with the rank of rear admiral in 1972 at the age of fifty-four, became one of the driving forces behind the international movement to declare the fortieth anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima the symbolic time to end all explosions of nuclear weapons. His

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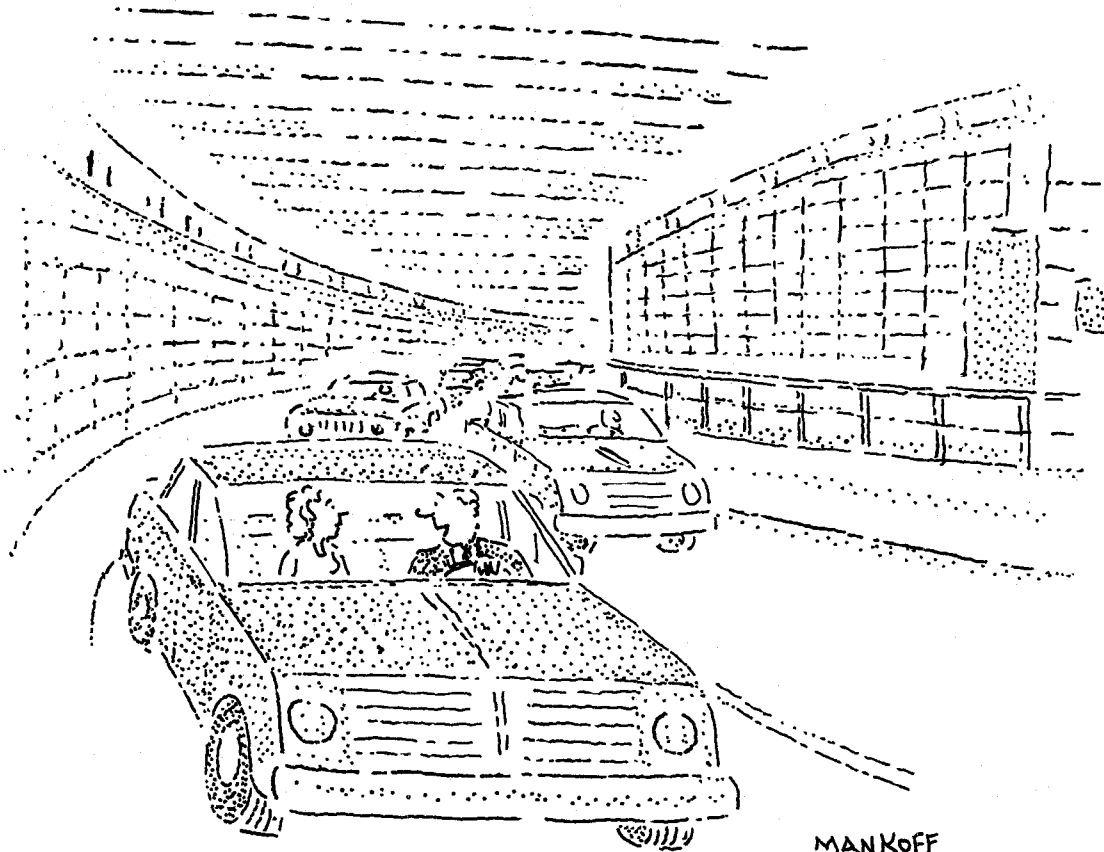
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long-range Project 2000 aims at fostering cooperation among Europe, the United States, and the Soviet Union in less controversial areas like forestry, agronomy, and architecture. Of course, the members of the global nuclear club are not expected to abandon their favorite weapons easily, but his personal compass remains fixed on the true north of a world without the possibility of nuclear war.

The year Admiral La Rocque retired, he founded the Center for Defense Information, in Washington. It has become the leading private research organization in the country specializing in the analysis of military spending and military policies in relation to the traditional American goals of freedom and economic well-being. Together with a few other retired high-ranking officers who chose to remain independent and involved instead of entering the roundelay that President Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex, Admiral La Rocque supports a strong defense but opposes large expenditures on weapons and policies that increase the danger of a nuclear Armageddon. The Center's reputation as an outspoken and authoritative monitor of the military

has grown steadily over the past dozen years. One reason is that it is supported by contributions from the public and accepts no military contracts or other remuneration from the government or from defense industries. Its analyses are frequently and freely given to congressional committees and federal agencies, not excluding the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency. Readers of its main publication, *The Defense Monitor*, are encouraged to quote from the findings without seeking permission or offering payment. Admiral La Rocque's entire operation is conducted out in the open. Philosophically, the Center and its directors hold that social, economic, and political structures contribute equally to national security and are essential to the strength and prosperity of the United States. Their goals are maintaining civilian dominance, reducing military influence on domestic and foreign policy, ending the arms race, and averting nuclear war.

"When Hiroshima and Nagasaki were razed, I accepted it as just another act of destruction to achieve victory," Admiral La Rocque told me recently. We first met right after he

began the Center, at the end of the Vietnam War, and we have talked often since. "I was relieved to learn that the war would soon end and we would not need to invade Japan. I was then the executive officer of a newly commissioned destroyer, the U.S.S. John R. Craig DD 885, preparing for the invasion. I can remember the number of every ship I served on—from the U.S.S. MacDonough, DD 351, a assistant gunnery officer at Pearl Harbor when it was bombed, to the command, in 1964, of the U.S.S. Providence CLG 6, a guided-missile cruiser that was one of the first to carry nuclear weapons. I now believe that it was a gigantic mistake to explode those two nuclear bombs, because it showed just how effective such a weapon could be. I had hoped that the horror of the event would be a ba

to future use. But it had a contrary effect. Military men everywhere saw its destructive potential and yearned for more and better bombs. Unquestionably, a nuclear weapon will destroy and kill better than any ordinary weapon. So I do not think we can put the genie back in the bottle. The United States and the Soviet Union are planning, training, arming, and practicing for war with each other. In such a war, nuclear weapons will be exploded, perhaps from the outset. Once the first one explodes, thousands more will be exploded. No one knows the consequences. Worse, few seem to care. We do know that two hundred thousand people died in the immediate aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and that human beings are still suffering and dying today from the effects of those two nuclear explosions. Einstein said, 'The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking.' That is O.K. as far as it goes if it awakens understanding in mindful men, but I am convinced that we must do more: change our way of acting. Thinking must precede acting, but, clearly, just thinking about nuclear weapons and their impact on all of us is not enough. Ou

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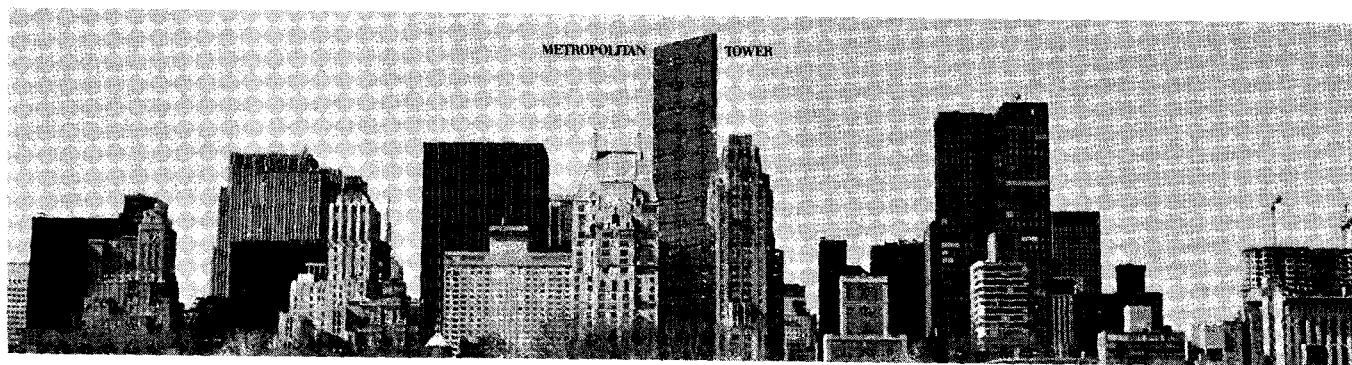
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Admiral La Rocque says that the most effective action that can be taken to avert nuclear war is to terminate for all time the testing of nuclear weapons. Almost fifteen hundred nuclear weapons have been exploded since July of 1945, when the first atomic test opened the nuclear age. La Rocque argues that the 1963 limited-test-ban treaty, which drove nuclear-weapons testing underground, resulted from worldwide opposition to atmospheric explosions, and that a similar campaign today could force the nuclear-weapons states to end underground explosions as well. Once all tests stop, he says, the march toward nuclear war will be slowed for three reasons: the reliability of existing weapons will be reduced over time, so no country can be confident that it could launch a successful first strike; the nuclear states will be unable to develop more devastating and more usable nuclear weapons; and it will become almost impossible for the non-nuclear countries to develop reliable weapons.

“In the meantime, the United States and the Soviet Union, between them, possess more than fifty thousand nuclear weapons that can reasonably be expected to perform as they are designed to,” La Rocque says. “Both countries are victims of modern military technology. Advances in weaponry—particularly better delivery systems—have dramatically compressed time and space. That is why military leaders believe they must maintain large forces on a close-to-war status. In a nuclear war, each nation could destroy the other in thirty minutes. Nuclear missiles launched from submarines could land within fifteen minutes. There is no defense, regardless of who strikes first. If we are to survive on this planet, the arms race must be slowed, stopped, and reversed.”

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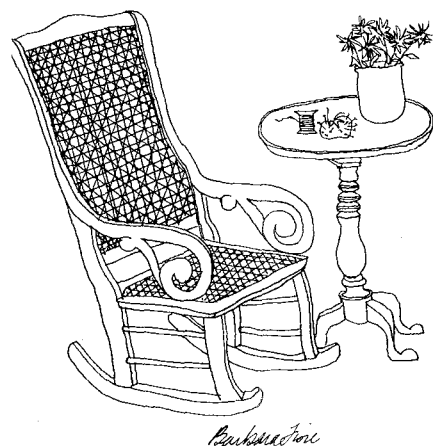


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individualism is uncommon and is rarely admired. Ever since La Rocque came to found the Center for Defense Information, I have wondered how he came to go against the tide.

Once, toward the end of the Vietnam War—when President Nixon and his national-security adviser, Henry Kissinger, after promising that peace was at hand, continued the policies that multiplied the casualties—I asked an admiral at the Pentagon what he thought of the new Center for Defense Information. Without hesitating, he replied, “La Rocque is a dirty traitor.” That remark represented the quasi-official attitude toward him during the final paroxysms of the Nixon Administration. Since then, although his fundamental views have not changed, he has been invited to lecture at the service academies and testify before Senate and House committees. Paradoxically, while he and the Center have been growing ever bolder in their criticism of the military-industrial establishment and the arms-oriented White House, they have become progressively more acceptable to the councils of government as an unofficial resource.

Back when his thoughts were turning against the Vietnam War, his views were considered bizarre, if not traitorous, by some of his former colleagues in the Pentagon, La Rocque told me. He had his reasons. “From my office window in the E Ring, where the generals and admirals had their offices, I could look out toward Arlington Cemetery,” he said. “Sometimes I could see soldiers digging graves for the Vietnam dead. At the same time, the Pentagon wanted to send more men to Vietnam to get killed. You know, in the United States we talk of going to war. In other countries, the war comes to them. But if there’s a nuclear war it will come to us. Whenever I can, I tell that to



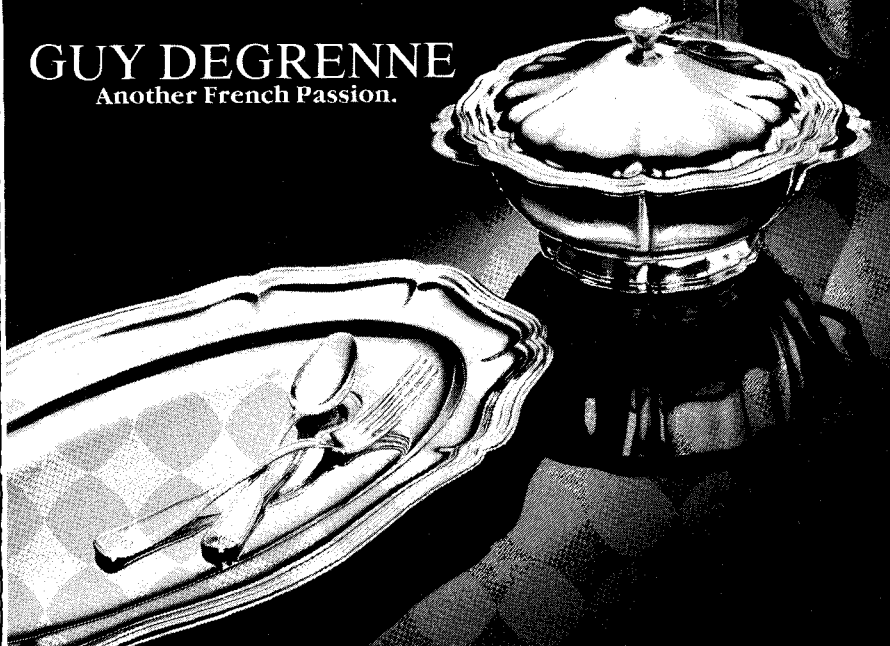
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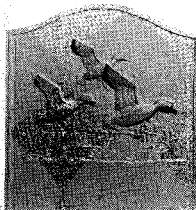
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In the spring of 1985, I watched Admiral La Rocque during an appearance he made before the House Budget Committee, in the Cannon Building, on Capitol Hill. What would normally have been a quiet presentation of arguments against what he called "the Pentagon spending juggernaut" turned into an abrasive confrontation with Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., who had been Chief of Naval Operations from 1970 until his retirement, in 1974, and who was also testifying before the committee. In parallel careers, he and Admiral La Rocque went back a long time, serving on destroyers and in the Pentagon; but their views on the security and welfare of the United States could not have been further apart. Admiral Zumwalt, who now heads his own consulting firm and provides foreign-policy and defense-policy advice to companies doing business in this country and overseas, talked in his testimony of "closing the window of vulnerability in the strategic nuclear field," and favored all the Reagan Administration's military expenditures. He is a member of the Committee on the Present Danger, among other neoconservative groups that support big defense budgets. By contrast, Admiral La Rocque concluded his remarks against runaway defense spending by reminding the congressmen of what President Eisenhower said in 1953 about military budgets: "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed."

Responding angrily, Admiral Zumwalt said, "Rear Admiral La Rocque's comments can only be described as grossly and patently deceiving."

Representative Thomas J. Downey, a Long Island Democrat, who was sitting that day as chairman of the committee, reprimanded Admiral Zumwalt for the personal comment and called Admiral La Rocque "a great and loyal American."

Even in appearance, the contrast between the two admirals was marked: Zumwalt, a tall man with a military bearing and with winged gray eye-



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brows poised for takeoff, was elegantly dressed in a blazer with a matching blue handkerchief carefully placed in its pocket; La Rocque, also erect but of medium height, his eyebrows slanted down and face amiably crinkled, was rather casually dressed. After their testimony was over, I noticed that in the hearing room the two avoided looking at each other. Then, in the hallway, they came close. La Rocque extended his hand, but Zumwalt declined to shake it. Zumwalt said, "You know damn well that we never intended to use nuclear weapons against Soviet submarines."

La Rocque said, "On my cruiser, we certainly did plan to use them, if necessary. I'd be glad to debate you on that anytime if you stick to the facts, and don't make ad-hominem attacks."

Walking away, Zumwalt glanced over his shoulder and said, "You're as crazy as you've always been."

La Rocque turned to an aide from the Center and said, "Well, there goes a friendship. I respected some of the things he did when he was Navy chief, but since then he's wandered off and become a businessman associated with groups who expect that kind of thinking."

Actually, this was only a minor skirmish. A major battle had broken out in July of 1983, when four hundred and twenty-four retired admirals bought a full-page advertisement in the daily *Washington Times*—a newspaper owned by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church—attacking Admiral La Rocque, his colleagues, and the Center for Defense Information (and misspelling his name three times). Its headline read, "We Think That It Is Time to Let the American People Know Where the Vast Majority of Their Retired U.S. Navy Admirals Stand." A sub-head said, "Retired Rear Admiral Larocque's Appearance on Soviet Television to Condemn the Policies of the United States Is Contrary to Our Precepts and, We Think, Injurious to the Best Interests of Our Country." The following month, a similar advertisement signed by five hundred and seventy-five retired admirals was placed in the same newspaper. The signatures in both advertisements had been solicited by retired Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, who had served as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff under President Nixon during the Christmas, 1972, bombings of North Vietnam.

On June 12, 1983, during an eve-



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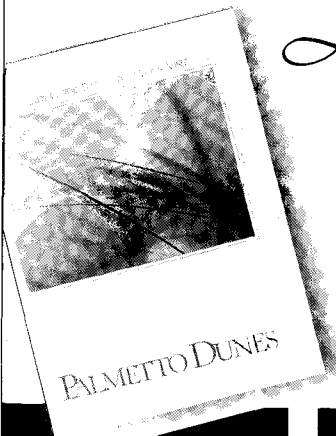
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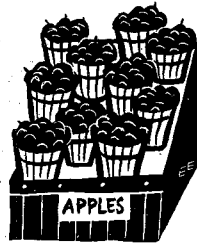
ning program called "International Panorama," which is broadcast weekly, over Soviet television, two Americans had been given an unusual opportunity to offer uncensored remarks to Russian audiences about arms-control issues. Leading off in a six-minute interview, Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth W. Dam explained Washington's views, including the latest proposals by President Reagan for the reduction of strategic weapons. The State Department was pleased that Deputy Secretary Dam was allowed to have his say on the show. There followed a five-minute interview with Admiral La Rocque, in which he repeated what had frequently appeared in *The Defense Monitor*, in many newspapers, and on American television—that the President was pushing for a vigorous rearmament program. He said, "The evidence in my view is, with all the new weapons systems President Reagan is asking for, and all the spending he is asking for, all the armaments he is asking for, he is not serious about arms control. At least, there's no evidence to support it."

What blew up the importance of the interview on the Soviet news program was a small article in *Time* two weeks later that carried the headline "FACING THE NATION." It reported that after Deputy Secretary Dam spoke the Soviets were "treated to an opposing view by another American"—Admiral La Rocque. "Before it ran, I called *Time* and asked if they wanted to see what I had actually said on Soviet television," he told me. "I offered to give them a transcript that the State Department had made—it was a translation from English into Russian and then into English again, but the thrust of it was accurate. They said, 'No, it's too late.' So they refused to read what I had said, and never bothered to ask me what I had said. Instead, *Time* sent a photographer around and then ran an ugly little picture of me that looked as if I were scowling."

After the first advertisement by the admirals appeared, Admiral Moorer said, in reference to Admiral La Rocque, "An American citizen has responsibilities as a citizen to support his own country. If he doesn't like it over here, perhaps he should go somewhere else."

The only one of eight former

Chiefs of Naval Operations who did not sign the advertisement was Admiral Zumwalt. In an interview that appeared in the *Navy Times*, he explained that he had been travelling and had not had an opportunity to see the text beforehand, but he was even more vituperative than the advertisement. "I believe that if La Rocque's ideas prevail my children will not live out their lives in freedom," Admiral Zumwalt said.



Later, Admiral La Rocque pointed out that the signatures lined up against him were mailed out by the Association of Naval Aviation, which was headed by Admiral Moorer. "The association includes among its members about half the major aircraft suppliers to the Navy," he said. "They are the people who are trying to discredit me. It's also of interest that Admiral Moorer is on the board of the *Washington Times*—which some people in Washington refer to as the *Moonie Times*. The paper actually tried to profit by the affair. I was asked to take out an ad to respond to the admirals, but I couldn't bring myself to give it a nickel."

Admiral La Rocque did not endear himself to the admirals who had reprimanded him publicly when he responded to the advertisements by telling a *Navy Times* reporter, in Washington, "Those old guys are sitting around Coronado or Florida or elsewhere, playing golf and collecting stamps, and they aren't involved anymore." Nevertheless, he wrote a letter to every admiral whose name appeared in the advertisements, calling them "quite a broadside" and adding, "Perhaps you will give me several minutes for some return fire." He invited the admirals to stop in for a chat and a cup of coffee at the Center's offices, and to let him know if they wanted to receive *The Defense Monitor* on a regular basis ("No one has successfully challenged the accuracy of our facts"), so they could arrive at their own independent judgments. He also said in the letter that the conclusions reached by the factual analyses in *The Defense Monitor* "are the proper course for this great nation; they may not always support every program pursued by the services." Afterward, he observed, "That took the wind out of their sails."

Like the other retired flag officers, Admiral La Rocque is on a military pension, but this fact has not stopped

him from speaking out forcefully. Since the attacks on his judgment and loyalty by the admirals, he has continued to be interviewed in the press and to appear on radio and television several times a week. He says that he will keep right on delivering the Center's message about defense economies and peace initiatives to anyone, anywhere, who will listen. "There are, unfortunately, some in the United States who believe that the Soviets are the enemy that we must defeat by war," he says. "I think the enemy is nuclear war."

Wherever Admiral La Rocque goes around the country, people say to him, "Yes, but can you trust the Russians?"

"I answer that we already do trust them," he says. "They do not violate various existing military agreements—we live up to them, and so do they. For example, whenever big war exercises are about to take place we notify them, and they also tell us about theirs in advance. The laws of the ocean are respected by both nations. In 1972, the Secretary of the Navy negotiated the Agreement on the Prevention of Incidents On and Over the High Seas. Its aim was to prevent their ships and ours from playing chicken. That's been lived up to. We and they no longer go around deliberately bumping each other's ships. We've worked out an understanding with them for exchange visits by their national war college and ours. And there can be verification of any unusual military activity. Both countries have sophisticated and powerful intelligence-gathering systems, including photo-reconnaissance satellites, that can monitor weapons testing and deployment. We and they survey each other regularly and accurately. The United States has the ability to see a golf ball on a green in the Soviet Union from space. We also have dozens of civil agreements with the Russians right now that they adhere to—postal, telephone, airlines, radio communications, fisheries, weather. My feeling is that they drive a hard bargain but are realistic when it serves their interests—no different from any other nation. We, too, negotiate in our own interests. None of us live alone on this small earth. I believe, with Benjamin Franklin, that there never was a good war or a bad peace."

LATE one afternoon, as we sat in the living room of a comfortable stone house in Washington, where La Rocque lives with his second wife, Lili, he talked to me about his origins

and his career. At one point, he said, "You know, I've always loved the Navy. All of my thirty-one years in uniform, whether it was on the high seas or in strategic planning at the Pentagon, I always tried to be a good ship captain and staff officer. I did everything my boss told me to, and did it as willingly and pleasantly as I could. I always wanted my ship to be the best and the men under my command to be happy. I enjoyed and admired the organized life and the integrity existing among colleagues in the Navy. As a matter of fact, I honestly never expected to become an admiral, because I came up as a reserve captain, and not as an Annapolis man. But I was told that I ranked first among all the captains in the Navy, and in the autumn of 1965 I was selected."

There was no military tradition in the La Rocque family. La Rocque's maternal great-grandparents had driven out to Illinois from Pennsylvania in a covered wagon. His father, after losing a farm and a job during the Depression, had become a furniture dealer. "My parents were Catholics, Democrats, and liberal-minded," La Rocque said. "Dad served as Democratic chairman of

Kankakee County for twenty-five years. He was strongly in favor of unions—even supported the striking miners in wartime. Unions are part of the fabric of our society. That's one reason I think that the Reagan Administration, with its anti-social outlook, is the most callous I have ever seen. I remember my mother telling me that it was all right to marry anyone—black, white, or Indian—but never a Republican. I grew up pretty straight-arrow in Kankakee. In high school, I was elected president of the student council and became an Eagle Scout. I was seventeen years old and just out of Kankakee High when I put on my first uniform, as a member of the Citizens Military Training Camp, and learned to fire a Springfield rifle. While I was at the University of Illinois, from 1936 to 1940, where I studied civil engineering and liberal arts, I worked at various odd jobs, from waiting on tables to selling shoes, and I joined the R.O.T.C. Then I got a job with the Illinois Highway Department. I was living in a boarding house when, one day, I read a newspaper wrapped around a sandwich I was eating, and noticed an ad by the Navy promising a one-

month, all-expenses-paid cruise to Cuba and Panama. It sounded like fun, so I signed up and became an apprentice seaman. On the way back to the States, the executive officer called me into his cabin, told me I had done well, and asked if I would like to go to midshipman school and become an ensign. I said sure. Early in 1941, I was commissioned in the naval reserve, served for three months as company officer at the midshipman school in Chicago, and then reported to the U.S.S. MacDonough. I was on that destroyer at Pearl Harbor on December 7th, when the Japanese attacked."

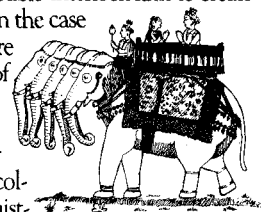
Admiral La Rocque does not often dwell on the last world war; he is more concerned about the next one. His house does not look like a museum of naval nostalgia. The only visible touches of the past are a couple of old anchors in the back yard; he finds their shapes aesthetically pleasing. His record of combat and command is on file at the Washington Navy Yard history center, and it reads like a roll call of the battles over the islands of the Pacific Theatre. As a gunnery, operations, and executive officer on destroyers, he participated in the actions off Bougainville; the Salamaua and Lae

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raids, in New Guinea; the Guadalcanal landings; the operations in the eastern Solomons and the Gilbert and Marshall Islands; the raids on Palau, Yap, Truk, Ponape, Satawan; and the operations in the Marianas, Leyte, and Luzon. One of his citations, which he received for detecting and sinking a submarine, reads, "For meritorious achievement while serving as executive officer and acting as evaluator in the combat information center, on board the U.S.S. MacDonough, during action against an enemy Japanese submarine in the Pacific War area." A letter of commendation from the commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet begins, "When it appeared that the initial landing on Mili Atoll was being held up and not proceeding according to schedule, and communications could not be established with the assault waves, he volunteered to proceed to the beach and ascertain the reason for the delay. By his proceeding to the beach, assisting in the landing, and relaying to the task-force commander important information, the next phase of the attack was able to proceed."

After the war, he was encouraged to continue in the service as a career officer. "I had eighty-seven days of terminal leave when the war was over," he said. "At first, I thought I would go into the construction business in Illinois. On the eighty-fifth day, I took a look at the water and decided that I really missed it. So I called up the Navy and said, 'I'll stay in if you'll give me command of a ship.' They said fine, and that was how I came to stay in the peacetime Navy." Occasionally, while his children—he has two sons and a daughter—were growing up, he would speak to high-school students, disabusing them of the notion that war is glamorous. "I told them what I still believe—that war is ugly and the business of war is to kill professionally," he said. From 1951 to 1953, he served on the faculty of the Naval War College, in Newport, Rhode Island. Later, he was singled out to undertake studies at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, in Washington. In the nineteen-sixties, he served on the Strategic Plans Directorate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, at the Pentagon. While skipper of the cruiser Providence, he was promoted to rear admiral, and, at his request, put out to sea again. He commanded first one and then two cruiser-destroyer flotillas—a task force, operating around the Mediterranean, that

included half the Sixth Fleet. Back at the Pentagon, he served as assistant director of the Strategic Plans Division in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. Because of the positions he held in the war college and then as a strategic planner, he did not engage in combat during the Korean and Vietnam Wars. But all this time he was a close observer of the undeclared Cold War.

Admiral La Rocque experienced the effects of the Cold War during the McCarthy era. In the mid-nineteen-fifties, he was a commander and operations-and-plans officer on the flagship of a destroyer flotilla whose home port was Newport. "They wanted all of us to take a loyalty oath in addition to our regular oath," he said. "I refused to do it. I said I had taken an oath when I was an ensign, another when I was a lieutenant j.g., another as a lieutenant, another as lieutenant commander, and I'd be damned if I'd sign one every time someone said so. Officers take an oath to support and defend the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic—the 'domestic' was added during the Civil War. My oath wasn't to defend the Navy or the Senate or the President. The Founding Fathers, in their wisdom, had me defend the Constitution. And that, by the way, is what my colleagues and I are still doing at the Center today. After thirteen battles, I didn't think I had to prove my loyalty to Senator McCarthy or anyone else. By refusing to sign that oath at Newport, I thought that I might have to fight another battle, right up to the Chief of Naval Operations. The surprising thing about bureaucracy is that nothing happened to me. I never turned in the paper, and they just went away. I don't believe that any record was ever made of those who signed or those who did not.



When I was on the faculty of the Naval War College, I taught a course called Enemy Capabilities and Limitations. I got the librarian to subscribe to the Communist *Daily Worker*, because I thought we ought to know what was being said and written. I made my students—they were Navy and Army officers and members of the C.I.A., but no foreigners, because of the nuclear stuff—read both the United States Constitution and the Communist Manifesto and write reports on them. Few, if any, of my hundred students had read either document closely before that time. We all needed more information and knowledge. I feel strongly that if you're going to tell someone to do something to an enemy that might get both of you killed you'd better know what you're doing.

"I've been to eighty-six countries, and they all think they're the center of the universe. They're all human beings—they belong to clubs, they like music, they play tennis, they have their work and their families, and they don't want to go to war. But if you never see them or talk to them, if you can dehumanize them—as we did with the Japanese during the Second World War, or the people of North Vietnam—then you can kill them. In my lifetime, I was taught to hate the Germans, but I don't hate them anymore. I hated the Japanese for four years, but now they're our best friends. So when you're told to hate the Russians look at your instructions carefully and find out why. I believe that you can't stop ideology with a gun. That's my philosophy in dealing with the Soviets. We have our own system of government to advocate, but it should not be constructed on hatred. I think we're in danger of losing so much that's wonderful about this country. We've been living off our capital and our natural resources, the land and the homogeneity of our society, but I'm afraid that we find it too easy to build weapons and rely on military force for the answers. We're still so new on the world scene." He paused for a few moments, then added, "The situation has changed with nuclear war, but I don't think that I've changed."

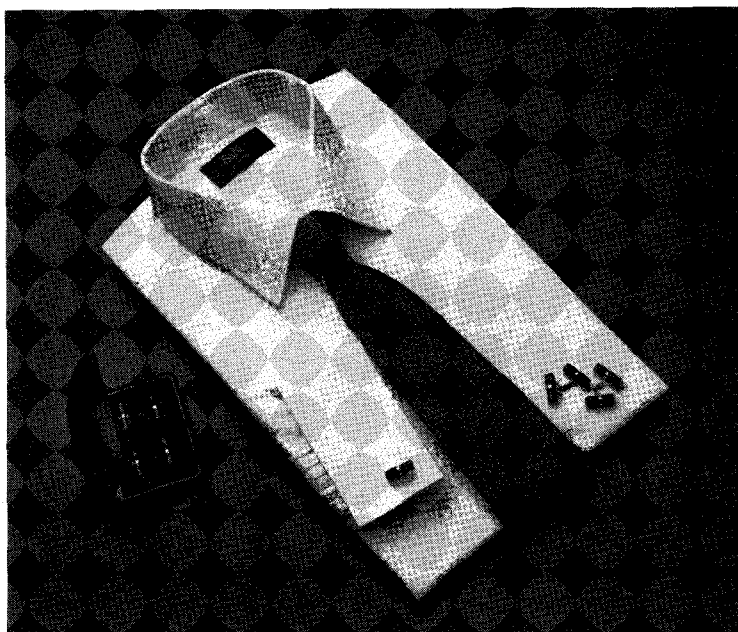
IT was while Admiral La Rocque was serving as a strategic planner at the Pentagon in the middle of the Vietnam War that his career began to unravel. In 1968, the Secretary of the Navy asked him to head a small group of admirals and a Marine general going to take a hard look at the war in

Vietnam. They visited the battle areas on land and sea and spoke to the commanders and the fighting men. "We were looking for truth, not scapegoats," La Rocque said. "Trying to appraise the chances for success—how we might attack, how we could come in this way or that way. Trying to determine what was wrong and do it better. Fundamentally, I couldn't find anyone to tell me why the United States was in Vietnam and what it was we were trying to accomplish there. That was the main problem. Hell, nobody had ever really studied the French experience in Indo-China. We weren't even aware of how much could be transported on a bicycle. My group discovered that since nobody knew what the armed services were trying to do there it was impossible to find a way to do it. Operationally, the war was being run from Hawaii, and on the way back to Washington we stopped off there. I briefed Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific, and it turned out to be a rather harsh discussion. He didn't like to hear what I was saying. For example, the pilots on our carriers were being sent off on sorties with only a partial bomb load against almost nonexistent targets. They were bombing something like a five-barrel petroleum dump, which they couldn't find anyway. But Washington wanted lots of sorties on the record. I began to make myself rather unpopular on the subject of Vietnam. When I reported back to the Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, at the Pentagon, his attitude was that such a pessimistic survey would create a lot of problems for the Navy—and for me personally. Just like that, straightforward and gentle, but his message got through to me. Well, I knew that I couldn't stop our involvement out there single-handed, so I didn't push the results of our study group. But I wasn't very happy about it. I wanted to go more public to stop that war, but I couldn't find anybody interested in doing so at the Pentagon. It was easier to keep the war going than to say 'Call it off.'"

At the same time, Admiral La Rocque encountered intraservice rivalry that inadvertently harmed him in the higher reaches of the Navy. "I did one foolish thing when I got back to Washington," he said, laughing. "There was an admiral who was in command of a carrier task group off Vietnam who was so bad that he was creating problems for everyone. He was so derelict in his performance that

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I thought it was my duty to report his misconduct. I went to see the Chief of Naval Operations, and he heard me out and was very sympathetic. He said that he had known this admiral for a long time, also had some doubts about him, and had told him to shape up when he was first promoted. Then he asked me to write what I had just said. I made the mistake of saying sure. So I wrote it up. Well, this admiral was a naval aviator, and the aviators run the Navy today. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy agreed that the facts had to be told, for the good of the service and the war effort, but my report got disseminated all over on the aviation side. That, plus my anti-war views, came back to haunt me. I was moved aside—made head of the Pan-American Naval Affairs office, still in strategic plans, and given the Legion of Merit for strengthening our ties of friendship with the Latin-American navies. When another job came up, in 1969, I was appointed director of the Inter-American Defense College, at Fort Lesley McNair, here in Washington. It was a nice, graceful way out. Anyway, I had always been interested in Latin-American affairs.”

There were anti-war demonstrations in Washington while Admiral La Rocque was comfortably berthed at Fort McNair. His children participated; once or twice, he joined the marchers, too.

Scenes from the visit to Vietnam remained fixed in his memory. “I remember one afternoon when I was on an amphibious ship,” he said. “A lot of marines had been sent out in the morning. Several of them collapsed when they came back in the afternoon, because they weren’t ready for that heat onshore and air-conditioning on the ship. Other young fellows came back in black rubber body bags, carried by their comrades. We got a bunch that night. Teen-agers, mangled. The kids were laid out on the hangar deck. There were some fragments of limbs and entrails that weren’t in the body bags. The crew hosed down the leftover debris of their bodies right over the side. Then we were ready for another day of war, another tomorrow. One of my sons got wounded—not too badly, lost a part of the calf of his leg—but he was lucky: they sent him back to Japan. He had volunteered to

be an Army medic. I suggested that he become an officer to be with people on his intellectual level. But he told me, ‘I don’t want to kill people.’ So I said, ‘John, I agree with you.’ He received two Purple Hearts. My other son, Jim, went into the Navy and then to medical school—he was violently anti-war. What got me was that the war went on and on. I have never accepted this business that if the military had been



left alone to fight it they could have won with one hand tied behind their backs. When somebody tells me that, I ask him, ‘How would you have done it? And what do you mean, win the war in Vietnam? Destroy Hanoi? Own all of North and South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos? Occupy them forever? Sure, you can destroy a country, but what good would you have done?’ ”

Like thousands of Americans opposed to the war, Admiral La Rocque was once branded a peacenik by his colleagues in the Pentagon. “Somehow, that should not have been a term of derision,” he said. “Weren’t we all supposed to be working for peace?” He talked of a time in 1970 when his daughter, Annette, came down to Washington with thirty classmates from Bennington College to protest the war. (He was then married to his first wife, Sally, who died in 1977; he was a widower with three children and Lili was a widow with two children when they were married, in 1979.) “We asked Annette, ‘Why don’t you and your friends stay with us at Fort McNair? There’s plenty of room.’ She said, ‘Oh, no, Dad, they wouldn’t want to stay on a military post.’ They were camping out in a park. A little later, she called to tell us that one of the girls was sick and would we come and get her. So Sally and I drove out, with some additional transportation—as head of the Inter-American Defense College, I had a car and driver—and brought them all back. As they passed the guards, one of the Bennington girls said, ‘My God, he’s taking us into the camp of the enemy!’ ” Admiral La Rocque grinned. “I borrowed Army blankets for all of them to sleep on, and they bivouacked inside the house and right in front of it. The next morning, we fed them all a good breakfast. I requisitioned plastic bags for them to carry in their pockets in case they got tear-

gassed, and off they went to protest the war, after a night’s rest at Fort McNair.”

That morning, Admiral La Rocque decided to show his sympathies by joining the demonstration. “It was not my first march,” he said. “I knew that it was illegal for me to participate, but I wanted to see what was happening. Of course, I didn’t go out there in uniform, with my stars showing. I wore civilian clothes—and a raincoat, with my own plastic covering against tear gas. An Army battalion and the police were in the streets, and troops were guarding the bridges. The kids were bent on trashing the city. I stood in Georgetown, and just as a group of kids turned a corner the police would grab them and put them in a bus. At first, the kids didn’t seem to want me there, but then some of them thought this old guy must be a journalist or something. My technique was to smile as if I approved of the whole thing. I’m not very streetwise—I came close to getting arrested as I mingled with the crowd. I remember taking part in another demonstration, with Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, one of the most outspoken opponents of the war. It was when some of the Vietnam veterans against the war threw away their medals. I saw Morse marching along, and, on impulse, I stepped off the curb, joined him, and introduced myself. We walked along together, exchanging ideas and talking about how we all should be out there—senators, generals, and admirals—demonstrating and saving lives in Vietnam. Afterward, he and I spent the rest of the day together on the Hill.”

I asked him if the military knew that he had marched against the war. “Hell, no,” he said. “We weren’t supposed to do that sort of thing. But Vietnam was just about the worst thing we ever got involved in. It goes back to a deep spirit of jingoism that pervades this country. Consider Mr. Reagan’s splendid little war against Grenada—you could fit its whole population into a football stadium in Michigan. Grenada was a diplomatic problem that we tried to solve by military means. I wasn’t concerned that several hundred Cubans were building an airfield there. I was distressed that it wasn’t the Americans helping the Grenadans to do the building. The official line now is to applaud Grenada, when we should be questioning it. We killed people, and we don’t know how many or what really hap-

pened there. The press was kept out, so we don't have the full story. It is all part of what Senator William Fulbright called our arrogance of power during the Vietnam War. And television has exacerbated matters by turning militarism and war into a spectator sport."

IN the spring of 1971, about a year before Admiral La Rocque retired, he quietly began to gather material into a personal file that he labelled "Eisenhower Institute." The idea of following up President Eisenhower's warning against the military-industrial complex tantalized him. There existed no independent study organization of the military which was run by professionals who had once been high-ranking officers with impeccable records, knew the needs and excesses of the armed forces from the inside, and could speak with authority when they monitored Pentagon weapons systems and policies. At that time, President Nixon had ordered B-52 bombings of North Vietnam. "Among my friends in strategic plans, I would argue that we couldn't bomb our way to a so-called victory, that what we needed was a change in our attitude

toward military power—for instance, to develop not a rapid-deployment force but a 'slow-deployment force,' to make sure that we didn't rush into small wars that developed into big ones," Admiral La Rocque said. "I also felt that such a study organization should take into account the social, economic, and political needs of our society. I was still on active duty at Fort McNair but getting ready to leave when the Center was formed. The name Eisenhower Institute was dropped, because I didn't want the Center to sound political—either Republican or Democratic. I wanted a name that was relatively benign. Through the Fund for Peace, I helped to draft a brochure appealing for support and contributions. It was published after I retired. Friends and businessmen who believed in what we were doing came to see me and provided help—including Arthur Berliss, a retired naval-reserve captain, and Harold Willens, a California business executive. Both are still on our board of advisers. With the confidence of someone totally ignorant about starting such an organization, I just went ahead. I began with about four people. David Johnson, our research director,

has been with me from the beginning—he had studied Soviet and Chinese affairs in graduate school at Harvard. We rented a one-bedroom apartment to work in. Now we have a staff of twenty-five squeezed into a suite of offices on Massachusetts Avenue, and an annual budget of a million dollars. But we don't want to get any bigger. Everybody works hard, and we turn out a great deal of information. It may be that the phones in my office are tapped. I sincerely hope they are. I'm very anxious to get everything we know to the White House and to Congress, even if it has to be done through wiretaps."

The center's deputy director is Rear Admiral Eugene J. Carroll, Jr., a naval aviator who served with units engaged in the Vietnam campaign for six years and commanded the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Midway. Admiral Carroll recently told me, "I saw, and see today, little rational military thought reflected in our military plans, programs, and policies. After retiring, in 1980, I accepted a position with a defense contractor on a part-time basis. In less than six months, I was totally disillusioned. Pursuit of contracts is ruthless and often unethical, if not illegal, and



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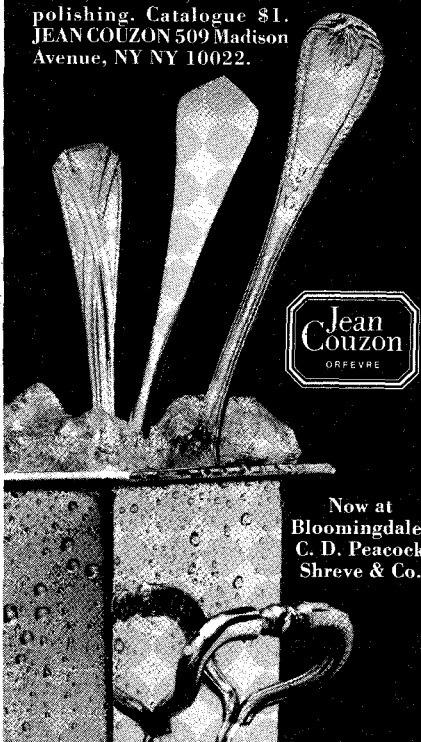
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the exploitation of retired military officers is cynical in the extreme. When I notified the contractor of my plan to depart upon completion of my project, I was offered increased incentives, including profit-sharing, to stay. There was general astonishment that I was going to the Center for Defense Information, at a substantial reduction in compensation, in order to do what I wanted to do—speak my mind and work for a measure of sanity in our national-security programs rather than mindlessly promote more weapons just because there was a lot of money in it. Some days are better than others. The power of the Administration, industry, Congress, and the Pentagon, all working together to promote nuclear-war fighting forces, seems almost overwhelming at times. But the Center does make a difference. People know that we are here and that we will keep trying to avert a nuclear war. The alternative is unthinkable.”

The associate directors—all retired military men, almost all with strong combat experience, and all men who made conscious decisions to bring their knowledge into play at the Center instead of joining industry—come from different backgrounds but are on the same wavelength as Admiral La Rocque. They include Captain James T. Bush, who once commanded a Polaris nuclear submarine and is now the Center's point man with Congress; Colonel James A. Donovan, who served with the 2nd Marine Division in the Second World War and on the Marine Corps general staff; Major General William T. Fairbourn, who led the 1st Marine Division and is now on the executive committee of Utahans United Against the Nuclear Arms Race; and Major General Kermit D. Johnson, who was with the 82nd Airborne Division and became Army Chief of Chaplains. A few believe that some of their old friends in uniform have shunned them because of the Center affiliation.

As Admiral La Rocque kept our coffee mugs filled, I asked him about the unusually detailed information found in *The Defense Monitor*, and, particularly, whether any of it was classified. The pamphleteering, letter-size publication appears every few months and covers such subjects as the MX (“the weapon nobody wants”), weapons exports, space weapons (“militarizing the last frontier”), a comparison of American and Soviet military strength, the nuclear-arms race (“bad for business”). Two years

ago, a special issue was devoted to a national women's conference in Washington, sponsored by the Center, on preventing nuclear war. It was chaired by the actress Joanne Woodward, who, like her husband, the actor Paul Newman, is on the Center's board of advisers. For the fortieth anniversary of Hiroshima's destruction, a *Defense Monitor* was printed in Japanese and distributed in Japan.

“I have a flat rule that if we discover that any document is classified we turn it over to the agency that issued it,” Admiral La Rocque said. “That only happened once, and we gave it back to the Pentagon. No, we get our information from material on the record—very often from congressional hearings and congressional requests to the Pentagon. A lot of information comes from defense contractors who are proud of their work and advertise it. The Freedom of Information Act has helped, because it provides a good environment by law, but information has been cut back during the Reagan Administration. We put all the information together and analyze it. For example, it was the Center that first came up with the figure of fifty thousand nuclear weapons in the superpowers' arsenals. We don't have or keep secrets. In fact, I would like to see an independent congressional Office of Defense Appraisal established to do exactly what we're doing. If it succeeded as an official information service, it could put us out of business. I wouldn't mind working my way out of a job.”

ON a recent weekend, Admiral La Rocque invited me to join him and his wife for a sail around Chesapeake Bay in his boat, a thirty-six-foot sloop. The Dutch-built boat, with a deep-blue steel hull, was called Rocinante, after Don Quixote's sorrowful horse, when he bought it, thirteen years ago. He decided to keep the name. “Tilting at windmills—that's appropriate for Gene,” his wife told me. The boat was docked in Church Creek, a quiet cove a few miles from Annapolis. Before casting off, the Admiral—the former co-commander of the nuclear-armed Sixth Fleet, in the Mediterranean—bent down like an ordinary seaman and wiped some wet footmarks off the deck, so that the sail would not be soiled when he raised it. As he peered at the open waters beyond the creek, where the bay began to widen, a look of satisfaction crossed his face. Two cormorants rose and



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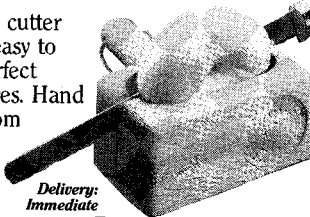
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fluttered warning wings above their nest, on top of a light buoy, when the sailboat passed close by. "The Coast Guard knocked down their nests at one time," he said. "But then those 'crazy environmentalists' protested. They pressured the Coast Guard into putting up iron platforms above the buoy, and the cormorants built their nests right on them. Aren't they lovely?"

I asked him why he bothered to roil the waters at the Pentagon, and in other quarters of Washington, when he could be living the easy life in retirement, sailing the seas he so clearly enjoyed.

He looked up from the wheel.

"I guess it's because the whole ballgame has changed and I've tried to keep up with the new times, too," he said. "It goes back at least to that evaluation of the Vietnam War and the useless bombing that killed so many people—soldiers and civilians on both sides. That contributed to my disenchantment. Then, nuclear weapons have changed all the old delusions about military superiority. Most people have not yet grasped what nuclear war would mean. The third thing was the growth of the military-industrial complex. When I first came into the Navy, in 1940, we made nearly everything—ships, guns, all the rest of the stuff that goes bang. Now it's done by profit-minded private defense contractors. I wanted a platform to discuss these military matters in relation to the needs of the rest of our society."

Admiral La Rocque tacked the sailboat to take advantage of a fugitive breeze on the suddenly windless bay. A Japanese freighter carrying automobiles passed in the distance; he picked up his binoculars and focussed on the Rising Sun over its stern. Then, in a sweeping gesture, he pointed toward some tall buildings that had been erected right along the shoreline of Chesapeake Bay. "This country really must have been something when the first settlers saw it," he said. "The bright-green land, undisturbed and peaceful." —HERBERT MITGANG

Britain earned an estimated \$5.9 billion on trade, investment and services in South Africa in 1985. The countries with no stakes are the ones with nothing to lose, Mrs. Thatcher argued.

Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi of India coolly stood that argument on his head before flying home to New Delhi.—*The Times*.

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THE THEATRE

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THE annual Young Playwrights Festival, always a cheerful occasion, is an especially encouraging one this year. The three first plays selected for full productions, at Playwrights Horizons, are a farce, a drama, and a comedy, and in each instance the choice seems to be the right one. "Coup d'État," by Carolyn Jones (who was eighteen at the time of submission), is set on some Caribbean island immediately after a revolution in which "the contras" have taken over the country. The dramatis personae include a bewildered king (just reinstated), a couple of his advisers, his knowledgeable secretary, a super-salesman of the Soviet Union, an effete public-relations man from Miami, a young man who has left the family farm to seek his fortune, and, finally, the leader of the rebels, who has squandered away eight million dollars, and who now comes out of hiding to save the day—or, at any rate, to save the king. Miss Jones has made these characters, all of them deliberate stereotypes, seem firsthand; the comic mood is sustained throughout, and every joke pays off. Under the buoyant direction of Art Wolff, the performance is ev-

erything any inexperienced dramatist could hope for. The experienced actors include Tom Mardirosian, Susan Greenhill (in two roles), Jim Fyfe, and Greg Germann.

"A Delicate Situation," by Eve Goldfarb (aged seventeen at submission), is about the sexual confusion and aberrant behavior of a seventeen-year-old girl, formerly a model student and daughter, after her mother has left home to have a lesbian affair. Attempts by the girl's young boyfriend, her mother, and the mother's lover to steady her and save her from self-destruction come to nothing. Again, the performances are good; Kelly Wolf is the pathetic heroine, and she is well supported by the other actors. Mary B. Robinson directed.

The hero of "Remedial English," by Evan Smith (aged eighteen at submission), is a senior at a Catholic boys' high school whose monologues of reveries and daydreams, many of them homosexual, make as entertaining stream of consciousness as you are ever likely to run into. When his English teacher, a tough, astringent nun, asks him to tutor a classmate, he chooses a handsome boy on whom he has a

crush, but the boy turns out to be not only a dolt but a heterosexual dolt. Homosexuality is taken very lightly here, perhaps as just a phase of adolescence, but it certainly seems to be on a lot of minds. Mr. Smith is a true humorist, and a very lucky one in having Greg Germann to portray his hero, Anne Pitoniak to portray the dry, witty nun, and Ron Lagomarsino to direct his play. By the way, Miss Pitoniak's expressive recitation of Poe's "The Bells" to her blank-faced English class is clowning at its most exquisite. The festival's sets, costumes and lighting, all of them commendable, were by Rick Dennis, Michael Krass, and Ann G. Wrightson, respectively.

RICHARD NELSON's "The Return of Pinocchio," at Double Image, is about the return of Pinocchio, brimming with wrongheaded American swagger, to his native town in Italy which has been brutalized and demoralized by poverty. The script is sometimes clever, in the pejorative British sense, and the evening grows more and more annoying as time goes by. Even the engaging performance of Joe Urla in the title role and the engaging presence of Marcell Rosenblatt as peasant wife cannot save it.

CIRCLE REP opens its season with "In This Fallen City," a frai work by Bryan Williams which is actually an attenuated one-acter split in two. A young man named Paul force his way into the house, presumably in East Harlem, of an old man named Abner Abelson, who has been branded "the Bad Samaritan" in the press and has been on the receiving end of many moralizing editorials because on a certain recent night a Puerto Rican boy on the run from a gang of thugs took refuge with old Abner, who betrayed him and forced him out, to be murdered on the doorstep. Paul, the boy's high-school teacher, suspects that Abner has been cruelly wronged and is determined to find out what really happened; old Abner is just as determined to keep the truth from him. Why Abner doesn't tell him at once instead of keeping us waiting for two hours, is the unsolved mystery of the evening. That fine actor Michael Higgins, as Abner, and Danton Stone as Paul, do all that can be done with their makeshift roles. Marshall W. Mason directed. —EDITH OLIVE



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THE ART WORLD

Making It New

NOW that art has cut its geographical ties, the question of what is American in American art rarely comes up. Until about 1940, though, this was a crucial issue. European aesthetic achievements weighed so heavily on American-born artists that the creation of independent native styles seemed an essential goal. Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer had proved that it could be done. Well before the turn of the century, they took the naturalistic movement initiated in France by Courbet and used it to make paintings that were unmistakably American—American not just in subject matter but in feeling, paintings that no European could have produced. Eakins, a greater and more profound artist than Homer, was largely unappreciated in his own time. Homer, who started out as an illustrator for popular magazines, was successful throughout his career, and his success is traceable in large part, I think, to his visible independence from European models. This independence is clearly evident in "Winslow Homer

Watercolors," the largest and most comprehensive exhibition to date of his work in this medium, which opened last month at the Yale University Art Gallery, in New Haven (through November 2nd). Organized by Helen A. Cooper, the Yale Gallery's curator of American Paintings and Sculpture, the show has already been seen at the National Gallery, in Washington, and at the Amon Carter Museum, in Fort Worth; New Haven is its last stop. Once again, it seems, New York's museums have failed to find room in their schedules for a brilliant and illuminating exhibition.

Homer did not start to work seriously in watercolor until he was thirty-seven years old. He had been a professional artist for twenty years by then, earning his living mainly as an illustrator but also showing his oils in large salon exhibitions, where they were generally well received. His "Prisoners from the Front," a Civil War painting that was the sensation of the National Academy show in 1866, led to his immediate election as

a full member of the Academy. Watercolor was not considered a serious medium by American artists of that period; it was used mainly by amateurs and Sunday painters. But in 1873 the American Society of Painters in Water Colors put on an international exhibition in New York, with many examples of work by European artists. Both Homer and Eakins began to use the medium extensively that same year, almost certainly as a result of the show. For Homer, watercolors largely took the place of magazine illustrations as a source of income; they also became the medium of his most personal and innovative work.

Innovation did not announce itself right away. Homer's earliest watercolors, the series of genre scenes that he did in Gloucester, Massachusetts, during the summer of 1873, are really just colored drawings, in a descriptive style not far removed from his commercial illustrations—his native gift lay in draftsmanship and in his ability to observe and get down the precise details that brought a scene to life. It took him a few years to learn how to make fully effective use of the white paper, whose reflective quality gives watercolor its sparkle and brilliance. In

these early sheets he achieved his highlights mainly by the use of gouache or opaque white pigment rather than by letting the unpainted paper show through. His subject matter, scenes of rural childhood, was very much in keeping with the mood of nostalgia that permeated much American art in the post-Civil War period. The sentimentality that such scenes could so easily evoke was entirely absent from Homer's watercolors, however; critics complained that they lacked "finish," and that the artist did not pay sufficient attention to "the beautiful"—meaning that his urchins were no idealized versions of childhood. Similar complaints were made about Homer's watercolors for several years in spite of his increas-



*"Wallingford will eat and he will drink, but
he flatly refuses to be merry."*

ingly impressive mastery of the difficult medium. He was able to sell a sufficient number, though, and even the critics came to sense that something new was going on in them. Homer had a "manner of his own which sprung from the artist's individual way of looking at Nature, not from his way of looking at some other man's pictures," a *New York Tribune* critic wrote in 1874. Henry James, reviewing the American Society of Painters in Water Colors exhibition of 1875, found Homer's twenty-even watercolors and six black-and-white drawings "the most striking pictures in the exhibition," for reasons that perplexed him. "He is almost barbarously simple," James wrote, "and . . . he is terribly ugly; but there is nevertheless something one likes about him."



That something, it now seems clear, had a lot to do with Homer's quirky color sense—what contemporaries called his eccentricity. Eakins broke free of Europe through his absolute, unwavering concentration on the truth of appearances. In his boating pictures you can tell the time of day and the season of the year by the way the shadows fall on the Schuylkill River; in his portraits you can read the sitter's whole life in the eyes and the hands. For Homer, freedom was largely the result of finding out what he could do with color. It turned out that what he could do was as advanced as anything being done in Europe.

Seeing Homer take possession of color makes the Yale show an enralling experience. Or maybe it was the other way around—a case of color taking possession of the artist. In the series of rather traditionally "finished" watercolors of pretty young women which he did in 1876 and 1877, color is already becoming the main expressive feature. As Helen Cooper points out in her intelligent catalogue essay, Homer appears to have treated each of these pictures as "an essay in essentially one or two colors," building up chromatic richness through many layerings of transparent washes. There is some evidence that Homer was in love with the girl who posed for several of these pictures. Lloyd Goodrich, Homer's principal biographer, believes that the artist's only significant romantic attachment ended unhappily, because he did not have enough money to marry. Goodrich suggested to Helen Cooper that the woman in question may well have been Helena de Kay, an artist whose New

York studio was in the same Tenth Street building as Homer's. Homer wrote her affectionate letters, and his oil portrait of her, done in 1876, shows a strong resemblance to the young woman in the watercolors. He never married, in any case, and the 1876-77 watercolors are the only ones that carry any sense of a complex inner life.

Most of Homer's watercolors were done during his summer and winter vacation trips. They chart his passionate commitment to masculine nature—to nature viewed as a background for the masculine pleasures of fishing, hunting, and sailing. There was much Americanism in this, of course. The myth of the outdoors retains much of its power for us today, although not in quite the same sense that it had for Homer's contemporaries, business and professional men who saw their all-male outings on land or sea as occasions to renew the spirit and replenish the springs of machismo. Homer was a dedicated fisherman and a convivial companion (until his somewhat reclusive old age), and he seems to have shared the attitude of nature veneration that was popularized so vigorously by Teddy Roosevelt. The most striking aspect of his watercolors, though, is not their subject matter but, rather, the phenomenal delicacy of his technique, and the gradual, intermittent, but in the end nearly complete subordination of subject matter to the experience of pure color.

In the series of views of the ocean at sunset which he painted during the summer of 1880 in Gloucester, the scene of his first experiments in the medium, he virtually abandoned careful drawing as the structural basis. Influenced, perhaps, by recent scientific interest in color theory and also by the publication of Ogden N. Rood's book "Modern Chromatics," Homer blocked in the principal masses with bold, saturated colors, combined in ways that still surprise the eye. His effects astonished contemporary critics. "He is evidently striving after the unknown," Samuel G. W. Benjamin wrote in "Art in America." Color used as the structural principle was too great a jump even for Homer, apparently—he would do nothing so audacious again for several years. Instead, he went to live in England for two years, in the North Sea fishing village of Cullercoats (well known to British artists for its picturesque qualities), where he applied himself diligently to



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mastering a full range of British watercolor techniques. His Cullercoats watercolors are notable for their large size, their technical virtuosity, and their focus on the buxom local fisherwomen, presented as symbols of proud fortitude. He never painted in that academic style after he came home. In 1884, he settled permanently in Prout's Neck, Maine, and proceeded to let his eccentric Yankee talent take its own course.

Homer's oils did not keep pace with his watercolors. The famous set pieces—"The Life Line" (1884), "Undertow" (1886), even "The Gulf Stream" (1889)—look static today, moored firmly to their narrative buoys. Some of the watercolors could have been painted last week. It is not just their freshness (the result of Homer's dazzling technique) that makes them look so contemporary. It has to do, I think, with the essentially modernist need to "make it new," an attitude that would soon become endemic among the more advanced artists in Europe. American artists were not the only ones who felt they had to break with five hundred years of European painting. "I want to be as though newborn, knowing absolutely nothing about Europe," Paul Klee wrote in 1902. The irony was that most American artists, living in a country that considered itself the new world, lacked the confidence to reject the European past. Modernism was born and raised in Paris, Munich, and Moscow. Very few Americans even realized what Homer was doing in his post-1884 watercolors, or where his miraculously controlled infatuation with color was leading.

In his sun-drenched images of the Bahamas, done in the mid-eighties and late nineties, radical cropping deletes all but the most essential details. The water in these pictures is a tangible presence, laid in with sure strokes of a fully loaded brush, indigo and turquoise and aquamarine sliding into one another but each hue retaining its own clarity in the eye. They appear to be loosely painted, but they are not. Every stroke, every accident becomes part of the intricately orchestrated dance of color. His painting has ceased to be an imitation of external reality. Coloristic landscapes such as "Woods at Prout's Neck" and "Among the Vegetables" (both dated 1887) rival in their chromatic freedom the most delirious achievements of Impressionism, which was then only just starting to be accepted in America.

THE NEW YORKER

Like Monet, who got there a few years earlier, Homer was close to the modernist goal of representing not the thing itself but the effect it produced—"not to reflect the visible," as Klee said, "but to make visible."

Homer's fishing vacations in the Adirondacks and the Canadian north woods resulted in work of a very different character. In a number of these watercolors, the emphasis once again is narrative or descriptive, and for that reason they are less interesting to us today. The scenes of deer pursued and of guides and foresters taming the wilderness put us right back into the nineteenth century. But there are also atmospheric landscapes in which the dark greenish-black of the pine forest merges with the silver-lack of a lake at sunset or in the early morning, and the long arabesque of a fisherman's cast (scratched into the paint with one sweep of the brush's wooden tip) sets in motion something that is deeper than narrative. In "Leaping Trout" (1889), two rainbows are shown in closeup, arching their brilliant bodies out of the dark water, which is shot through with dashes of deep blue, bright pink, and yellow-green. In "The Adirondack Guide" (1894), an old man in a rowboat takes on the colors of the wilderness that enfolds him—the deep blue of a giant tree trunk, the ochre of fall foliage, the green-black of the water. In each case, the image is realistic but the effect is abstract. According to Lloyd Goodrich, "He saw nature less like a poet than a woodsman, painting more objectively, expressing not poetic sentiments but physical sensations." It strikes me that the "pure visual sensuousness" (in Goodrich's phrase) that Homer conveyed in these Adirondack watercolors came from the same source that drove Monet to paint his *Nymphéas*. Somewhere in the mind and imagination of this thoroughly American artist, the external world was in the process of becoming no more than a pretext for the more intense reality of art.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

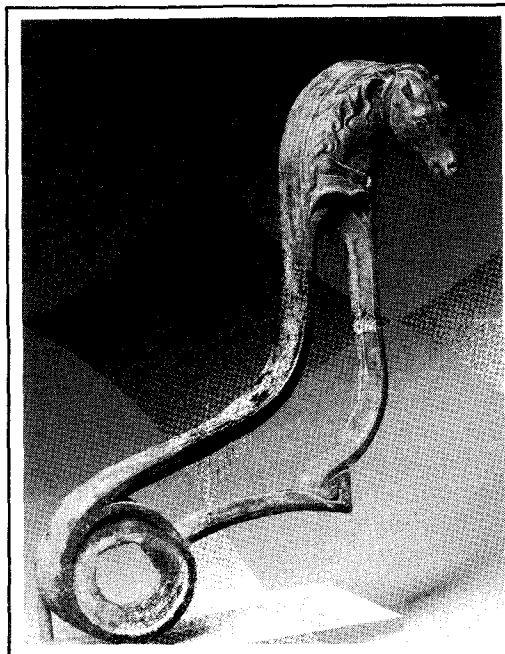
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[From the *Washington Post*]

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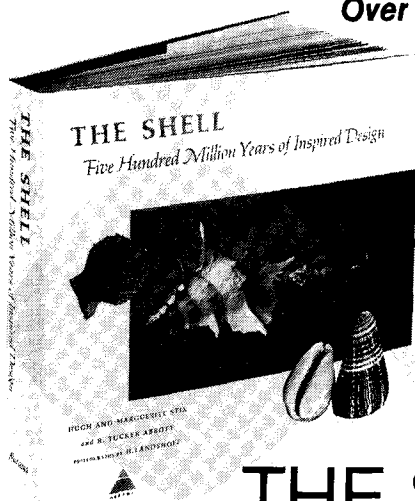


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AROUND CITY HALL

PEACE CHILD WEEK

WHEN Mayor Edward Koch, Governor Mario Cuomo, and John Cardinal O'Connor, who are widely considered to be New York's three principal political players, gathered at City Hall on September 19th to honor the arrival in the city of Corazon Aquino, the President of the Philippines, it was the first time the three men had appeared there together since January 1st. On that occasion, they were present for another happy event—the swearing in of Koch for a third term as mayor. The revelations of extensive corruption in the Koch administration—which began to surface only a few days later, following the attempted suicide of one of the prominent guests, the Queens Democratic boss, Donald Manes, who was the Mayor's friend and close political ally—would have seemed unimaginable to many of the thousands of New Yorkers who had been invited to the New Year's Day ceremony. So would the conclusion, in a report issued last month by former United States Attorney John Martin, Jr., that—as a result of mismanagement, or administrative error, or poor judgment, or for other,

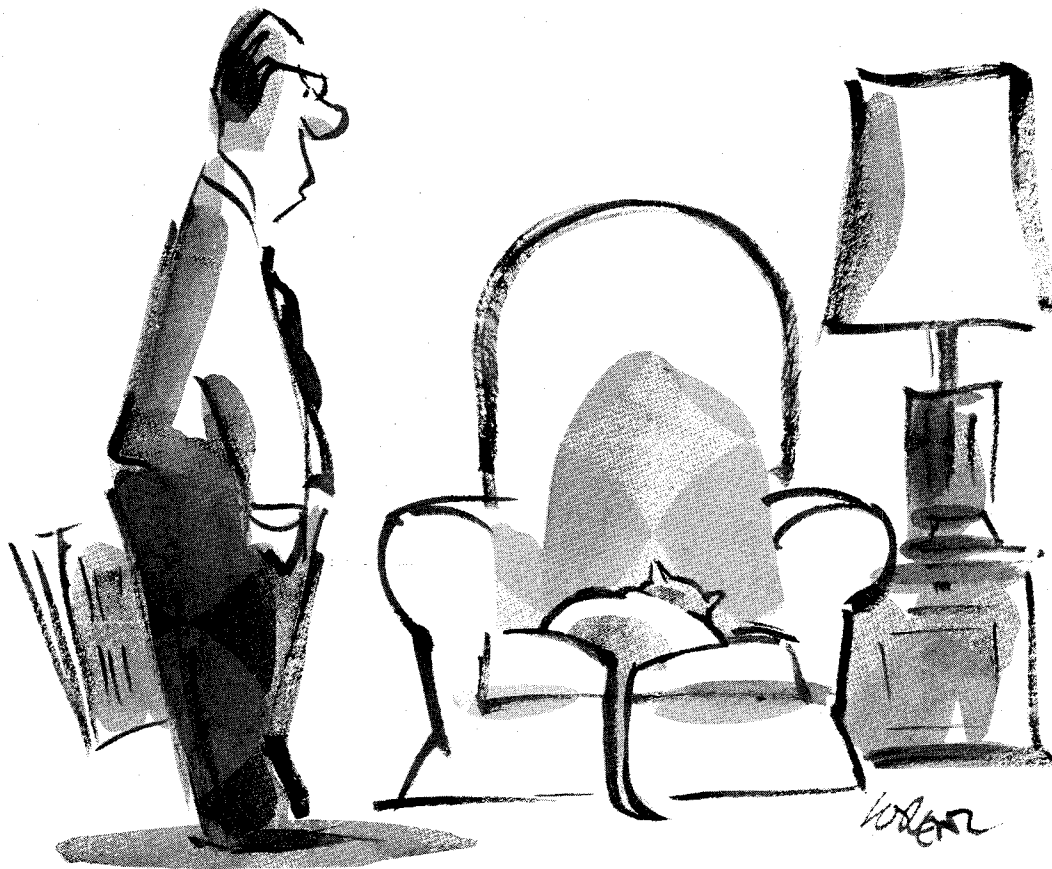
unspecified reasons—members of the Koch administration had for four years failed to heed formal, detailed warnings of such corruption. Martin had been asked by Koch last February to conduct an inquiry into published reports that the Department of Investigation, a mayoral agency, had not adequately pursued allegations concerning the city's Parking Violations Bureau, a number of whose officials and their City Hall allies have by now pleaded guilty to, or are on trial on, charges of having turned the P.V.B. into a racketeering enterprise that gave and solicited bribes. According to Martin, a fourteen-page account of the corrupt operations of the P.V.B. had been given to the Department of Investigation on February 11, 1982, by the P.V.B. comptroller, James Rose, who was resigning to work for the Ford Foundation, and no significant action had ever been taken on it. Martin's conclusion that the city government had not acted responsibly to prevent possible corruption was reinforced last month when, on September 11th, State Comptroller Edward Regan issued a report disclosing that the letting of no-

bid city contracts, to the amount of some two billion dollars a year, had been conducted with few standards or established procedures and, in many cases, with so little documentation that someone who was disposed to do so could skew a contract in the direction of a friend without leaving a trace. Local headlines after the release of the Martin Report read "CITY IGNORED SIGNS OF SCAM," "THE CITY WATCHDOG HAD ITS EYES CLOSED," and "DID THE MAYOR WANT TO KNOW?" The chance for a festive City Hall celebration of the arrival here of the new President of the Philippines couldn't have come at a more opportune time.

At the event, the plaza in front of the seat of local government was decorated with several hundred yellow balloons. A red carpet ran down the front steps—a customary honor accorded visiting heads of state. (Last summer, during the mayoral election when Koch was eager to attract a substantial Hispanic vote—as he eventually did—the honor was also accorded the visiting mayor of San Juan, Puerto Rico.) The relationship among the three power brokers who gathered for the September 19th occasion—though publicly civil and often jovial—is not a trusting one. In the

presence, for all the smiling and handshaking—and, in the case of Cuomo and the Cardinal, ring-kissing—one senses that each of the distinguished New Yorkers is watching his back. At their joint appearance last January, on the jubilee day of the Mayor's third inauguration, the Cardinal was heard saying to Koch that he had read with interest an article the day before by the *Times* City Hall bureau chief, Joyce Purnick "telling about your unkept promises." She had listed the things that Koch had pledged to do in the previous year and had failed to accomplish; the view, popular with some armchair political commentators, that until the corruption story broke City Hall reporters had docilely accepted almost without question Koch's rosy press-released version of his administration is not accurate.

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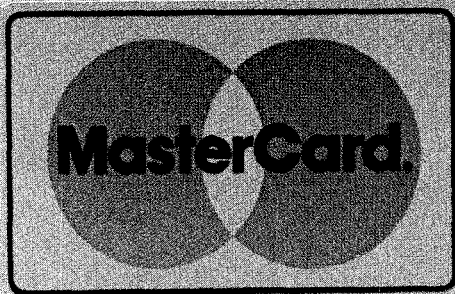
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he inauguration, Cuomo described Koch as someone who would surely bring together the city's racial and ethnic groups. This irritated the Mayor, since, he explained later, he had already brought them together. The differences between the Governor and the Cardinal, growing out of their disagreement over the abortion issue—Cuomo personally accepts the teaching of his church that abortion is a sin but believes that as governor he must carry out state laws that permit Medicaid funding for abortions—have been sharper than ever since August, when the New York Archdiocese issued a directive that bars anyone who doesn't wholly support Church teachings from speaking at parish events, although the archdiocese now says that the rule was not meant to apply to the Governor. Earlier this year, Cuomo, referring to Koch, told a reporter, "Ed says [the Cardinal] dislikes me. I'll take his word for it"—definitely encouraging the impression that O'Connor is capable of an un priestly emotion and also that the Mayor is not averse to spreading a little dissension between a couple of other people. At the City Hall ceremony honoring President Aquino, all were on their best behavior, although Cuomo's speech did begin with comment noting "the extraordinary lish" with which the Mayor referred to the chant of "Cory! Cory! Cory!" at greets Mrs. Aquino everywhere he goes, including, that day, City Hall Plaza. The Governor said, "I wouldn't help noticing how much it sounded like 'Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!'" President Aquino, who is a graduate of Mount St. Vincent College, in the Bronx, thanked the three men for their kind words in a five-minute speech. O'Connor's invocation ran 70 minutes, and Cuomo's remarks went on for four. The Mayor spoke for eighteen minutes. It is true that he presented Mrs. Aquino not only with the key to the city but with its Eleanor Roosevelt Human Rights Award. Still, those listening to his warm and generous words about the significance of her victory over Marcos got the impression that he was quite happy to linger at an event that allowed him, for a brief time, to rise above the municipal-government level and stand by side with a head of state.

The three other principals, however, were in a hurry to get out of there. Cuomo took off to fulfill various commitments having to do with the governance of the state, and only coincidentally with his campaign for elec-

tion to a second term: a poll released the day before had shown him carrying sixty-five per cent of the vote, to eighteen per cent for his Republican opponent, Andrew O'Rourke. Back in Albany, he could run his hands over the mail generated by the cover story on him in the *Times Magazine* the previous Sunday, the cover stories on him in *Time* in June and *Newsweek* in March, and the front-page story in the *Wall Street Journal* on September 4th ("MARIO CUOMO EMERGES AS A MAJOR NEW VOICE IN DEMOCRATIC CIRCLES"). The Cardinal took off for his Madison Avenue residence for a meeting with the Israeli Prime Minister, Shimon Peres, who invited him to visit Israel as a guest of the nation, in the hope that there could be further discussion of what many Israelis regard as an unfortunate comment by O'Connor last summer after a visit to Lebanon: "Somehow, a homeland has to be provided for the Palestinian peoples." For President Aquino, too, the City Hall ceremony, though a good show, was not the day's most significant event. Her most critical meeting was a luncheon with some of the city's leading bankers, who were close to an agreement to reduce the interest on the huge Philippine debt.

After the others split, the Mayor was left at City Hall with the yellow balloons. His afternoon schedule included the issuance of a proclamation naming the last week in September Minority Enterprise Development Week; his usual Friday-afternoon appearance on the local ABC station (he is on television so often that the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists required him to join the union a couple of years back); a drop-in at the San Gennaro festival in Little Italy; and an opportunity to reflect on a mayoral week that had been marked by considerable flash, noise, and headlines but in which, nevertheless, many things had not gone well.

ON Monday of that week, the Mayor's first official duty had been to read one of the several proclamations that he issues in an average day. Sometimes he reads them off in his small office, joined by people who have a special interest in the proclamation's message. When the group is larger or more important, the event takes place in the ceremonial Blue Room, across the hall. The September 15th proclamation was read in the Rotunda, near the City Hall entrance—giving the impression that it was

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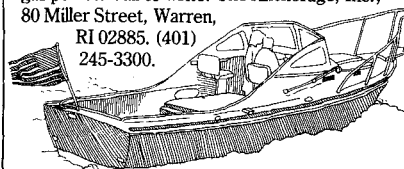
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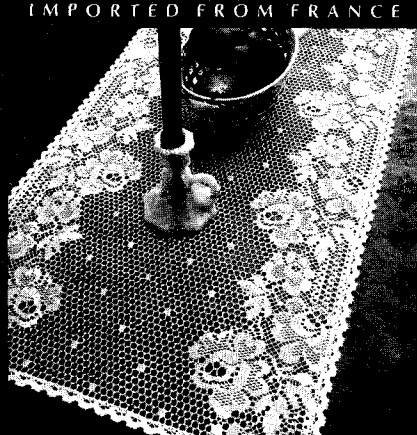
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something the Mayor might have done in passing, on his way somewhere else. As he later explained, Barbara Margolis, an old friend who is also his commissioner of protocol, had asked him to honor a joint musical performance by Soviet and American children the following evening at the United Nations. The sponsor of the group, which was touring the country, was the Peace Child Foundation, whose advisory board includes John Denver, Peter Ustinov, Liv Ullman, and Marion Barry, the mayor of Washington. About eleven o'clock, Koch joined twenty-two Russian and American children, ranging in age from ten to eighteen, who were gathered at the foot of City Hall's grand, double-curved staircase. It was at the top of this cantilevered staircase that the body of Abraham Lincoln lay in state for two days in April, 1865. Henry James once described City Hall, which was completed in 1812, as "the divine . . . the elegant, the gallant little structure." None of the events that took place there in the third week of September resembled anything in a Henry James novel.

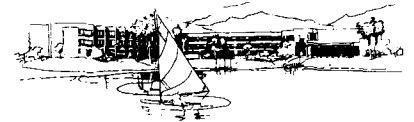
After the photographers had done their work, the Mayor recited the proclamation, naming the week ending September 20th as Peace Child Week, "in recognition of the International Year of Peace Soviet-American Peace Child tour, which is designed to foster friendship and understanding between the citizens of our two nations." Apparently, Koch does not always read such messages before he proclaims them. He said of this one later, "I then read it, and I'm saying to myself, 'What are we doing here? This is pap, pap!'" Turning to the children, he told them in an angry voice, "Not the children in the Soviet Union, not the people in the Soviet Union, but the government is the pits!" (In the past, the Mayor has called other things "the pits"—the actions of individual reporters which offended him, for example, and the city of Detroit, after Representative John Conyers, Jr., who is from Detroit, presided over 1983 congressional hearings that concluded that there was extensive brutality in the New York Police Department against local citizens, particularly those from the minority community. However, this may have been the first time that he applied the term to an entire sovereign government.) Koch mentioned to the children the arrest of Nicholas Daniloff, the American journalist, and said, "I don't want the

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people to think that because I issued a proclamation commenting on peace that somehow or other I am at peace with the Soviet government. I am not." It was "baloney," the Mayor later told reporters, to think that "when you come to City Hall this is a sanctuary, and people don't speak the truth." The visiting children looked stunned by his remarks, and some of them were close to tears. "I don't want to stay in this house no more minute," said one fourteen-year-old boy from Leningrad. "The Mayor is very rude." When Koch learned that they had also been offended by his having received them in "a wrinkled shirt," his comment was "What kind of Communist society do they have there? Everybody runs around in tuxedos?"

In fact, the Mayor's jacketless appearance for the ceremony did not signal any special disrespect. It is his policy nearly always to opt for shirt-sleeves, even on such occasions as the swearing in of judges and commissioners. The young Russians, however, weren't the first visitors to be offended by the Mayor's informality. In January, 1984, when Koch swore in Benjamin Ward as the city's first black police commissioner, City Hall was thronged with invited guests from the black community who were dressed appropriately for the great occasion. A number of them commented that it seemed as if the Mayor could have put his jacket on for the historic event. (Fortunately, he did wear a jacket for the ceremony honoring President Aquino.) This preference for the casual look represents a change of style on Koch's part. In "Mayor," his 1984 political memoir, he tells of becoming a member of a Democratic clubhouse in the late nineteen-fifties. "The problem was that I was the only person at the meetings who was wearing a three-button Brooks Brothers suit." The club officers, he writes, "thought I was a spy." Not only Koch's sartorial style has changed over the years. In the sixties and early seventies—and, indeed, until he ran for Mayor, in 1977—he was known as an earnest-minded, very liberal Democrat. The New York Civil Liberties Union has found in its files a nineteen-sixties request from Koch for an opportunity to defend victims of police brutality.

An hour after he gave the Peace Child delegation what he later defended as "a message about democracy," the Mayor greeted a group of visiting students from East Germany, also at the foot of the staircase, and



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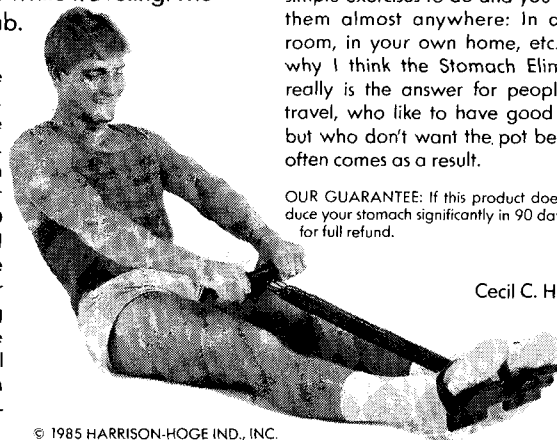
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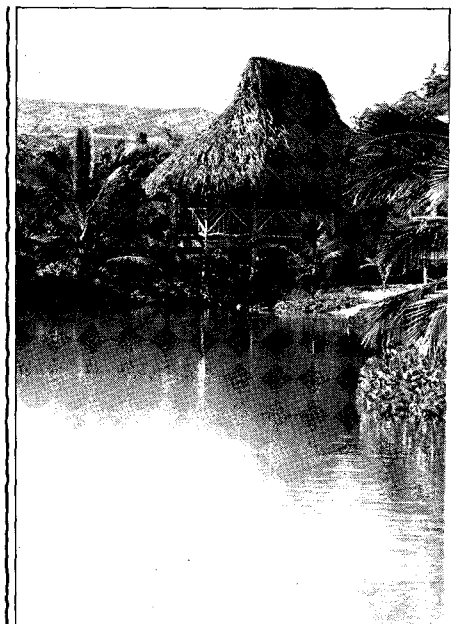
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explained to them that foreign policy was his specialty, that in their country citizens were not free to speak out, and that East Berlin was "very drab, very gray." However, most of the press attention in the next day or two went to his meeting with the Russian children. "ED TAKES IT OUT ON THE KIDS" was the *Daily News* headline. A *Times* editorial urged the Mayor to "pick on politicians his own size, or bigger." In seven man-in-the-street interviews in the *News*, six New Yorkers expressed a low opinion of his democracy lesson. A mocking cartoon in that paper showed Soviet leaders jumping off Kremlin walls and otherwise doing away with themselves above the caption "Goodbye Marx! Farewell Lenin! Ed's called us the pits!" Even the *Post*, which the Mayor used to be able to count on for sympathetic treatment, ran a cartoon showing children scattering down City Hall's front steps while the Mayor stood above them making a rude gesture with his fingers and saying, "Have a nice day, you Commie scum!"

The day after his meeting with the children, Koch got the word, generally considered good news for any American politician, that he had been attacked by Tass, which said that the incident proved that he "would like to shine again in the style he favors as a reactionary-provocateur." An excitable City Hall radio reporter suggested that the attack by the Soviet news agency moved the Mayor right back into the race for the White House. Koch's response was that he had never been interested in the Presidency—although in fact his political associates had had that very goal in mind for him until Cuomo's upset victory over him in the 1982 primary for the governorship spoiled everything. "If drafted, I will not run," the Mayor now told reporters. At the morning press conference, there were inevitably many questions concerning his remark about "the pits." The Mayor dwelt on the intimidating effect of the Daniloff arrest on journalists in the Soviet Union. He characterized as "insulting" a television reporter's suggestion that he might have enough problems with corruption in his own government without trying to tell Washington how to handle an international crisis. The Mayor explained that he had spoken out so that Daniloff would not be forgotten. No matter what the circumstances, he said, if he found a government's actions offensive, he would attack that gov-



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ernment when the spirit moved him.

As Koch spoke, Daniel Andrews, a United Press International reporter recently arrived on the City Hall scene, was looking at the mayoral agenda for the day, which showed that at two-thirty the Mayor would hold a Blue Room ceremony to issue a proclamation declaring the week ending September 20th Mexico Week, in celebration of the hundred-and-seventy-sixth anniversary of Mexico's independence. Andrews reminded the Mayor that he had recently described the Mexican government as corrupt. Indeed, Koch had gone on at great length about the alleged complicity of Mexican officials in the international drug trade. Andrews asked whether, that afternoon, when he proclaimed Mexico Week, the Mayor expected that the spirit would move him.

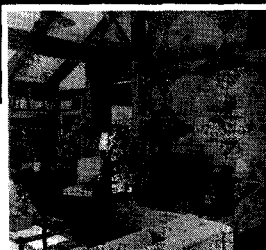
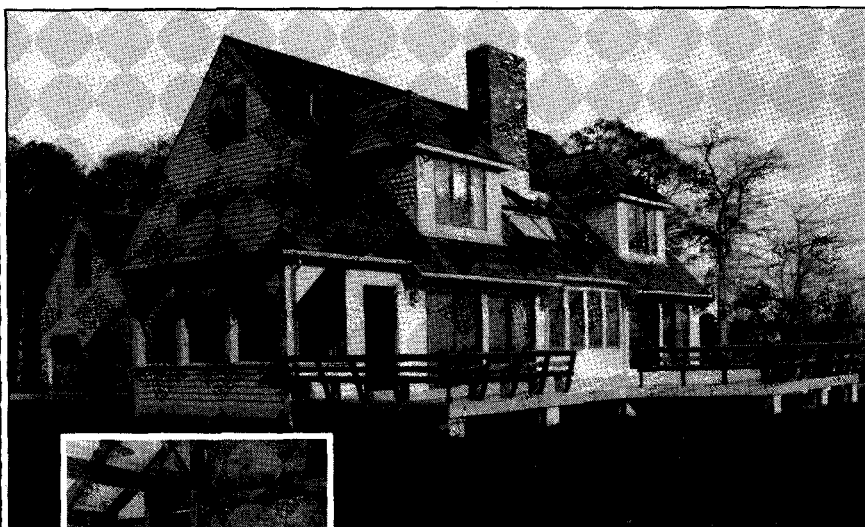
Koch is usually quick to answer a question, but he was not prepared for that one. His face very red, he told Andrews, "You can patronize me if you want to. At your peril."

A few days later, one armchair commentator wrote that the response to the words "at your peril" was that "most of the press corps cowered in the face of this assault and shrank into corners." Actually, they were too busy to cower, being occupied with taking rapid notes as the Mayor further compromised the coming meeting with Mexican dignitaries by going into detail about the alleged torture of an American agent by Mexican police officers. "So if you put it all together," he said, "you come to the conclusion that there's something wrong down there."

A reporter for a weekly then asked him what he had meant when he used the off-with-their-heads words "at your peril."

"'At your peril,'" the Mayor explained, "means that I just don't simply take it lying down—I answer verbally, verbally. . . . It's nothing physical."

IT was evident that the Mexico Week ceremony would be well attended. First, however, Koch took off for the Pierre, where he was scheduled to speak at the David Ben-Gurion Centennial Luncheon. He was introduced by Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem, as "a proud Jew and a supporter of Israel." The response of the Mayor of New York, who seemed to be on a rhetorical tear that week, was that Jews who are not supporters of Israel "should rot in Hell." (Later, he explained that this judgment was



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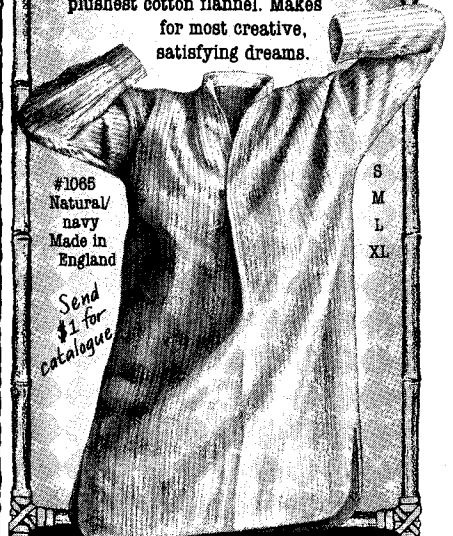
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intended as a joke.) Back at City Hall for the two-thirty ceremony, he read aloud the mayoral proclamation—he did not call it “pap”—which referred to the close ties between the United States and Mexico and to “a mutual understanding that enriches both countries.” It was another festive occasion. The Mexicans had brought along a five-piece band, whose members, in black sombreros, played mariachi music before and during the ceremony. Several dozen Mexican officials and prominent members of the local Mexican community were on hand, including Joaquin Bernal, the consul-general, and Miguel Mancera, a member of the Mexican Cabinet, who was there as a personal representative of Mexico’s President Miguel de la Madrid. Toward the end of the official amenities, the *Times* bureau chief asked Mancera if he would care to comment on the Mayor’s statements that morning concerning corruption in Mexico’s government—statements that she read aloud. “You don’t have to answer,” said Koch, moving between Mancera and the rostrum. He then put on a sombrero borrowed from a member of the band, which broke into a final number, whose refrain was “Viva! Viva! Viva!” and the Mayor and his guests swayed to the music. As Koch moved toward his office, Evido Cruz, the young City Hall correspondent for *El Diario*, the local Spanish-language paper, asked him if he saw any contradiction in wearing the sombrero in the presence of Mexican officials after his morning remarks. Koch said he did not. The next day, someone who said he represented the special assistant to the Mayor for Hispanic affairs called Cruz’s editors and complained that their reporter had asked Koch a rude question.

THERE was speculation around the center of local government that some of the Mayor’s newsmaking gyrations of recent weeks had been part of a scheme to distract the attention of the press (and perhaps his own) from the fact that September 22nd marked the opening of the first big trial resulting from the corruption scandals: the case against former city officials and others involved in the Parking Violations Bureau. It is routinely referred to as the Friedman trial, in honor of the best-known defendant, Stanley Friedman, who is the Democratic boss of the Bronx and a former close friend and political ally of the Mayor and also of Donald Manes,

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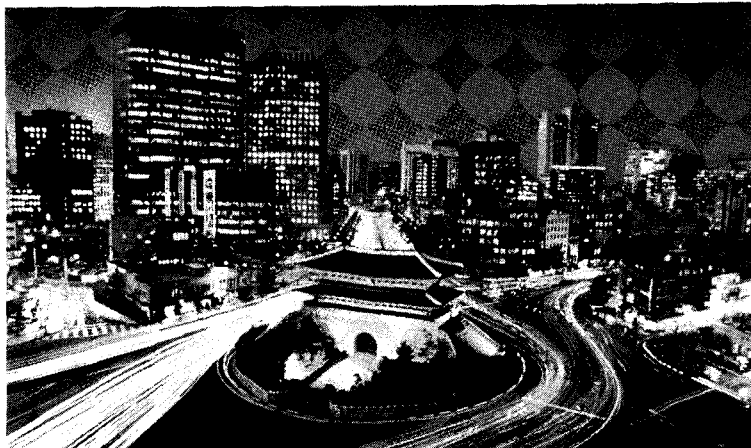
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who, after his suicide in March, was named as an unindicted co-racketeer in the case. Despite City Hall's efforts, details of the indictments were reprised almost daily as a sidebar to the well-publicized maneuverings that led to Friedman's September 17th reelection as Bronx Democratic boss. He won by a landslide, even though his opponents had passed out leaflets featuring a photograph that showed him being taken away in handcuffs. However, Koch's full agenda on September 16th, when he dealt with all the repercussions from his remark about "the pits," did succeed in taking up newspaper space that might otherwise have been given over to accounts of a critique of city government issued that day by Ruth Messinger, a Manhattan member of the City Council. Messinger is a local legislator whose liberal philosophy and energetic approach to searching out inadequacies of the city's executive branch have reminded some old-timers of Koch when he was a Manhattan councilman, in the nineteen-sixties. In her critique, Messinger described several reports of corruption sent on to the Department of Investigation a few years back by various whistle-blowers in city agencies. She charged that the commissioner of investigation, who serves at the pleasure of the Mayor, had—possibly, in certain instances, for political reasons—taken no action on some of these reports, although they were sound enough to have become part of the evidence in current indictments involving not only the P.V.B. but the Taxi and Limousine Commission. Messinger recommended that the commissioner of investigation be given a degree of independence from the Mayor. Not a word appeared in the local papers the next day about her report, which was entitled "What Did They Know and When Did They Know It?"

The Mayor's office has no responsibility to help assure publicity for a critical study by a member of the City Council, but the case of the Martin Report, which was also highly critical of the administration, was different: since it had been commissioned by the Mayor, it had to be released by him in a formal way. This was done in a manner that, if all went well, would cause it to attract as little notice as possible. It was released on September 9th, which was also the date of the state primary, when the small amount of attention that most people reserve for local government and political matters was elsewhere. The press con-

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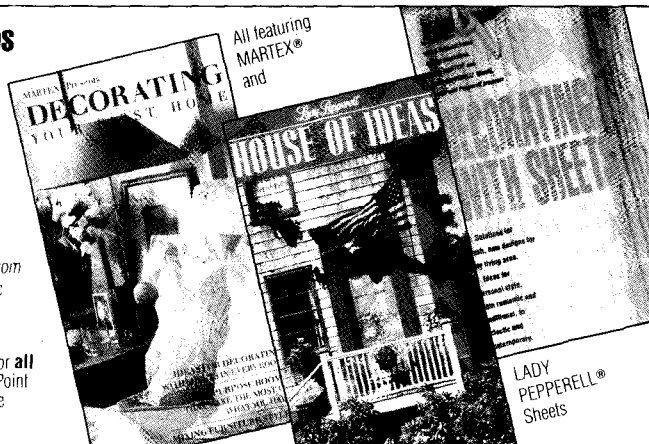
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ference at which the report was to be released was not on the Mayor's daily schedule, put out the afternoon before; thus, it was already under way when many reporters arrived at City Hall. The hope apparently was that the television crews (among politicians, television is everything) would not find out about the news conference in time to get there at all. Despite the primary, the *Times* put the story on the front page. Still, it got less space than it might have. Late on September 9th, Frederick Schwarz, the city's corporation counsel, whose official duties do not include negotiating with the press on matters outside litigation but who is a member of Koch's inner circle of advisers, called Marcia Kramer, the City Hall bureau chief for the *News*, and made an unsuccessful effort to get her to tell him what her next day's lead on the report would be. "Don't you think we handled it well?" he asked her.

ALTHOUGH some of the week's events had not given much reason for rejoicing at the Mayor's end of City Hall, there was a happy development on the evening of September 17th: the Mets clinched the Eastern Division title in the National League. "FINALLY" read the banner draped along the upper deck at Shea Stadium on the big night: the team had been expected to take the title earlier but had lost four of its five previous games. A few days before, Koch had announced that if the Mets won the World Series the city would give them a ticker-tape parade up Broadway—hardly a surprise, since any mayor who didn't favor such a parade for a local Series victor would risk being thrown down City Hall's double-curved staircase. Though Koch would doubtless ride in the lead car, as he usually does in ticker-tape parades, he is not a real sports fan. In an ordinary year, he gives baseball two innings of his time—the first inning at each local team's opening day. Politicians are generally not strong sports fans, tending to turn up at games because that's where the crowds—and the photo opportunities—are. (Cuomo, a onetime outfielder for a Pittsburgh Pirates farm team, is an exception. Indeed, he continues to play a fearsome game: a softball team made up of the Governor and his staff, with the fifty-four-year-old Cuomo on the mound, has beaten a local press team every year he's been in Albany.) Earlier in the month, when Koch was

asked if he planned to watch the Mets game on a night they were expected to clinch the title, he said he was going to the movies. On the night of September 17th, however, the excitement of local Mets fans had reached such a pitch that there was nothing for it but for the Mayor to be driven out to Shea, where he arrived late in the seventh inning. Richard Nixon, a politician who is a real sports fan, had been there all evening. The Mayor had waited long enough to be reasonably certain that the Mets' lead would hold and he would not have to worry about being associated in the public mind with even temporary losers—losers being a term that he, like a number of other politicians, tends to treat as a pejorative. (During the 1982 gubernatorial campaign, when he heard that Bella Abzug—who last month won the Democratic nomination for the House in a Westchester district—and Herman Badillo, currently the Democratic nominee for state comptroller, had endorsed Mario Cuomo his comment was "Three losers.") The Mayor had to sit through two innings, but he was on hand for the locker-room celebration, and got his head doused with champagne for the television cameras. The sports columnist George Vecsey wrote in the *Times* the next morning, "It was such a momentous event that Mayor Koch took some time off from his diplomatic missions and returned to Shea for the first time since the second inning of opening day. Not seeing any Soviet teen-agers to lecture, he praised the Mets, who were pointed out to him by helpful aides."

At a press conference the following morning, at which the Mayor presented his Management Report—a document measuring progress in various areas of city government, which the City Charter requires him to offer twice a year—Koch wore a Mets cap associating himself with winners. A few weeks earlier, he had worn another baseball cap, for a City Hall ceremony honoring the Yankee outfielder Dave Winfield as head of a foundation that helps local children. The front page of the *Daily News* the next day showed the nearly sixty-two-year-old Mayor in his cap doing a creditable high kick on City Hall's front steps with a line of comely dancers from "42nd Street." He and Cardinal O'Connor both enjoy putting on photogenic headgear—a predilection that pleases many of their constituents and does no harm. Last December, the *News* ran a double-page spread show-

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ing O'Connor at various public events wearing a dozen different colorful hats, including a fireman's helmet, a ringmaster's top hat, a military beret, and a yarmulke. On his first appearance at St. Patrick's Cathedral as archbishop, in March, 1984 (he was named to the College of Cardinals a little over a year later), O'Connor had exchanged his mitre for a Yankees cap; a few days later, demonstrating impartiality, he had put on a Mets cap for the photographers. Unlike the two other men, Cuomo is famous for dodging every which way in order to avoid getting his picture taken in funny hats—or even baseball caps when he's not actually playing the game. At one baseball ceremony a few years ago, however, the audience set up such a clamor that he put on a cap. "Do I look like the Archbishop?" he asked.

There was no need for the Mayor to have anything on his head with specially cheerful connotations at the Management Report press conference: the report's bottom line, the Mayor assured those in attendance, was that the city "is alive and well and doing better"—not surprising intelligence, since most of the numbers demonstrating this happy conclusion, as some Koch critics pointed out, had been provided by people who work for him. "Mayor Koch has the numbers," former Mayor Robert Wagner commented a couple of years ago, saying he remembered what it was like when he was mayor "and I had the numbers.") The report declared, for example, that seventy-four per cent of the city's streets, as judged by city workers, were now acceptably clean. The Mayor dazzled us with figures and statistics, but they don't cover up dirty streets," City Comptroller Harrison Goldin commented a few days later. Goldin, an almost certain Koch opponent in the next mayoral election, said of the Martin Report's conclusion that the Koch administration had been given ample warnings of graft in the V.B.: "Apparently, the message went out not to pursue them."

AFTER the Management Report press conference came one more City Hall event involving children: the issuance of a proclamation in honor of the Children's World's Fair, sponsored by CARE, which was scheduled to begin on September 25th at Flushing Meadows Park, in Queens. Like the Peace Child program, it could celebrate the United Nations International Year of Peace. Children

from all five continents were expected to attend the fair, but those present at City Hall for the reading of the proclamation were all from local schools, the largest delegation being from P.S. 137, on the lower East Side, where a majority of the students are Asian, Hispanic, or black. Coming down the front steps, the Mayor urged the children to gather around him as he read the proclamation. Mentioning that children from over a hundred countries would be attending the fair, he asked an aide for a list of the countries. Obviously under a misapprehension about his City Hall visitors, he said he would read out the countries' names and asked the children present from each country to hold up their hands. Some of the adults watching speculated later that he had planned, when children from the Soviet Union identified themselves, to try to make up for the events earlier in the week by overwhelming them with mayoral cordiality. Others thought that the Mayor, a stubborn man, had planned to denounce their government once again. He began to read the list, but no hands went up. It was explained to him that the visitors were all from New York City—whose government, of course, he did not denounce as "the pits." To piece out the ceremony, he said that the children could ask him questions. "Should children be friends with children from other countries?" asked Kelly Adams, a ten-year-old from P.S. 137. Koch told her they should, adding, "Regrettably, there are countries in this world that are not as friendly as they should be." When the child's teacher reminded him, "We're not talking about governments, we're talking about children," the Mayor said, "Not me. I'm talking about governments," and he went on to ask the teacher if she was aware that "there are people living in countries that are one large concentration camp, one large prison." The teacher's later comment, after the Mayor had scrambled up the steps and into the sanctuary of City Hall, was reflected in the *Post* headline the next day: "YOU'RE THE PITS, ED!"

THREE days after the welcome appearance at City Hall of President Aquino, the Mayor had another opportunity to take time out from the problems of municipal government: President Reagan came to town to address the United Nations, and the Mayor met him at the airport. A similar occasion, last December, had

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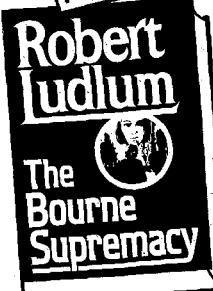
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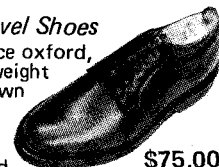
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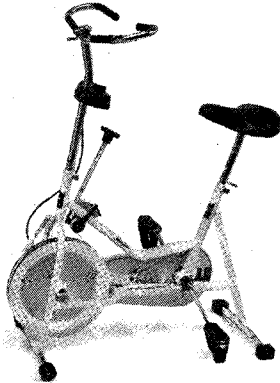
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worked out propitiously. The Mayor's second memoir, "Politics," had just been published. By White House order, no photographers were allowed near the President as he got off a helicopter at the World Trade Center heliport, but the Mayor had included in his entourage his official photographer, who was allowed to approach the President. As Koch greeted Reagan, he handed him a copy of his book, front cover toward the photographer, and the picture of the President doing a cameo commercial for "Politics" appeared the next day in the *Post* and now occupies a prominent place in the Mayor's office.

No photographic notice—or notice of any kind—of the most recent mayoral greeting of Reagan made the local papers. What space they had available was largely occupied by the first day of the Friedman trial, or "CITY SCANDAL SHOWDOWN," as the *News* put it the day before. (A headline inside the same paper that day, "ANOTHER FINE MESS, STANLEY!" turned out to refer to a newly discovered cache of Laurel-and-Hardy films.) The Mayor opted for the best possible course on the day the trial of his old friend Friedman began. After greeting the President, he got out of town, flying down to Fort Lauderdale to campaign for Florida Governor Bob Graham, the Democratic candidate there for the United States Senate. Koch said a major reason for the trip was the urgent importance of wresting control of the Senate from the Republicans. Reporters then asked him why this sense of urgency didn't apply in his own state, where he has described the Republican incumbent, Alfonse D'Amato, as "a superb senator," and has declined to support Mark Green, the Democratic senatorial nominee, whom he has called too liberal. Koch's response was "I don't think at my age I have to be hypocritical."

The day after his return, the Mayor met with King Juan Carlos of Spain, at the Mayfair Regent Hotel, and, in his office, with Norbert Burger, the mayor of Cologne. At a press conference, he denounced Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone as a racist, and he presided over a Gracie Mansion reception in honor of Italian Heritage and Culture Month. Late in the afternoon, he was driven to the Waldorf, where he gave the key to the city to President de la Madrid of Mexico. Koch assured the President that his remarks a few days earlier about the corrupt Mexican government did



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not apply to de la Madrid personally. However, the news about the Koch administration in the papers the next day, September 24th, did not have to do with any of these events. In recent weeks, Koch has made several trips to Washington to denounce the ineffectuality of the federal government's handling of the national drug crisis. It seemed that his own house had not been entirely in order. Thirteen cops in the New York Police Department's Seventy-seventh Precinct had been suspended, having been accused of stealing money and drugs from narcotics dealers—in some cases at gunpoint—and selling the drugs or keeping them for their own use. More suspensions were predicted in what was described as the worst local police scandal since the revelations that led to the 1971 Knapp Commission hearings. One law-enforcement official said of the accused members of New York's Finest, "They made Jesse James look like a nobody."

On Friday, September 25th, news broke of another city-government drug scandal: charges of cocaine use by high-level Buildings Department officials on the agency's premises. Again, the Mayor's staff handled it well. Resorting to the Friday-afternoon stratagem, they released the story so late in the day that it would only make the Saturday papers—the least read of the week. Koch himself was in Charleston, South Carolina, conferring with other mayors on federal drug policies. However, the big photo opportunity there concerned his bet with Houston Mayor Kathryn Whitnire on the outcome of the Mets-Astro playoffs. The same day, Police Sergeant Ray Gardella found in the City Hall mail a publication called *Insight*, addressed to "Mr. F. H. LaGuardia," Koch's favorite predecessor, who left that address in 1945. Like his present-day admirer, LaGuardia had his bad days and also his good days, on one of which, memorably, he went on the radio during a newspaper strike and read the unnie to the children, making them mile.

—ANDY LOGAN

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A story in Saturday's *Greenwich Time* about the restaurant at the Bruce Park Memorial Golf Course failed to mention that any expansion of the restaurant into the women's locker room area would need own approval.—*Greenwich Time*.

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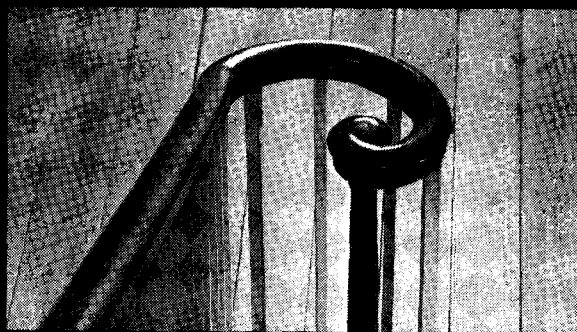
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bodies

JEFF GOLDBLUM has a gift for playing innocently self-absorbed goofs, and, luckily, he carries over a bit of the goof to the loner character he plays in "The Fly"—a brilliant, eccentric scientist whose intellect is always racing. As Seth Brundle, he wears his thick, curly hair Einstein-aureole style, and he delivers his lines as if queries were piling up in his mind about what he's saying—he does broken-rhythm double takes on his own dialogue. In the opening scenes, as the tall young Brundle is idly looking over the displays at a science exhibition he catches sight of the tall, pretty Veronica (played by Geena Davis), a reporter for a science magazine. Once he focusses on her, his enormous dark eyes don't take in anything else. He invites her to come back to his lab to see what he's working on—a discovery that will "change the world as we know it"—and she's too eager a reporter to pass up the invitation. After she gets to see this prodigy in his natural habitat—the lab, which is in a loft in an old brick

warehouse—she's impressed by his work and charmed by his childlike directness, by his unworldliness, and maybe, too, by his muscular physique and remarkable height. Goldblum is six foot five, and Davis is a neat six feet; they both have masses of dark hair and "generous" mouths with similar occlusions (though he can't match her dimples or her cleft chin). Brundle and Veronica are a heroic pair. They become totally devoted to each other, and they look as if they could produce a race of giants. But when she becomes pregnant it isn't their offspring's probable height that worries her.

Brundle has two telepods spaced apart in the lab—machines that Veronica accurately describes as looking like "designer phone booths." He explains that he got carsick as a child and he has devised a method of instant, painless travel: when an object is put in a booth, a computer analyzes its molecules, disintegrates them, and re-integrates them in the other booth. Brundle has no difficulty transmitting inanimate objects, but he still runs into

snags with the flesh of living creatures. He works with baboons, and perhaps the scariest shock-cut in the movie comes when an elegant, affectionate baboon is beamed from booth to booth and an error is made in the reintegration process. In the 1958 version of "The Fly," which was based, like this one, on a short story by George Langelaan, the lab animals were less photogenic—guinea pigs. The 1958 script (by James Clavell) had more principal characters than this new one, which was written by Charles Edward Pogue and then reshaped by the director, the Toronto-based horror specialist David ("The Brood") Cronenberg. Here, surprisingly, there are only Brundle and Veronica and, generally in the background, John Getz as her former lover Stathis, who is the editor of *Particle*, the magazine she writes for. With so few characters and almost no crosscurrents in the story, Cronenberg takes his time about setting things up. He doesn't bother with the character of Stathis, who barely makes sense. Stathis is needed just to explain why at a critical point, Brundle gets stupidly jealous and drunk and, alone in his lab, decides that the time has come to transmit a human being. He pops into one of the booths, too intent on the daring step he's taking to notice that he has a fellow-passenger, a fly. Elated at his success, he strides out of the other booth completely unaware that his genetic and molecular structure has been fused with that of the fly.

This is the major departure from the 1958 version, in which the man and the fly emerged mix-matched with their body parts altered in size: the little fly with the tiny head and arm of the man, and the man's body with a big fly's head and foreleg. Here the fly takes over the man from inside and it's Veronica who first notices changes in her lover's body and in his temperament. The opening half of the movie has had a romantic-comedy edge, and it's still fun when Brundle is suddenly doing gymnastics, jumping up and down out of sheer kinetic drive and swinging around in the high-ceilinged loft. But when his skin is mottled and his appetite for sexual intercourse has become as insatiable as his new mania for sweets it's less fun, and by the time he's walking on the ceiling and scrambling down the side wall the quirkiness is gone and the shocks are just about all that's left. By then, the computer has told him what has happened—that he has become Brun-



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dlefly. He has enough of the scientist left in him to keep a record of his physical changes and to collect the parts of his body that fall off; he's fascinated by them—he treasures them like a gloating miser. For the remainder of the movie, though, there is essentially nothing for the audience to watch except his hideous physical deterioration. The only other plot element is the matter of Veronica's pregnancy and her fear of giving birth to a pupal monstrosity. (Her gynecologist is played by Cronenberg; those familiar with his work—with his obsessions about flesh and biological disorders—will recognize this as a sick, sick joke.)

Probably the picture is having its huge box-office success because it's so single-minded. It's like a B horror movie given new weight by Cronenberg, and for what it is it's very well done. He narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. And although the successive jobs of makeup don't really make Goldblum look any more like a fly, the spectacle of ever-worsening rot has its own effectiveness. The movie can be taken as a metaphor for AIDS or cancer, or simply as a metaphor for what happens in the normal aging process. Yet on its own it has no real vision—nothing that lifts it out of the horror-shock category. There's humor in the early scenes between Brundle and Veronica, and the idea of their attachment's being so powerful that they go on loving each other even when he's rotting is funny and stirring. They're like Wagnerian superlovers, and Goldblum has some powerful, creepy moments. In the scene where Brundlefly tells Veronica to leave the lab—he says, "I'll hurt you if you stay"—there's pain in his voice, along with a breathy-buzzy sound. But the movie is extremely literal-minded about physical decay. Cronenberg wants to drive you to revulsion; that's his aim. It's as if "Rosemary's Baby" were remade without its nasty edge of satirical humor, or as if either Don Siegel's or Phil Kaufman's "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" were remade without the idea that the pods represented all the social pressures to conform and that when you closed your eyes and gave in to them they destroyed your soul, your individuality—as if the pods were just monsters who wanted to kill you.

"The Fly" is being called Kafkaesque, but the resemblance to Kaf-

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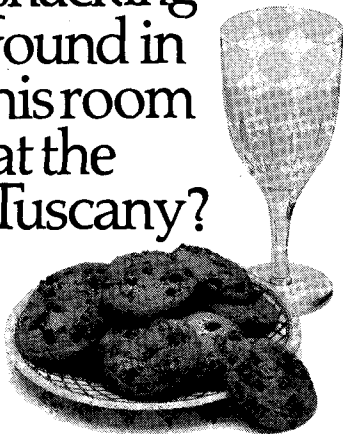
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ka's "Metamorphosis" is superficial. When Kafka's man woke up as a bug, it was an actualization of how he felt about himself, and the story stays with us because we all have our miserable, guilt-ridden moments of feeling like bugs. "The Fly" is just pulp that sets out to shock you. It features a love relationship, but that's not what it's about. If "The Fly" has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. So, despite Goldblum's terrific performance and despite the graceful romantic teamwork between him and Geena Davis, moviegoers may not feel that they're having such a great time. "The Fly" is so determinedly concentrated that it certainly holds your attention, though. As a moviemaker, Cronenberg is a bondage freak; you feel that if he could he'd tighten the action until the screen burst, if not the heads of the people watching it.

IN the past, moviemakers who were casting the role of a beautiful black woman generally looked for a black actress with perfect Waspy features; essentially, they were looking for a beautiful white woman with a tan. The twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who wrote, directed, and edited the sex comedy "She's Gotta Have It," breaks the pattern. Tracy Camila Johns, from the Negro Ensemble Company, who plays his pivotal character, Nola Darling, has almond-shaped comely eyes, a short nose with an inquiring tilt, full lips, hair that's cut like a wedge (it shoots up about five inches above the top of her head), and a smooth, sinuous walk. Nola, who works as a graphic designer and lives alone in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn—it's like a black Greenwich Village—is voluptuous and easygoing. She has no guile or deceit in her. She attracts men without working at it, and she's happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only.

The movie is almost continuously quick-witted. This is one of those rare textbook cases of an artist's being able to use limitations to his advantage. Spike Lee wrote the script in a hurry, after the funding for a more complex project fell apart; he shaped the key roles for actors he already had lined up, and in order to keep costs down to next to nothing he had to write a script that wouldn't require sets or costumes and in which almost every-

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thing could be shot within a one-mile radius. The script also had to allow for several sex scenes, so that he and his friends in the cast and crew could be sure of eventually getting some pay for their work. He began shooting (in 16 mm.) in the summer of 1985 with only about \$22,000 on hand (\$18,000 from the New York State Council on the Arts and \$4,000 from private investors); raising more money as he went along, he finished shooting in twelve days. The picture was completed on a final budget of \$175,000, of which all except about \$60,000 was deferred. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, because his is just about the fastest, most economical way of setting up a shot, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed—the story begins and ends with her alone under the covers. What makes this on-the-cheap method work is partly that Lee has a fine cinematographer—Ernest Dickerson, his close friend and former classmate at the New York University film school. Dickerson's textured images (the film is in black-and-white) and the soft lighting he uses for the sex scenes help to give the film a lyrical, lilting feeling. And Lee himself is endowed with something more than training and imagination: he has what for want of a better term is called "a film sense." It's an instinct for how to make a movie move—for how much motion there should be in a shot, for how fast to cut the shots, for how to make them flow into each other rhythmically. (John Sayles has many gifts but not a film sense—he doesn't gain anything as an artist by using film—and this probably explains why Ernest Dickerson's work for him on "The Brother from Another Planet" looks stiff and pedestrian.) A great many movie directors don't have it, but when they find the right collaborators they can get by. When a director has it, though, it's as if nature intended him to make movies.

Spike Lee gives "She's Gotta Have It" a syncopated pulse, and he keeps it parking and bouncing along. When Nola complains that most men's come-ons tell you that they're dogs, we get a quick comedy routine—a series of twelve sheiks looking into the camera and giving us their best shots at propositioning a woman. (She's right: they're dogs.) Lee is ingenious about varying the film's tempo, and he does so playfully—percussively—so that we enjoy his enjoyment of shooting and editing film. (It's scored to jazz by his

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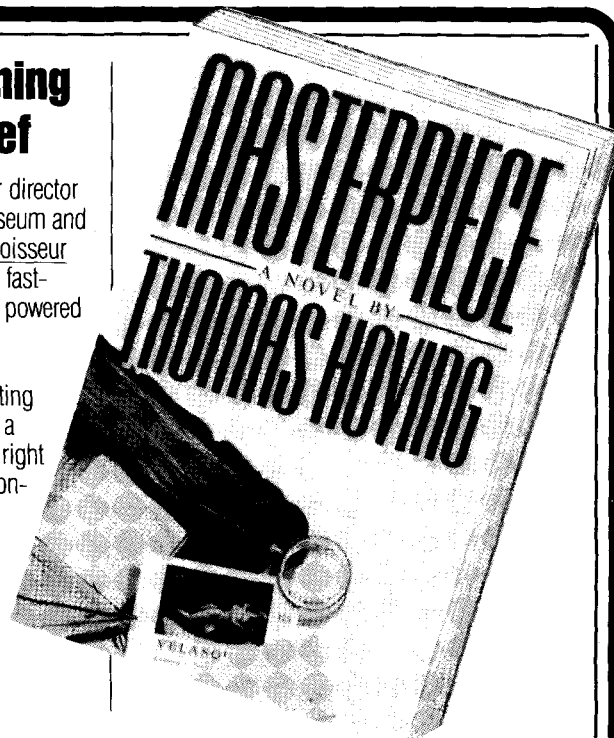
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musician father, Bill Lee, who also appears as Nola's father.) The director is pretty smart about the casting of Nola's three men: Jamie (Tommy Redmond Hicks), who's a conventional narrow-minded middle-class romantic; Greer (John Canada Terrell), a male model who's such a vain and pretentious social climber that he's sort of amusing—grooming is his religion; and Mars (Spike Lee himself), who wears oversize aviator glasses on his skinny face, has an arrow shaved out of the back of his hair, and flits about on his ten-speed bike in a satin baseball jacket. A gold nameplate around his neck spells out "Mars," which is where this jive artist seems to be from, and he talks so fast, using words repetitively in a rat-tat rhythm, that he sounds like a scat stutterer. Mars, who's blithely unemployed, talks his way into Nola's bed (with his high-top basketball shoes on), and he makes her (and us) laugh.

Mars isn't a big role, but when he's wheedling Nola or rattling on telling her lies the rapster's push that propels "She's Gotta Have It" is incarnate. Lee doesn't get the same live-wire crackle from the other performers, and sometimes he lets their scenes run on into obviousness. (When Nola, doing exercises with Greer, flings herself on the bed eager for sex, and the clothes-conscious dolt takes so long folding his underwear that her passion burns out, Lee extends the scene so long that the joke burns out, too.) The movie also has a couple of bum patches: a switch to color for a dance number in Fort Greene Park that's as misconceived as the romantic duets in forties and fifties Hollywood musicals which it imitates, and the final stretch—fifteen minutes or so in which Lee takes the film's crisis situation too seriously. His idea seems to be that Nola can't choose among the three men because each has an element of what she wants in a man—and, besides, she likes sex with all of them. But Lee doesn't seem to know how to develop the story. He might have sustained his snappy, satirical tone. (If one or two or all three dropped away, others might have turned up to replace them.) Instead, he bears down on feminist issues. The picture starts going wrong in an ugly scene in which Jamie (who is the dreariest character anyway) goes into a rage about Nola's promiscuity and shows her how a tart should be treated by mounting her brutally from the rear. All the previous sex scenes have been sensuous and lighthearted, so this

comes as a violation of the film's infectious spirit. After it, Lee fumbles around: Nola tries to define herself and considers celibacy before she and the picture regain their sanity in a rather perfunctory finish. (Lee doesn't get things swinging again until the closing credits.)

Part of what goes wrong is, I think Lee's rather desperate stab at commerciality: he must have been so determined to have the film make some money that he gave the script the structure (and the title) of an exploitation film. Nola Darling (it's porno-pic name) has three lovers and is courted by a leering lesbian whom she pushes away; she consults a woman sex therapist, who tells her she's healthy; when she doesn't have a man around, she plays with herself and so on. These are all standard play in the soft-core market. Most of the material, though, is handled with such grace that it transcends the attempt to play things corny and safe.

The movie's exuberance builds up so much audience good will that you don't feel too let down by the fumbling at the end. Some of this good will comes out of Spike Lee's fresh, loose way of using the filmmaking itself: part of the subject (and the fun) of the movie: we can see how he's made it without funds. And a lot of the good will comes from his tapping a whole new subject matter. Whites don't exist in this movie. It's about the young black middle-class professional women and their new kinds of sexual problems with men. It's a screwball comedy of sexual manners set in a world that parallel with the white world. For whites, it's like seeing how people sound and look in another country: that's a mirror image of the terrain you know. For many young blacks, it must be like seeing themselves on the screen for the first time and liking what they see.

—PAULINE KAI

The Rev. Sanford Wright, speaking the 11 a.m. Sunday service at First Presbyterian, will continue his series of messages on "Eight Roads to Happiness" with a sermon on "Persecution."—*Alpena (Mich.) News.*

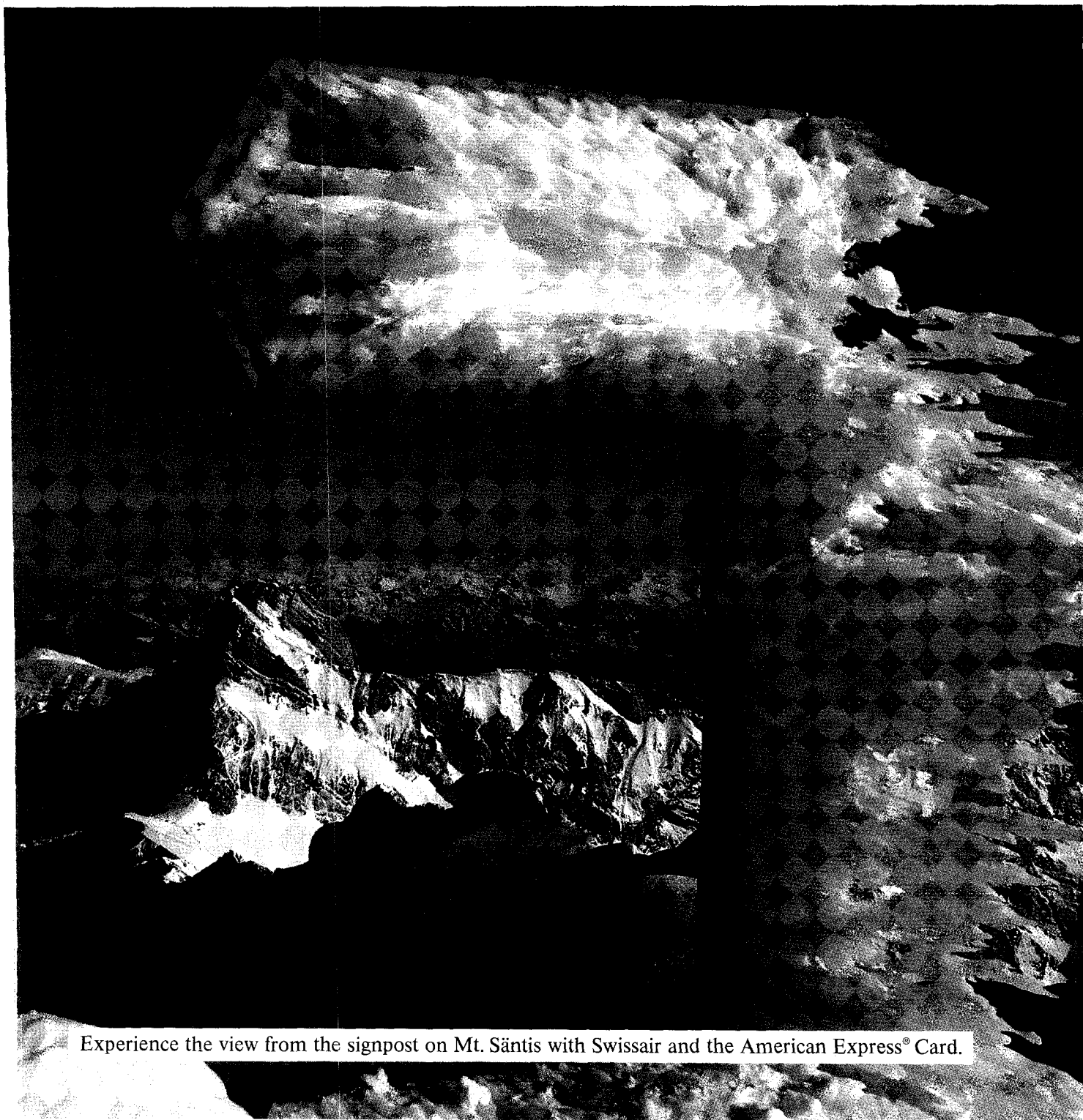
Road No. 7.

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[From the *Citrus Springs (Fla.) Civic Association Reporter*]

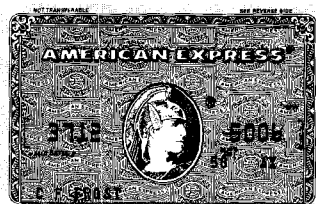
Mrs. Francine Richard reported that there are now 692 members of the Civic Association. The attendance prize was won Ann Brechko who was not present.

Some people who take winter holidays in Switzerland couldn't be lured into the cold by the finest powder snow, the most idyllic cross-country trails, or the glassiest skating rink.



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fore and more people board Swissair widebody planes in New York, Boston, and Chicago for Zurich and Geneva in winter without ski boots, skates, curling stones, ski poles, or hockey sticks. In addition to the sports fans who know you can easily rent this gear with the American Express Card in Gstaad, St. Moritz and Verbena, these other trav-

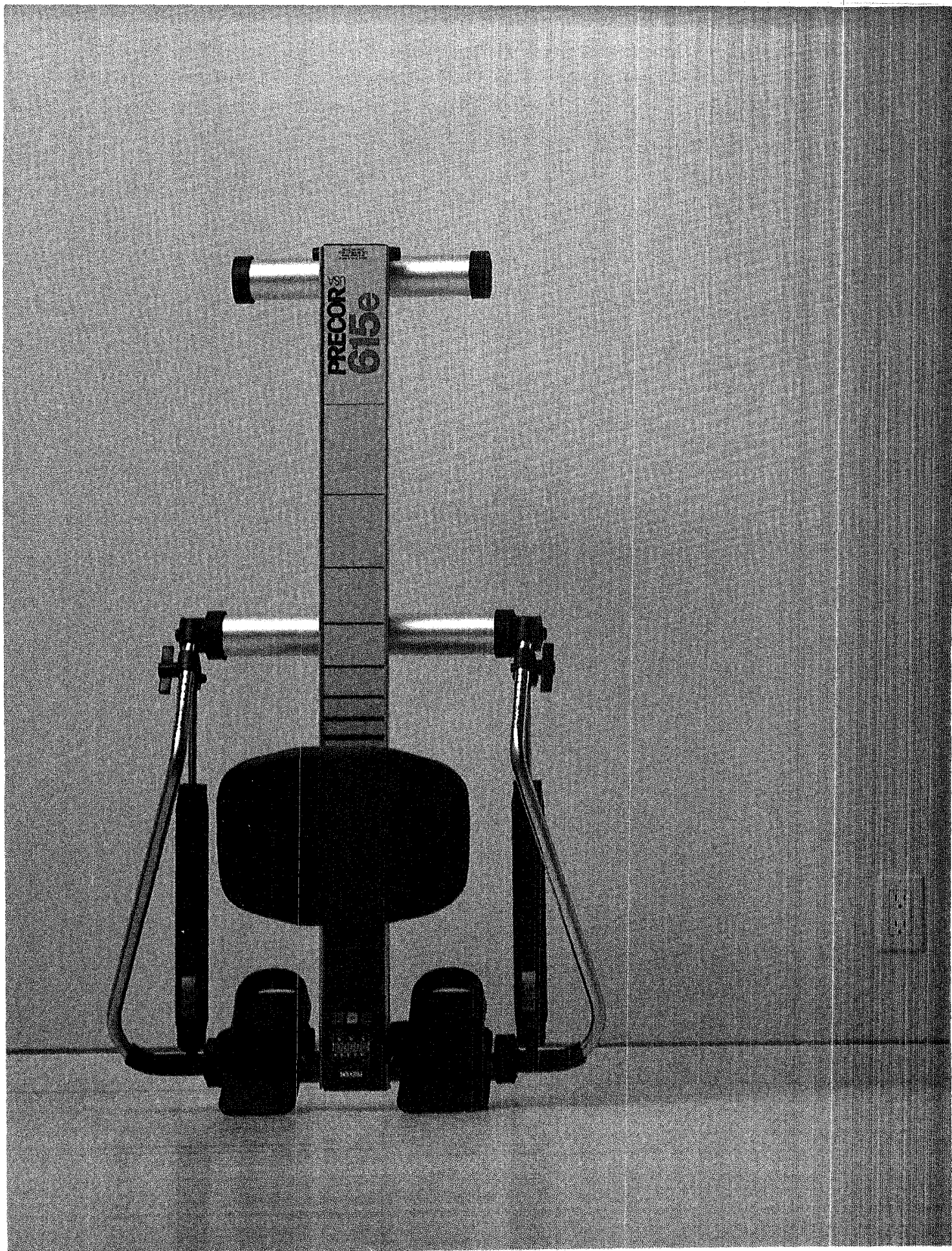


elers also know a lot about Switzerland. That it offers, even in wintertime, a wide variety of interesting exhibitions and enjoyable concerts, that Switzerland is one of Europe's most attractive shopping centers, and that a splendid place to enjoy infinitely varied Swiss cookery is next to a warm, 200-year old tile stove. It all goes to show why some

people carry no winter sports gear in their luggage, other than the American Express Card.

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

"MISH" TWORKOWSKI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 25

OCCUPATION: Rock & Roll expert and appraiser, Sotheby's.

HOBBY: Designs his own line of jewelry. "I also enjoy working with some metals that aren't heavy."

LAST BOOK READ: *Glitz*, Elmore Leonard.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Selling more than \$850,000 worth of golden oldness at a recent Sotheby's auction. Among the items on the block were a fringed vest that belonged to Jimi Hendrix, four gold records, and a genuine Beatles beach bag.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love it and they actually pay me for it, so why not?"

QUOTE: "A rolling stone gathers much value."

PROFILE: Energetic, witty and very inquisitive. "Mish" is not so much obsessed by the recent past as entertained by it.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label" and soda. "It makes the idea of selling tickets to a 1966 rock concert a little easier to swallow."